October 28, 1939

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Collier's

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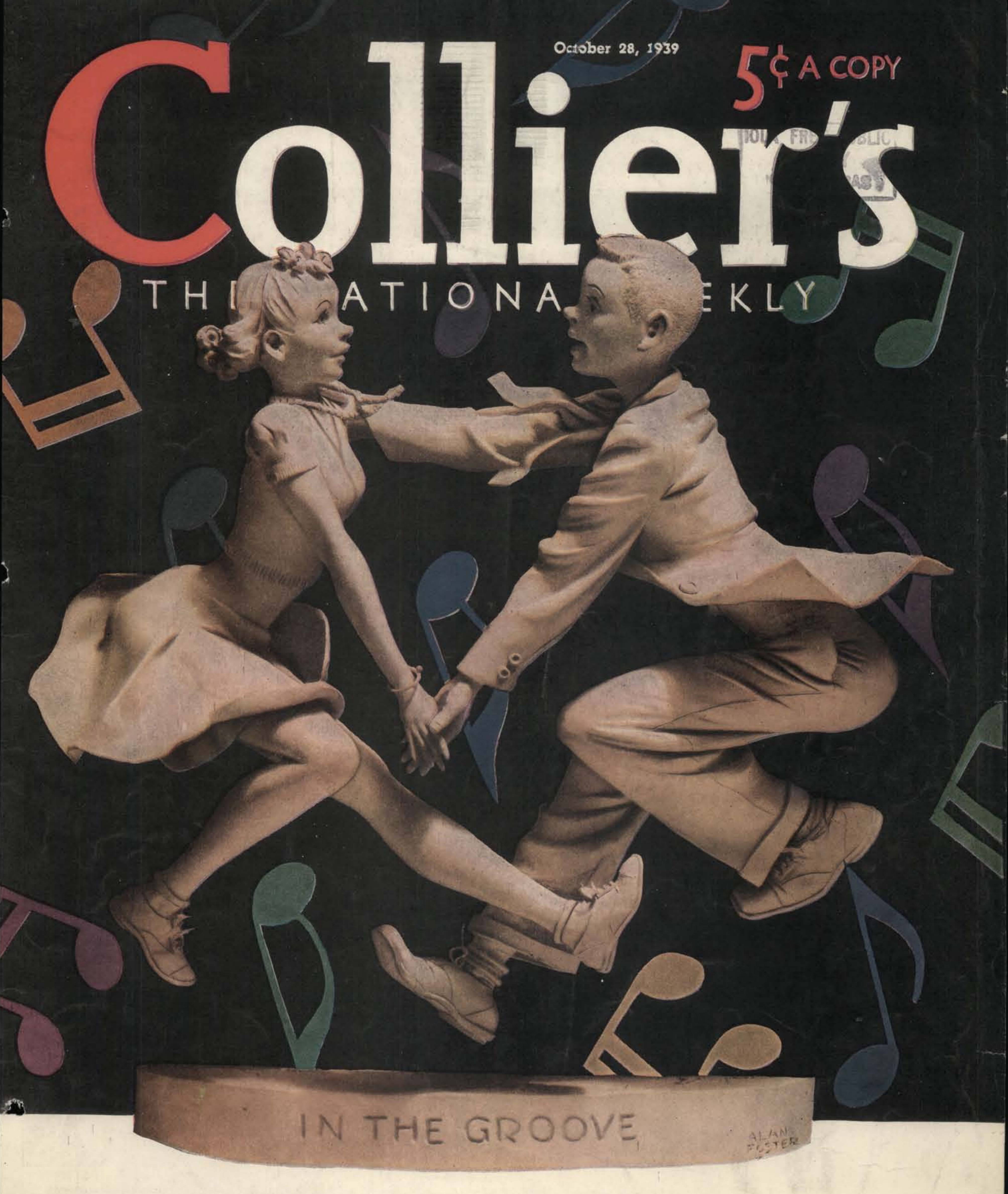

THE CAR KILLERS · BY WALTER DA

JUNE E THOMPSON
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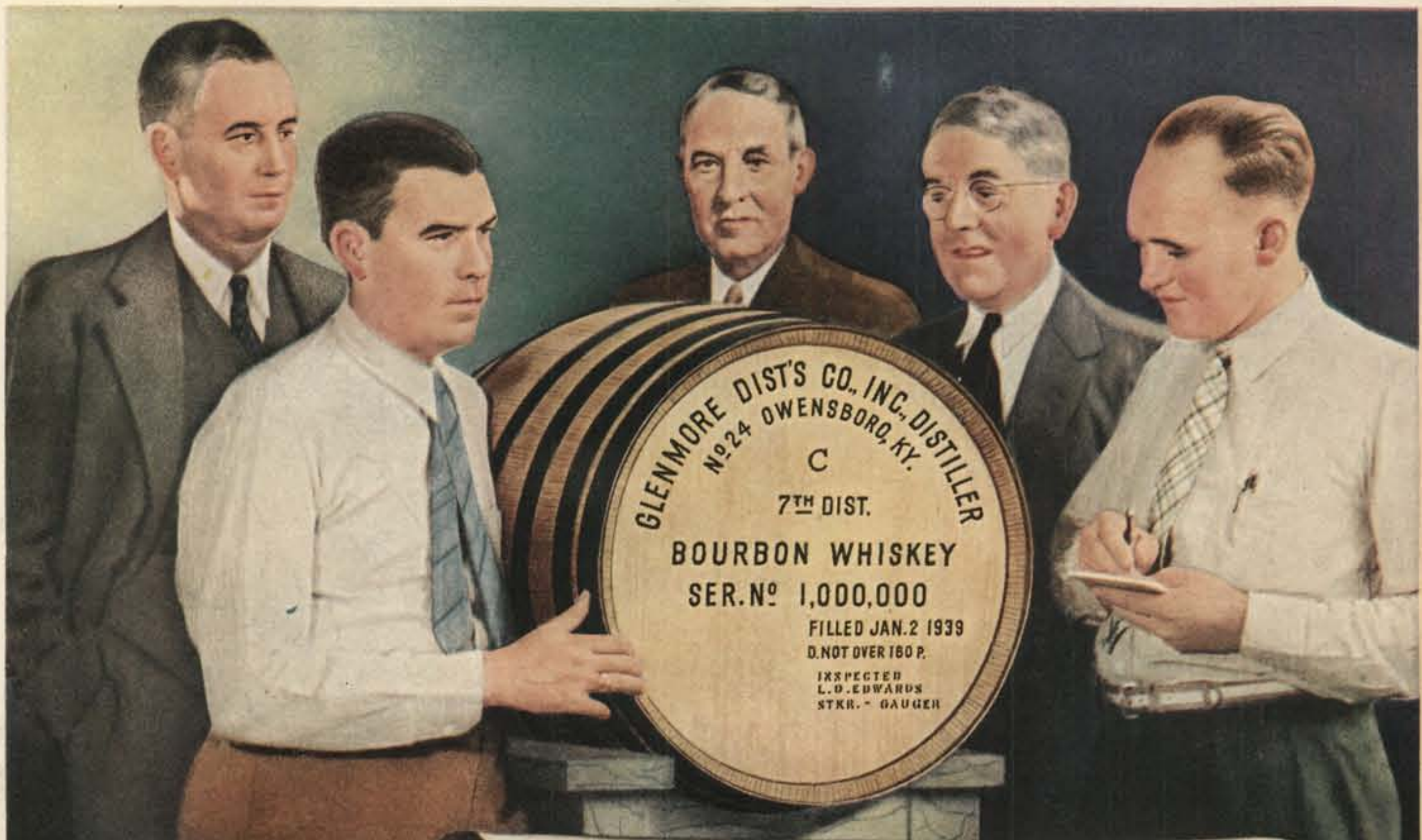
Oct. 28, 1939

MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS!

A record attained by no other Kentucky distiller!


GLENMORE DIST'S CO., INC. DISTILLER
No. 24 OWENSBORO, KY.
C
7TH DIST.
BOURBON WHISKEY
SER. No. 1,000,000
FILLED JAN. 2 1939
D. NOT OVER 180 P.
INSPECTED
L. D. EDWARDS
STKR. - GAUGER

Early in 1939 the millionth barrel of GLENMORE distillation went to the ageing rack — establishing an all-time record for any Kentucky distillery. The significance of this millionth barrel goes far beyond the production record it established — for it is the greatest tribute ever paid by the American public to the product of one Kentucky distiller.

Glenmore officials witnessing millionth barrel: F. B. Thompson, *President;* H. E. Bruder, *Sup't.;* H. S. Barton, *Vice-Pres. and Distiller;* J. A. Bolger, *Gen'l. Mgr.;* L. D. Edwards, *Gov't. Inspector.*

Glenmore
90 PROOF
ONE PINT
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

An amazing tribute to Quality

To those who know GLENMORE and its products this outstanding public approval is easily understood. For throughout the history of this institution, through two generations, there has always been the hand of one family at the helm, one precious formula used, and one single standard of high quality maintained. If you are one of those who seek to find an answer to your appreciation for fine whiskey, might we suggest that next time you try a GLENMORE product. You will better understand why this institution today stands alone in Kentucky history with a record of more than a million barrels of experience behind it.

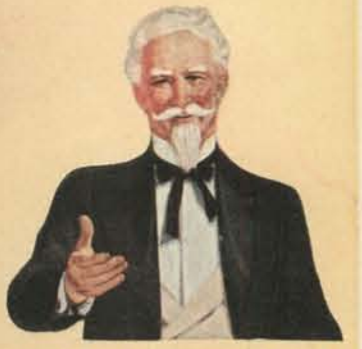
Glenmore

THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE

LOUISVILLE—OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

Gold Label—100 Proof
Silver Label—90 Proof

Copr. 1939, Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.



Look for the Glenmore Colonel . . . symbol of the proudest names in Kentucky whiskies.

KENTUCKY TAVERN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND

The Aristocrat of Bonds
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

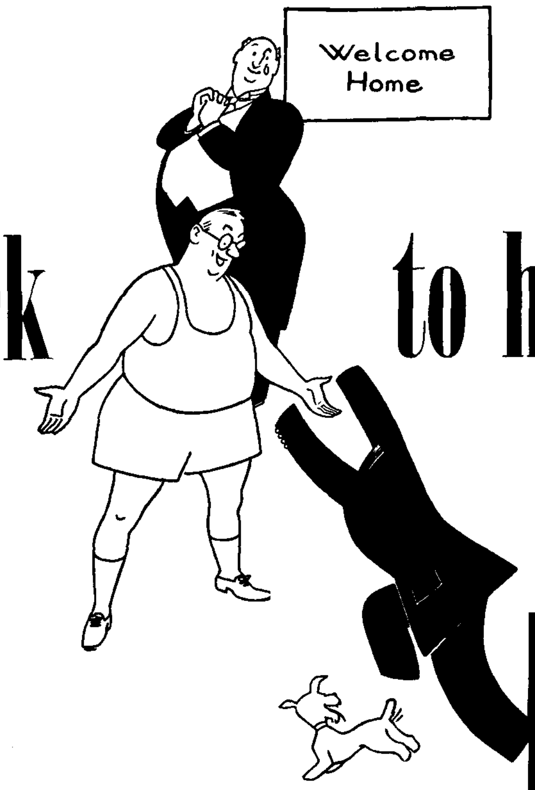
Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

You ought to know TOM HARDY
A Blend of Kentucky Straight Whiskies
90 Proof

Mint Springs

Change to MINT SPRINGS *and keep the change*
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
86.8 Proof

He's back to his Blue Suit again—


Welcome Home

For a long time he didn't dare wear it. Against its blue background those telltale dandruff flakes stood boldly forth to stamp him as a careless man and humiliate him before others. But that's all over now. He's back to his blue suit again. A friend told him about the Listerine treatment for infectious dandruff and it brought him the same results that so many others have praised.

Do You Offend?

If you are troubled with infectious dandruff, don't humiliate yourself and offend others when real relief from dandruff's unsightly flakes can so often be obtained from the delightful new Listerine home treatment. Just douse the scalp morning and night with full strength Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine Antiseptic that has been famous for more than 25 years as a mouth wash and gargle. Follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

Kills Bottle Bacillus

Dandruff is the most frequent scaly disease of the scalp. When this condition is due to germs, as is often the case, Listerine Antiseptic is especially fitted to aid you. It gives the scalp and hair a cooling and refreshing antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of the germs associated with infectious dandruff, including Pityrosporum Ovale. This strange germ is recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists to be a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Rabbits and Humans

Rabbits inoculated with Pityrosporum Ovale developed definite dandruff symptoms, which disappeared shortly after being treated daily with Listerine Antiseptic.

Even more impressive results were revealed in clinical tests on men and women. In one instance, 76% of dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days.

Enthusiastic letters from all parts of the country give credit to Listerine Antiseptic for relief from dandruff's annoyances.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

Don't Delay—Use Listerine Antiseptic Now

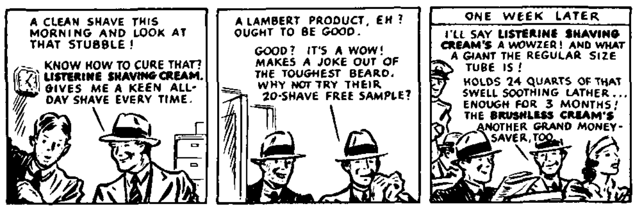
If you have the slightest sign of dandruff, don't neglect what may be a real infection. Delay may aggravate the trouble. Start with Listerine Antiseptic and massage right now. It's the method that has demonstrated its usefulness in a substantial majority of test cases.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Listerine for Dandruff

If your beard's a *TWO-TIMER* try this

20-SHAVE FREE OFFER


A CLEAN SHAVE THIS MORNING AND LOOK AT THAT STUBBLE!
KNOW HOW TO CURE THAT? LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM. GIVES ME A KEEN ALL-DAY SHAVE EVERY TIME.
A LAMBERT PRODUCT, EH? OUGHT TO BE GOOD.
GOOD? IT'S A WOW! MAKES A JOKE OUT OF THE TOUGHEST BEARD. WHY NOT TRY THEIR 20-SHAVE FREE SAMPLE?
ONE WEEK LATER
I'LL SAY LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM'S A WOWZER! AND WHAT A GIANT THE REGULAR SIZE TUBE IS!
HOLDS 24 QUARTS OF THAT SWELL SOOTHING LATHER... ENOUGH FOR 3 MONTHS! THE BRUSHLESS CREAM'S ANOTHER GRAND MONEY-SAVER, TOO.

Clip this coupon

20

SHAVES FREE

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 121, St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of ☐ Listerine Shaving Cream; ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

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Address____________________

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor

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Collier's

October 28, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
FRANK GERVASI	France
MARTHA GELLHORN	Russia
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

WHO'LL do the front-line fighting if the United States decides to go to war? Who'll man the essential industries? And how soon can we throw an effective military force into the field?

Since 1933 the War Department has been working on a comprehensive plan, under which "They've Picked Your War Job." The Yankee war machine is being oiled and fueled. Not that we expect war, but it's best to be prepared. Walter Davenport explains the scope and method of the Selective Service Act.

WHEN the celebrated Utopian, Eggleston Humber, agreed to tell the ladies of the Minerva Club what was wrong with America, Mrs. Blossom Pottle, candidate for the club presidency, ordered her unwitting husband to meet the great Humber's train. But Ambrose Pottle was a man with the funny notion there wasn't anything wrong with America a drink wouldn't cure, and his idea of fun was a low place known as Gus' Grotto. Now Gus served a special type of ambrosia not usually included in the diet of Olympians. What happened to Mr. Humber's tranquility after several noggins of same makes the "Afternoon of a Husband" a triumph for the enemies of uplift. You'll want to thank Richard Connell.

NO NATION or combination of nations can block our contact with any country on earth. For our engineers have made us the world leader, in peacetime or wartime, in the vital field of instant communication—radio. Owen White explains the intricate and ingenious system that makes this air mastery possible, in "America Calling."

IN HIS first game of professional football for the Giants, Mel Hein made a mistake which taught him the difference between the pro and college gridiron game. Since then he has made very, very few. For six successive years he has been chosen all-league center. What the rival coaches and players think of him is told in "Block and Tackle," by Quentin Reynolds.

D. D. BEAUCHAMP shows that sometimes they do come back, in his short story "Champion's Return." Burke Boyce contributes a stirring tale of our fight for independence. Robert McCormick tells the story of our wild-life bootleggers. Kyle Crichton, Kathleen Norris, John and Ward Hawkins and others complete the issue. It's all yours on Friday.

This Week

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●

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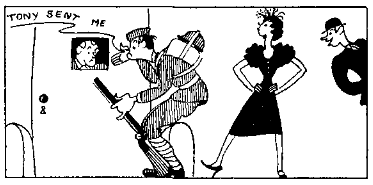
COVER ALAN FOSTER

Any Week

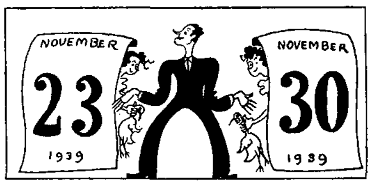
MR. ARTHUR MOORE GLONE of Ann Arbor, Michigan, wishes it understood that he will defend his country (the United States of America) provided he is defended from personal sabotage while engaged in fighting off the foes. "But first," says Mr. Glone, "I wish Congress to guarantee us heroes from the enactment of prohibition legislation in our absence. I will stand for none of the double-crossing nonsense that they slipped over on my father while he was fighting for democracy in 1918. While he was away they made it impossible for him to return to the orderly, law-abiding life he had led prior to his enlistment. I do not want to spend ten or twelve years in a speak-easy after a couple of years' fighting for liberty."



AND that war is a young man's game is not a particularly recent discovery. We were wandering up and down the corridors of the War Department, interested in finding out what we might be expected to do in what the statesmen call an emergency. Among the variety of informational bits that fell into our hands was that twenty-five of the members of the Union Army in the Civil War were under ten years old. Before we could express our doubts they took us to the records of the adjutant general, where we verified not only that but discovered that thirty-eight of the Boys in Blue were between ten and eleven years old. So we went right down the lists. We found that there were 300 children thirteen years old in Mr. Lincoln's army, 1,523 who were fourteen and 104,987 fifteen years old. Of the 2,778,304 in the Union armies, 2,159,789 were twenty-one years old or less.

A NUMBER of unfeeling persons are going to dismiss the foregoing with "So what?" And we don't know the answer. Maybe we'd better tell you about the instructive experience a friend of ours had with the five-year-old son of a week-end guest. Our friend, an early riser, was pulling weeds out of his autumn-chilled lawn on Sunday morning. His guests, except their son, were still abed. The lad asked our friend whether he might expect two cents if he too pulled weeds. "You may indeed," beamed the lawn owner. The boy ruined a few weeds and then became absorbed in thought. "I was thinking about what I was going to buy with the nickel I'm to get for helping you," he replied to our friend's solicitous inquiry. And then several minutes of silent weed-pulling. Presently the small one asked our friend whether he had any little boys. "No," said he, "I'm sorry to say I haven't." Whereupon, after more thought, the youngster said: "Well, if you had a little boy and he wasn't here helping you he wouldn't get ten cents like me, would he?"

LITTLE did Mr. Roosevelt know when he moved Thanksgiving up a week that he was solving one of the more serious problems of Mr. F. L. Boynton of Kingfisher, Oklahoma. Mr. Boynton, thinking that he had but one Thanksgiving Day to spend with his two daughters who live a thousand miles apart, was well-nigh distracted with worry. He had promised to be the guest of both. One of the girls was going to be offended. But Mr. Roosevelt came to his rescue. To make it practically perfect, one of Mr. Boynton's daughters is anti-Roosevelt and will celebrate Thanksgiving as usual on the last Thursday of November. Therefore, Mr. Boynton proposes to spend November 23d with his New Deal daughter and November 30th giving thanks. "I shall be sporting about this," says he. "I shall not blame Mr. Roosevelt for any indigestion I may pick up owing to his unwarranted interference with this sacred American institution."



A LADY who lives in noticeable luxury on Park Avenue, New York City, tells us that she was visited by another lady who, instead of living in luxury on Park Avenue, sells insurance. Being convinced that her prospect had all the life and accident insurance she needed, the insurance saleslady got hot. "I'm offering something absolutely new," said she grimly. "We call it personal property war insurance. Suppose that while you slept an incendiary bomb was to strike your apartment and spread devastation. What would become of that beautiful frock you're wearing?"

PROBABLY get torn.

W. D.

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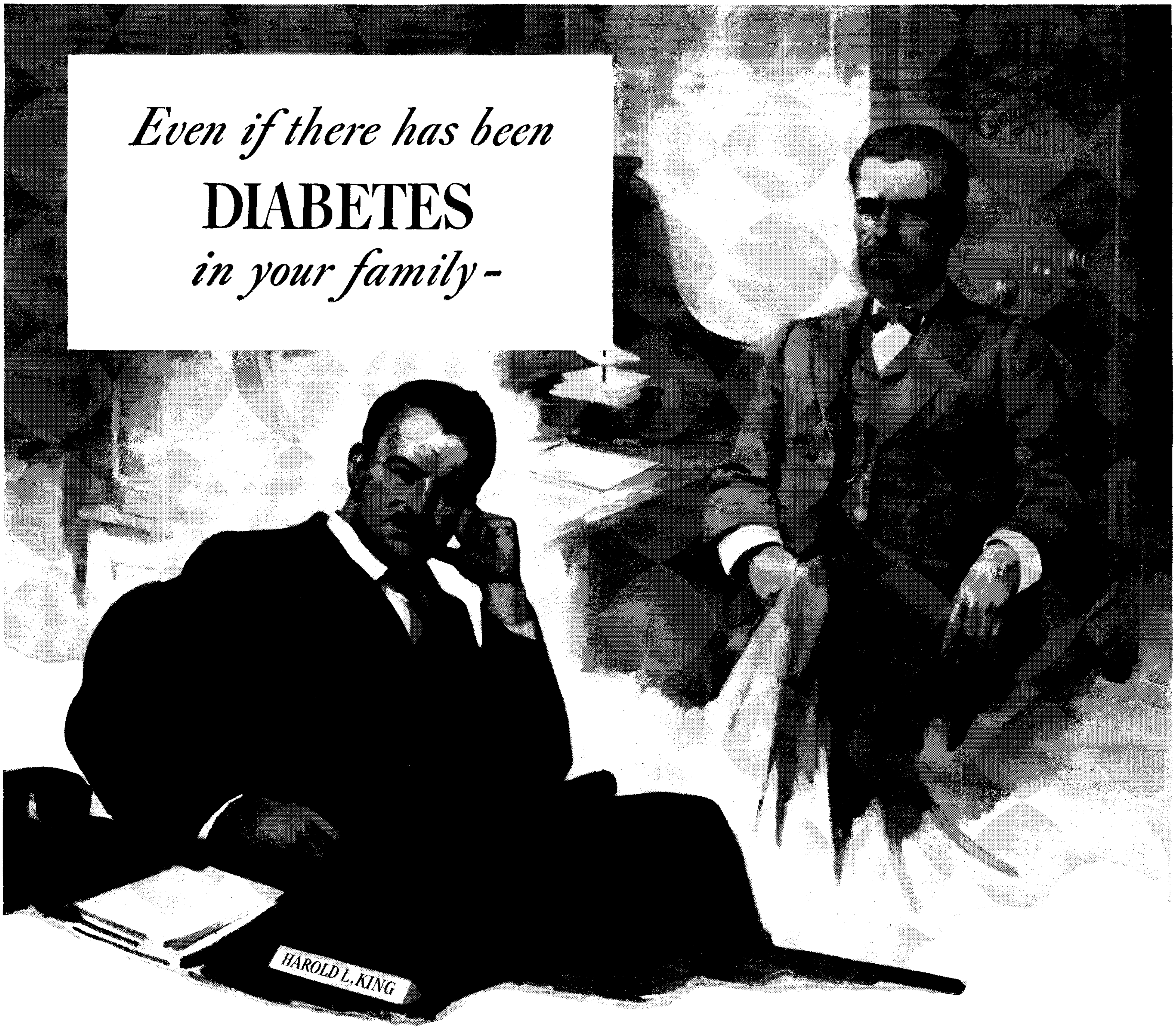
Even if there has been DIABETES *in your family -*



There is no cause for undue alarm even though your mother or father did have diabetes. Unless the disease occurred in both of your parents' families, you probably are not predisposed to it. Nor is it inevitable that a person with such a diabetic heredity will develop an active case of the disease. In fact, by taking certain precautions he may avoid it.

Among predisposed persons diabetes is more likely to appear in those who are stout. Anyone who knows or suspects the occurrence of diabetes in his family history should be especially careful to avoid overweight. The extensive records of one physician show that only 5% of his adult diabetic patients were underweight before they developed the disease.

Early discovery is another protection against the dangers of diabetes, because in the beginning many cases are mild and not difficult to control. Physicians usually advise anyone with diabetes in the family to have periodic health examinations, including a urinalysis and a blood sugar test.

The outlook today is extremely hopeful for the person who develops diabetes. Treatment is based, in part, upon a simple diet of common foods which is prescribed by a physician. The modern diabetic diet is planned to keep the patient at, or slightly below, the normal weight for his age and height. In addition, insulin is usually required to supply what the body lacks. This combination has happily done away with the old-time starvation diet.

The slower action type of insulin called protamine zinc insulin is widely used today in treating diabetes. This brings many patients one step closer to normal living because it is usually taken only once a day.

Today diabetes can be controlled if full use of modern medical knowledge is made in time and patients cooperate with the physician during treatment.

The Metropolitan free booklet "Diabetes" discusses some of the ways to guard against the disease, describes its signs and causes and the modern type of diabetic diet. A copy is available upon request. Address Booklet Department 1139-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*
LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*
ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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VALUES IN 47 YEARS

THE Florsheim SHOE

STILL BETTER SHOES
. . . STILL GREATER VALUES!

Only on shoes worthy of the name will you find the Florsheim shield . . . the signature of specialists in superior shoes for almost fifty years. Concentrating on quality . . . and with a creed that calls for constant improvement . . . Florsheim has set higher standards of value year after year. *Today those standards are higher than ever.* In looks and leather, in fit and finish, in craftsmanship and comfort, the new Florsheims offer the greatest values in Florsheim history. *Styles illustrated above,* The RAMBLER, S-879, *in Roan brown calf, and* The BROOKFIELD, S-623, *in black calf.* $8.95 SOME HIGHER

THE Florsheim SHOE

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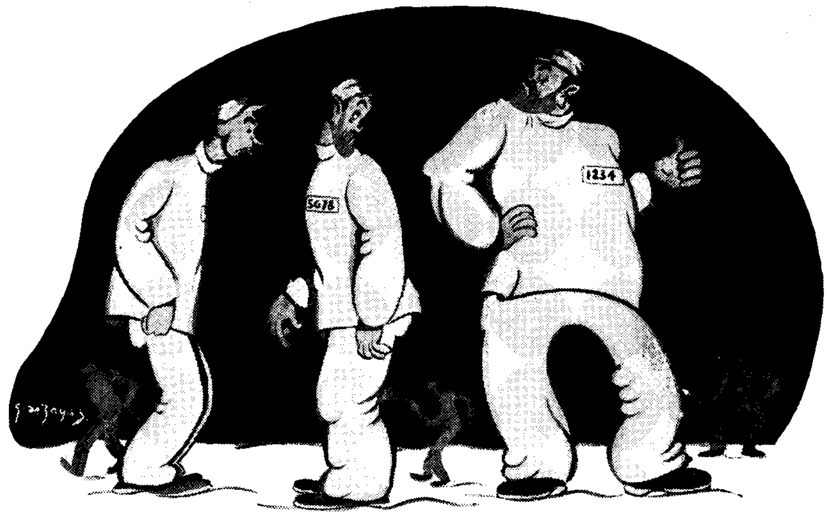
Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Crooks have castes which they maintain even through many years of close association within prison walls. For example, in American penitentiaries, bank burglars look down upon house burglars, house burglars rarely speak to pickpockets and pickpockets regard forgers with contempt.

Sherry wine grows stronger, instead of weaker, with age.—*By Mae Kilpatrick, New York, New York.*

Portable radios are so popular that 35 manufacturers now make 125 kinds of sets, ranging in price from $8 to $80 and varying in weight from 4 to 35 pounds.

Although children of a given age vary considerably in height and weight, manufacturers still make boys' and girls' clothing in age sizes, with the result that about $10,000,000 worth of these garments are returned to retailers annually because they do not fit.

Banks of this country hold $250,000,000 in dormant accounts whose owners have died or forgotten them. In two thirds of the states, no provision has yet been made for the disposal of this money; while in most of the others it goes to a state fund after the accounts have been inactive for periods ranging from five to thirty years. Indiana banks, however, are permitted to acquire such accounts, after a year of dormancy, through a service charge on the inactive accounts.

Professional beggars in New York City wheedle more than $250,000 a week out of sympathetic donors. Many of the faster workers collect as much as $300 every seven days, while one once "promoted" $745 between Monday morning and Saturday night.

American magazines, newspapers, press associations and broadcasting companies now have more than a thousand reporters, writers and commentators in Europe.

Laws in several states allow a loser of a bet to demand and obtain the return of his money from the stakeholder if it has not yet been paid to the winner.—*By Earl Boyd, Springfield, Missouri.*

An analysis of the longevity of 3,300 eminent men and women shows that, while the women died at 61 years, or a year sooner than the average for all women, the men lived to the age of 68 years, or nine years longer than the average for all men.

Of the several hundred kings, emperors, czars and dictators who have ruled during the past eight hundred years, about one third died violent deaths.

Although Australia, a large part of Africa and most of South America are below the Equator, the Southern Hemisphere contains only five per cent of the world's population.

For the past 74 years, a mutual fire insurance company in Baltimore has issued a perpetual policy that is carried indefinitely by a single deposit, which is returned when the policy is canceled. For example, a family can insure its house for $10,000 for generations by merely "lending" $200 to this company.—*By C. A. Coldwell, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Of the 80,000,000 persons of voting age in this country, at least 35,000,000 did not graduate from grade school.

How much the lens of a lighthouse intensifies light is well illustrated by the one in the Navesink station in New Jersey. This lens increases its 2,400-candlepower light 3,750 times, or into a 9,000,000-candlepower beam, which can be seen at a distance of about twenty-five miles.

A machine for dairies takes a piece of heavy paper, shapes it into a milk bottle, glues the sides and bottom, coats the inner and outer walls with paraffin, fills it with milk and seals the top, turning out 45 of these complete units a minute, or at the rate of one every one and one-third seconds.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

New Goodrich Battery

SO POWERFUL IT STARTS 2 CARS AT THE SAME TIME *AT 10° BELOW ZERO!*

IN ACTUAL TESTS—checked and certified by Western Union—a stock new Goodrich Glasstex Battery started not one but *both* 85 H.P. motors in these cars *at the same time* at 10° below zero.

Read How Miracle Glass Mats *Double* Battery Life!*

Goodrich
145 AMP 51 PLATES 120 A.H.
GLASSTEX

Look! These New Goodrich Glasstex Mats are so porous that you can blow smoke right through them!

How many times in winter has your motor refused to turn over in the thick, vise-like grip of cold-stiffened oil—even when it was nowhere near 10° below zero? If you're one of the millions who have to drive in cold winter weather—if you want to avoid costly, time-killing delays—here's mighty good news. It's all about the new Goodrich *Glasstex* Battery that does TWICE as much as you'll ever ask any battery to do . . . a battery so powerful that not just one but TWO motors can be started from it at the same time at 10° below zero!

In a Man-Made Blizzard

In an actual test, certified by Western Union and made in a specially designed room where blizzards start raging at the turn of a switch and temperatures drop with dizzy speed, a stock new GT-151 Goodrich Glasstex Battery supplied all the electrical energy to start two cars, each with 85 horsepower motors, simultaneously at ten degrees below zero and immediately afterward gave fourteen more starts at the same temperature in one minute and forty-nine seconds.**

That's *super-power* to boast about. Imagine how much faster this new Goodrich Glasstex Battery will start *your* car in cold winter weather when it has only *one* motor to turn!

Lasts Twice as Long

Batteries wear out because their plates gradually "shed" their vital, power-producing materials. As the plates become worn, the battery grows weaker. But now—to resist this wearing away of plates—to keep this valuable material from being lost—Goodrich "packs" this battery with the unique *Glasstex* mats—woven from mile upon mile of super-fine, crystal glass threads. Each of these threads—and there are millions of them—does "double duty" by holding the power-producing materials in the plates *twice as long*—by being so porous they allow a full, free flow of the battery acid.

Everything You Want from a Battery!

If you want to get off to "flying starts" in cold weather—if you want a "super-charged" battery with plenty of spunk for *all* the power demands of your car—if you want the real savings in money of a battery that *lasts twice as long*—see your nearest Goodrich Tire and Battery Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store now about this Goodrich Glasstex Battery.

*Proved by life tests made in accordance with specifications of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

**At the completion of these fifteen starts the test was terminated because the motor temperatures had returned to normal and starting had become easy and rapid.

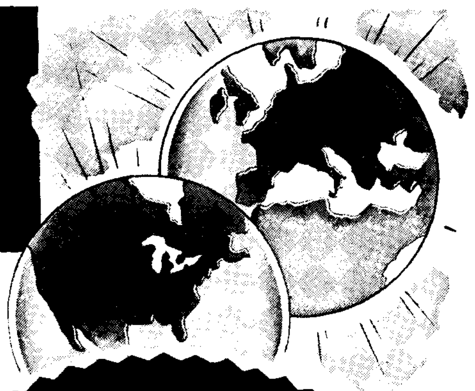
THE B. F. GOODRICH CO.
Akron, Ohio Los Angeles, Calif.

Goodrich GLASSTEX Battery

Trade Mark Registered U. S. Patent Office

NOW...Stirring News...Thrilling Programs!

Your home deserves a 1940 "American and Foreign" PHILCO



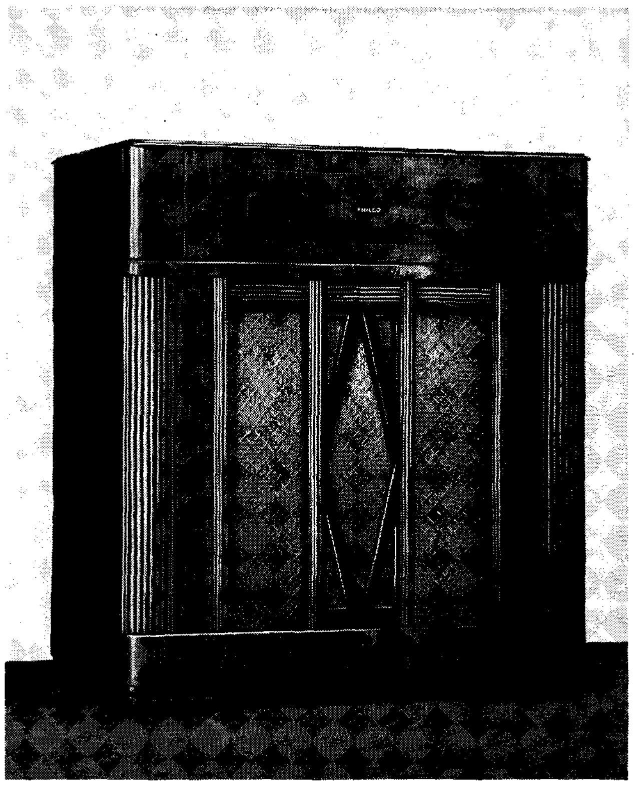
These are thrilling, history-making radio days! To live them fully, you need the modern achievements of Philco engineers in your home. Trade in your old radio now for a 1940 American and Foreign Philco, with the exclusive Built-in Super Aerial *System.* Enjoy . . .

1 . . . **SUPER-POWER.** Philco invention has vastly improved your opportunity to tune in foreign stations *direct*—and *without the need of an outside aerial!* Be informed. Hear the news reports by short-wave straight from the capitals of Europe.

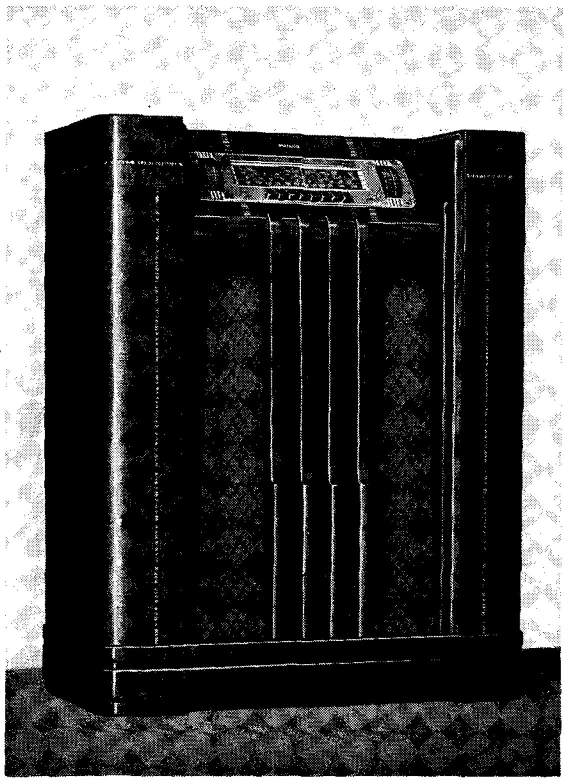
2 . . . **NEW PURITY OF TONE.** Greater freedom from power line noises, electrical interference and man-made static. More enjoyable reception, even in noisy, difficult locations.

3 . . . **"PLUG IN AND PLAY" CONVENIENCE.** No aerial or ground wires needed, no installation. Just place the radio wherever it looks best and is most convenient, *plug in like an electric lamp . . . and play!*

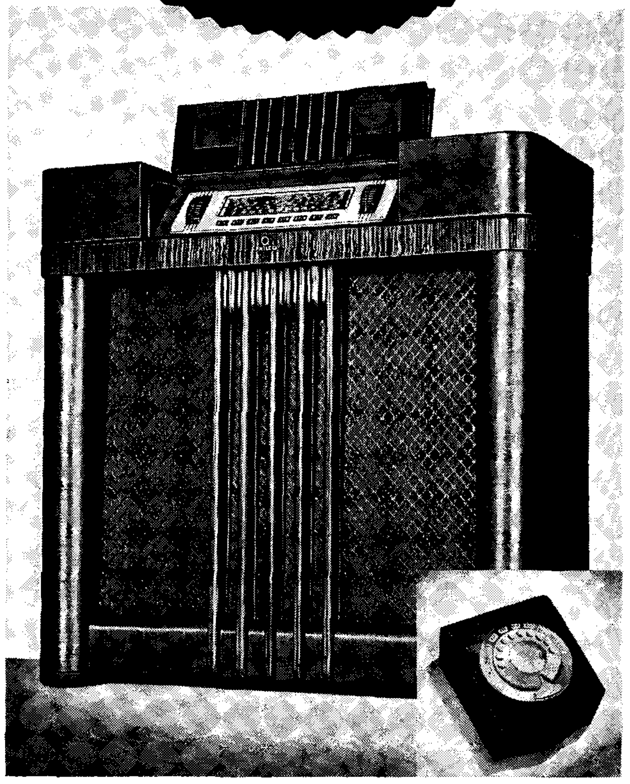
Only
PHILCO
gives you
ALL 3



PHILCO 508 RADIO-PHONOGRAPH
Philco offers for 1940 a complete selection of radio-phonographs, presenting new triumphs of tone, operation, cabinet beauty and *value!* Special phonograph circuits with doubled sound output give you new beauty of tone at every price. Model illustrated has improved Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. American and Foreign radio reception. Cabinet of richly figured, hand-rubbed Walnut. Yours for only $13.95 down.



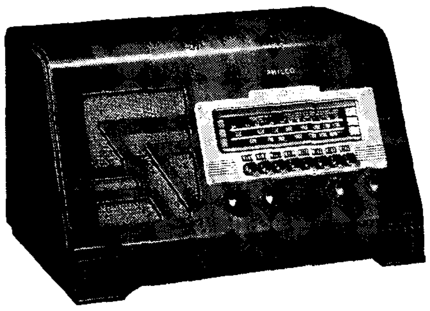
PHILCO 195XX CONSOLE RADIO
One of a great variety of lovely new console cabinet designs styled to suit every taste and preference. Has Built-in Super Aerial *System;* powerful American and Foreign reception. Gloriously rich, pure tone in any location. Electric Push-Button Tuning. Costly, highly-figured Walnut woods, hand-rubbed piano finish. Yours on easiest monthly terms, *only $10 down.*



PHILCO 216RX *with* WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL
A *new* achievement of Philco engineers. New inventions give you radio's most glorious tone and thrilling performance. *Wireless Remote Control* operates the radio from any room in your home without wires, cords or connections of any kind to the radio, electric outlet or anything else. Powerful American and Foreign reception. Built-in Super Aerial *System.* Built to receive Television Sound. Luxurious cabinet of costly woods. Easiest terms.

See the New 1940 PHILCO *Anniversary Specials* Now Offered by PHILCO Dealers Everywhere

Philco dealers everywhere are celebrating ten straight years of Philco leadership with new 1940 *"Anniversary Specials"* . . . the greatest values in Philco history. Right now, a Philco dealer near you is making it worth your while to trade in your present radio. Visit him today—you'll be surprised how easily you may own a Philco *Anniversary Special!* Liberal trade-in allowances, low down payments, the easiest of monthly terms!



PHILCO 155T
The Built-in Super Aerial *Sys* gives to Philco table models undreamed-of power, performance and clarity of tone in any location. Place them anywhere, *just plug in and play!* Model illustrated is a powerful American and Foreign Superheterodyne with Electric Push-Button Tuning. Convenient terms.

BUILT TO RECEIVE TELEVISION SOUND . . . *the Wireless Way!*

Collier's The National Weekly for O 939

Ready for Reno

By George Bradshaw

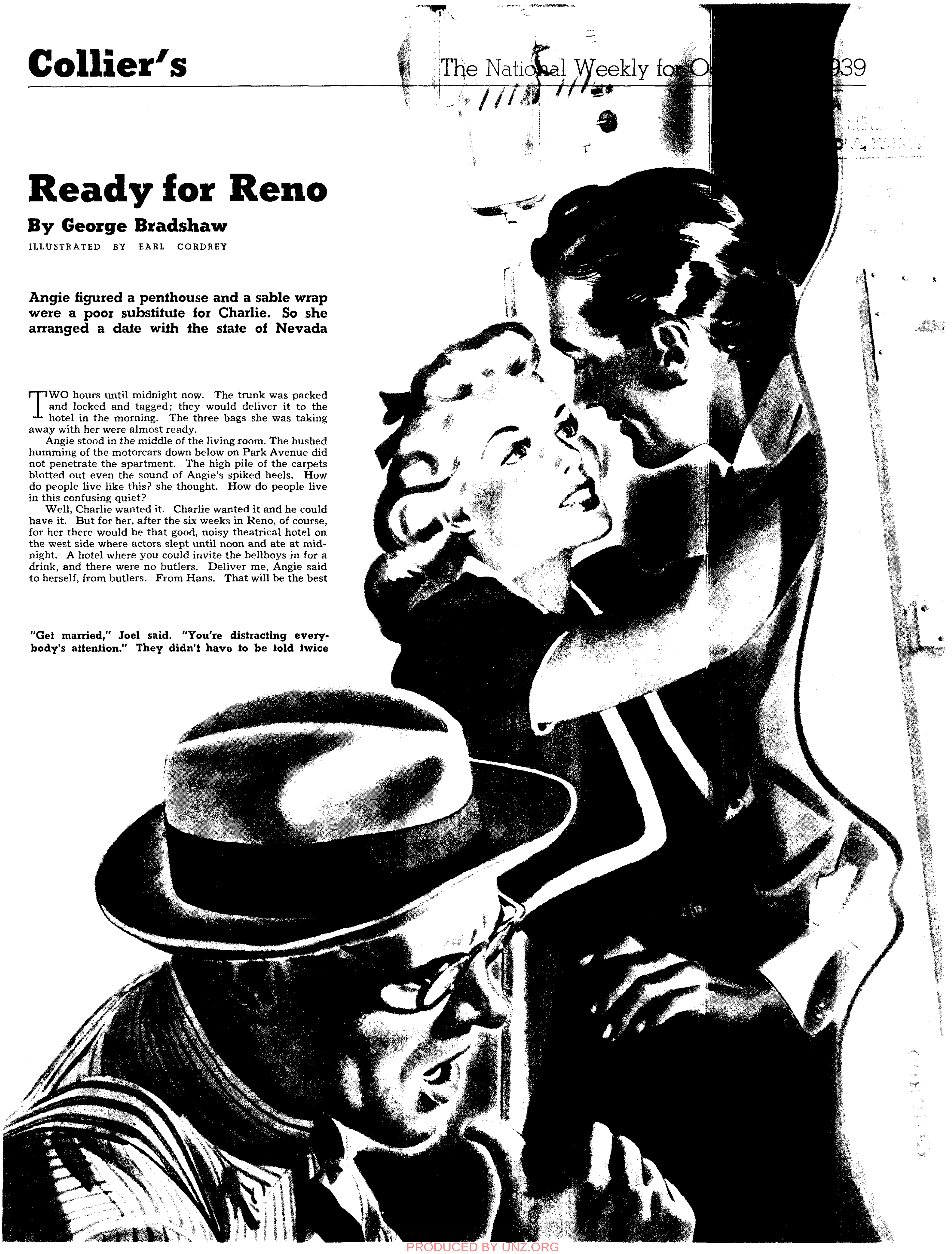
ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Angie figured a penthouse and a sable wrap were a poor substitute for Charlie. So she arranged a date with the state of Nevada

TWO hours until midnight now. The trunk was packed and locked and tagged; they would deliver it to the hotel in the morning. The three bags she was taking away with her were almost ready.

Angie stood in the middle of the living room. The hushed humming of the motorcars down below on Park Avenue did not penetrate the apartment. The high pile of the carpets blotted out even the sound of Angie's spiked heels. How do people live like this? she thought. How do people live in this confusing quiet?

Well, Charlie wanted it. Charlie wanted it and he could have it. But for her, after the six weeks in Reno, of course, for her there would be that good, noisy theatrical hotel on the west side where actors slept until noon and ate at midnight. A hotel where you could invite the bellboys in for a drink, and there were no butlers. Deliver me, Angie said to herself, from butlers. From Hans. That will be the best



"Get married," Joel said. "You're distracting everybody's attention." They didn't have to be told twice

"It's about the end," Angie insisted. "You're crazy," Bill told her

thing about Reno. Hans won't be there.

Angie took a pair of half-dry stockings off the rack in the bathroom, rolled them up and threw them at a bag. Well, honey, she thought, don't get violent. What's a butler among friends?

Friends. Like Mrs. Averill Charlton. Janie, her friends call her. Angie, you *must* call me Janie. I'll call you Janie all right, and I'll also throw a table at you. Not very ladylike, not the way the gentry acts. No. But it's okay if you take my husband. Sure.

Angie sat down on the side of a bed and ran her hand back through her hair. I'm not making much sense, she thought. It's time I got out of here.

Then she looked at her watch. The second act must be about over, she thought.

Four times in her life she had done that, looked at a clock or a watch, and meant what she meant now, and said or thought the second act must be about over.

The first time was in a dirty, ill-lighted little restaurant on Third Avenue. She and Charlie were sitting having cups of coffee, bad coffee, because they had nowhere else to go. They were trying to kill time until Bill would be back at his apartment. But that would not be for another hour and a half, at least, so they drank their coffee slowly.

Of course they could have gone to the theater, but neither of them dared. It doesn't do for a producer to be sick in front of everyone on his own opening night.

IF ONLY they hadn't lost the office, that nice, warm little office with "Charles Fargo, Theatrical Manager" printed on the door, they could have gone there. It almost seemed like home, after the six weeks they had spent sleeping on the couch, taking baths from the washbasin, cooking on the electric plate. But they had been put out three days before; you can't expect a building superintendent to wait forever for his rent.

Bill had been much more embarrassed than they when they had moved their belongings over to one of the vacant dressing rooms of the theater. Bill liked things done properly.

But he had taken them in for those last few nights. He had given Charlie and Angie his bed, and he had slept himself on two chairs.

That is, what little he slept. Bill was stage manager of the show and played a chauffeur too. He had a thousand things to do. Such as hold up the scenery in the second act.

That night in the restaurant, when Angie looked up at the clock on the dirty wall and said, "The second act must be about over," Charlie answered, "If the set didn't fall down."

Angie shrugged. "It didn't."

Charlie said, "What makes you so optimistic? It fell down at every rehearsal."

"Bill won't let it."

Charlie looked at his coffee. "I hope not."

Angie lit a cigarette, leaned back in her chair and looked around the little restaurant. "This is a pleasant way to spend an evening," she said, "smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee and talking to your husband."

Charlie reached across the table and took her hand. "Hello, kid," he said.

"Hello."

Angie and Charlie had been married eight months. In a way they had had a kind of shotgun wedding. Joel Mendham had threatened to fire them both if they didn't stop ruining his show.

Charlie was a stage manager for Joel; Angie had a bit part in the play. That was how they met, and within a month Angie was missing her entrances because she was in Charlie's arms in the darkness of the wings when it was time for her to go on.

"Get married," Joel said. "You're distracting everybody's attention."

They didn't have to be told twice. One Friday morning they went to City Hall and got it over. Then unexpectedly the show closed the next night. "We simply wasted two dollars," Angie said.

They had a little money then. Charlie had saved some, and Angie was getting a hundred a month from the uncle in Scranton who had brought her up. But that didn't last. When he found she was married he sent her five hundred dollars, his blessing and forevermore washed his hands of her.

With the five hundred Charlie wanted to be a producer, naturally, and suddenly he found what he was looking for, a play he liked.

He had probably read three hundred scripts, searching for one that pleased him. Then suddenly, for no reason, one appeared. It was written by a high-school teacher from Pittsburgh who had had a couple of unsuccessful novels published, but who had written, if Charlie was any judge, a magnificent, biting comedy about some newly rich Pittsburghers who lived on Squirrel Hill.

Anyway, that was where the five hundred dollars went. Angie walked in a daze of happiness. She was in New York, she was married, her husband was a theatrical producer (it said so on his office door).

But then began the months of finding backers. Charlie would get one, then two, maybe three, then the first would walk out. He set twelve thousand dollars as the absolute minimum, but he finally went into rehearsal with only nine. That meant he could take out absolutely nothing for himself; it meant that he and Angie had to live on sandwiches and coffee from a drugstore; it meant that when they were kicked out of their hotel they stayed kicked out, but it meant that the show went on.

But that show was worth any sacrifice. When Angie and Charlie got to Bill's little apartment at a quarter of twelve he was already waiting for them with a half-dozen others from the cast and a table loaded with sandwiches and liquor and soda and ice. There was confusion, the room was full of smoke; the radio was blaring, everyone was talking and laughing at once.

Bill yelled when he saw them, "Baby," he roared, "Baby. Thirteen curtain calls, *thirteen*." He threw his arms around Angie and Charlie both at once. "We're in. They cheered. You should have been there."

Then it was everybody talking at once. "Listen Mr. Fargo. . . . Listen Mrs. Fargo. . . . Angie, wait till I tell you . . . thirteen curtains. . . ."

AFTER four highballs Bill began to cry because everybody was so nice. Angie ate seven sandwiches. Charlie sat in a corner, getting an edge on and raising everybody's salary.

When the papers began to come out there was no doubt at all. Every review was the same: "The news this morning, ladies and gentlemen, is that we have a fine, exciting new play in town . . ." "Your correspondent has not had a better time in the theater this year, nor is he likely to." "A fast-moving, heart-warming play." "Vastly amusing, it has everything . . . Mr. Charles Fargo is welcome to this town. We need him."

It was that last review that got Angie. She began to cry and she couldn't stop until Charlie got cold towels and washed her face. "Charlie," she sobbed, "Charlie. I can't go through this tension again."

Charlie said, "Ah, nuts," and went over and got the last sandwich and they ate it together.

(Continued on page 71)

Nocturne in Blue

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Explaining the tears of a smart girl who couldn't afford to cry

RITA knew the boy was from out of town the minute he stepped inside the front door of the Hotbox. Rita didn't need much time to size up any man—but this fellow had it stamped all over him.

He didn't look like a hick—hicks really don't, any more—but Rita knew just what he was by the timid way he came through the door of the third-rate little night club; she knew it by the way he stood inside looking around as if he wasn't sure whether he was welcome or not. She knew it by the youthful freshness of him, and she knew it by the newness of everything he wore: new hat, new suit, new shirt and tie, new sox and shoes. And she knew it by the diffident way he approached the bar and perched on a high stool right alongside of her, and by the way he ordered his drink—as if he figured Gene, the bartender, would be doing him a favor by letting him have it.

There was another reason why Rita knew all about this boy, too—and that was that she was trained to know. She was a blues singer at the Hotbox, a dime-a-dozen girl with a vivid complexion, natural ash-blond hair, a sort of contralto voice and a figure that she didn't take any particular pains to conceal. She sang for peanuts, but the management cut her in on what friends paid for drinks at the bar or the little rickety tables, and if they happened to be friends she'd just picked up—why, that was okay with them, too.

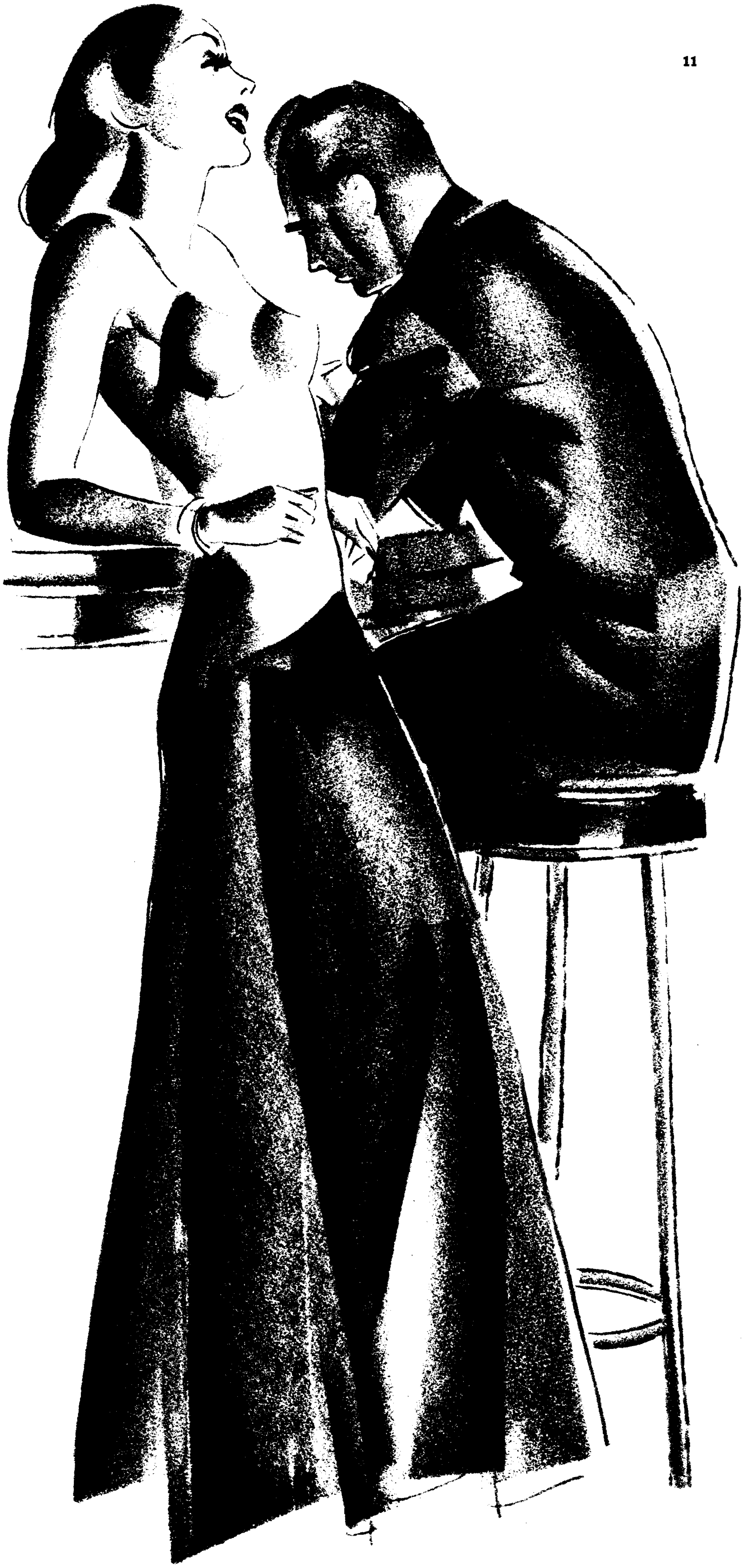
RITA was young but she was wise. She knew the answers to all the questions that had ever been asked, and to many more that hadn't been thought of. Except that she didn't know the answer to any question about her own future—and she didn't try to get the answer to that because it always added up wrong. So they kidded her a lot, which she didn't mind; and they said she was hard-boiled, which wasn't entirely true. She just acted that way because a girl has to when she's making a meager sort of living being a bar fly at a place like the Hotbox.

Anyway, this youngster sits down alongside Rita at the bar and takes his first drink neat, and she sees two things: one, that he's been at it before coming in; and another, that it's out of his line. He doesn't pay any attention to her, and as the place is kind of dreary at the moment, she nods to the four-piece orchestra and they sound off. She stands right there at the bar and peddles a number. Being early, and the patrons all pretty sober, she keeps it fairly clean and nobody pays any attention to her when she finishes, except the waiters, who applaud because they have to, and then she sits down again. She sizes this lad up, figures that he's lonely and tries to make it easy for him. She says, "Didn't you like it?"

He looks at her, startled, and says, "Sure. Sure, I liked it."

"You didn't even listen."

He had no comeback for that one, and it seemed as though the conversation was about to die a natural death. So Rita asked him *(Continued on page 41)*

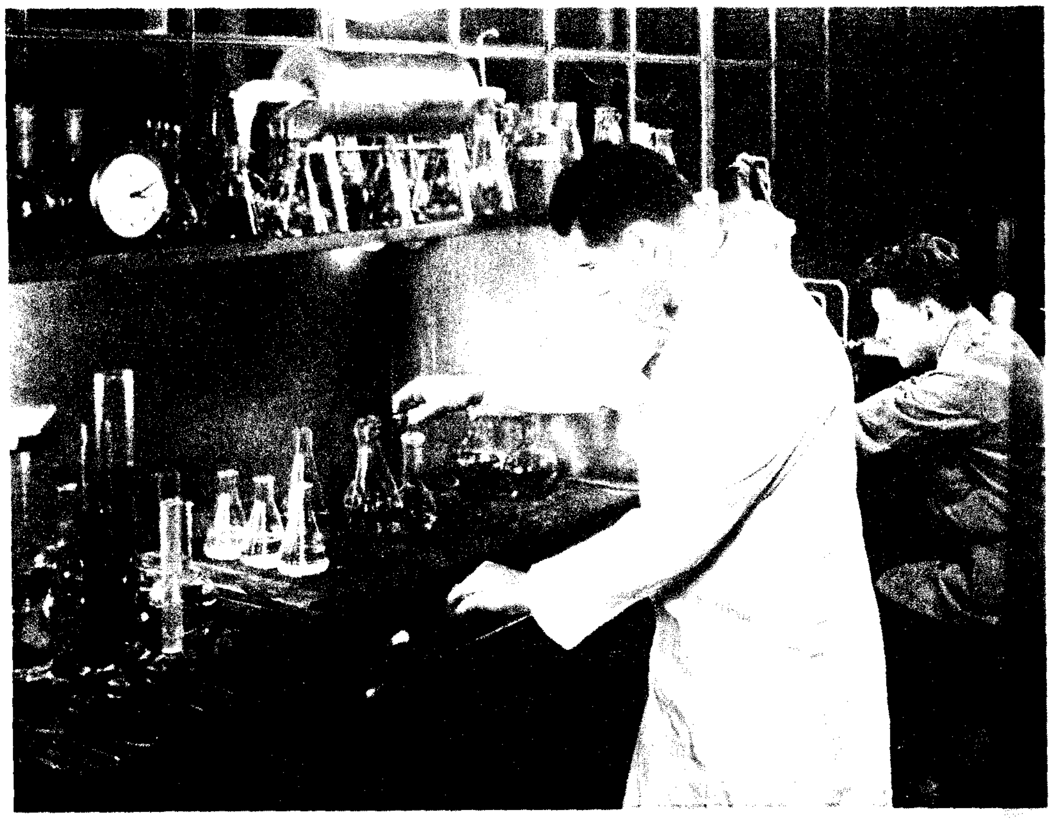


She stands there at the bar and peddles a number. Nobody pays any attention

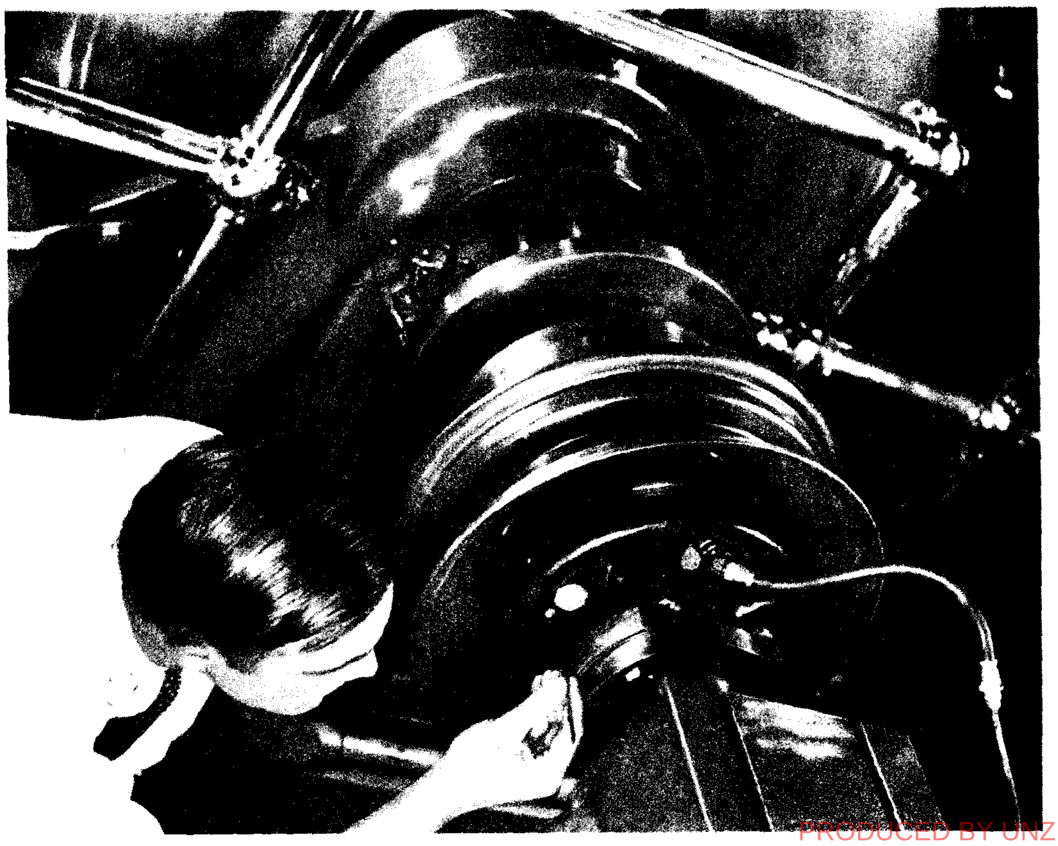
The Car Killers

By Walter Davenport

Collier's throws Mr. Davenport as a living sacrifice on the altar of scientific research. He takes a terrible beating but comes back lacerated to tell you how good your car is



Top, a Packard hurtles over the crest of a dirt-road hill in a test designed to check springs, axles and frame. Center, Hudson chemists making a "wet analysis" of alloys used to lighten and strengthen steel. Below, a Chrysler brake-testing device in which brakes may be checked at speeds far higher than any practicable in ordinary road driving tests



BY THE time they began blowing out tires at seventy-five miles an hour we were past caring. Earlier in the day we had been going over the matter in our own minds telling ourselves that after all we had come to Detroit to find out how much abuse a motorcar would stand and not what our own breaking point was. And anyway we were a bit sore.

The engineers—the destruction ones who were paid handsomely for refusing to believe anything the construction engineers told them—had just taken us over a couple of miles of road consisting of concrete hummocks eight inches high, six feet apart. It was quite a highway, even in our bumpy career. We had, in our time, driven in six-inch sand through dust storms. We had had our share of what northern Canada calls roads and had taken our life between thumb and forefinger on some of Mexico's most studiously neglected mountain highways.

But the test road they had just dragged us over at thirty miles an hour was the Al Capone. And we were all ready to call it a day. Not only were those concrete hummocks eight inches high and six feet apart but they were so arranged by cold-blooded trigger men that when the right front wheel was on top of one the left front wheel was on the ground; and when the rear right wheel was on the ground the left rear wheel was up — probably the most bloodthirsty boulevard in the world. They called it Hangman's Highway. Anyway, we'd had enough.

"Nonsense," cried the destruction engineer who had us in charge. "We shall *now* let you ride over that."

And he pointed to a beautiful stretch of wide concrete, as level as a billiard table, as smooth as Anthony Eden. Moreover, a large twelve-cylinder car with loving cushions was waiting to carry us over this Heavenly Highway, and solicitous mechanics were carefully grooming the front wheels. All it needed to make it perfect was Myrna Loy. Furthermore, we were getting quite a lot of balm out of watching a tough guy driving a truck loaded with five tons of pig iron over Hangman's Highway. Maybe he deserved it.

So we got in behind those twelve cylinders, giving the driver the name of our hotel and pondering upon such pleasantries as what we'd have for dinner. For half a mile we gathered speed. At the end of the next half mile we from the back seat heard the public enemy who sat with the driver ask: "Okay?" And the driver replied: "Okay." Whereupon the first menace pressed a button. . . .

Our first impression was that we were back on Hangman's Highway and, just to make it harder, had collided with the truck. The big car's nose fought to turn right but the driver, clinging to the left side of the steering wheel, thwarted that. The speedometer needle fell swiftly from seventy-five miles to thirty. And then—only then—the driver pressed the foot brake. Gently, very gently, he brought the car to a halt. At seventy-five miles an hour we had blown the right front tire. Or rather they had blown a tire—with dynamite detonators artfully inserted into the tire's casing and touched off by electricity. The driver and the button pusher didn't even bother to look at it when we got out. It was just another way of testing steering mechanisms.

We asked the driver why we weren't dead or at least dying. We explained too that we had been raised in the theory that to blow a tire at high speed was a sound formula for sudden death.

"Well," said he, "I could have fixed us all up fine for the morgue or maybe only the hospital if I had jammed on the brakes the moment the tire blew. I didn't touch the brake until I had the car under control again. Instinctively the average driver jams on his brakes the minute he blows. And that's a pretty good way to keep an unexpected date with the undertaker. Or anyway the doctor. Get your car under control before touching your brakes."

"But suppose it had been a rear tire?" we asked.

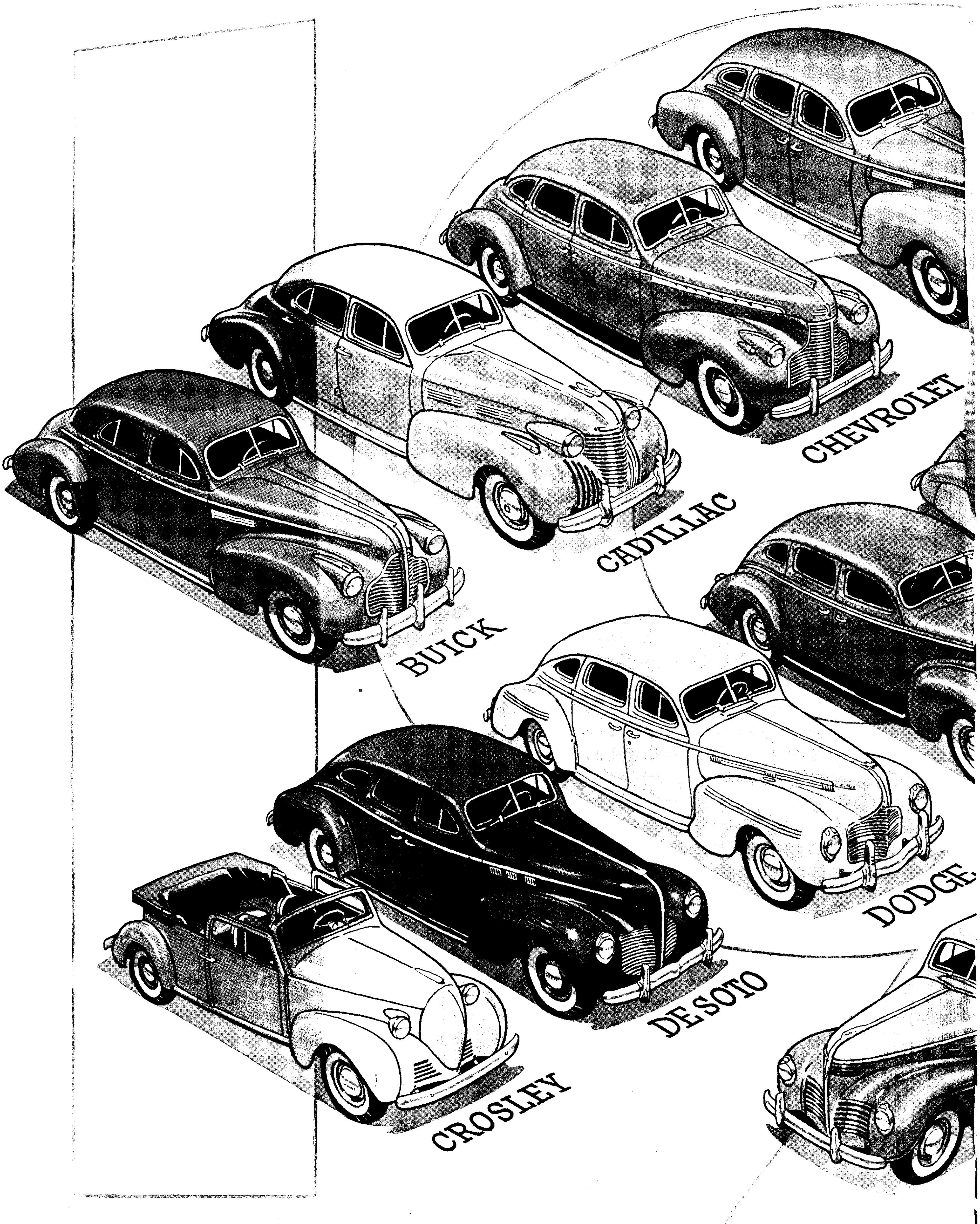
"That makes it harder," he replied loftily. "But don't touch those brakes until you have the car under control."

The Driver's the Problem Now

However, we shouldn't be kicking. We were finding out what we'd come to learn. We had come to find out what you have a right to know when you buy a new motorcar—what the manufacturers have done to insure your safety, what your car may reasonably be expected to stand before it collapses. Of course no car is going to stand up under a head-on collision with another car, a telegraph pole or a brick wall. And only an over-indulgent God is going to protect him who blunders into a ditch or off a bridge or is sideswiped by a traffic nitwit. Moreover, we weren't concerned with the fate of the fool who takes curves at seven miles an hour—although we took a f at eighty and ninety on the proving grounds.

"Our problem these days is not the modern car but the modern driver," said one of the engineers. "More than ninety nine per cent of traffic disasters, including killings, are the fault of the drive and not the car."

But we're getting ourselves out o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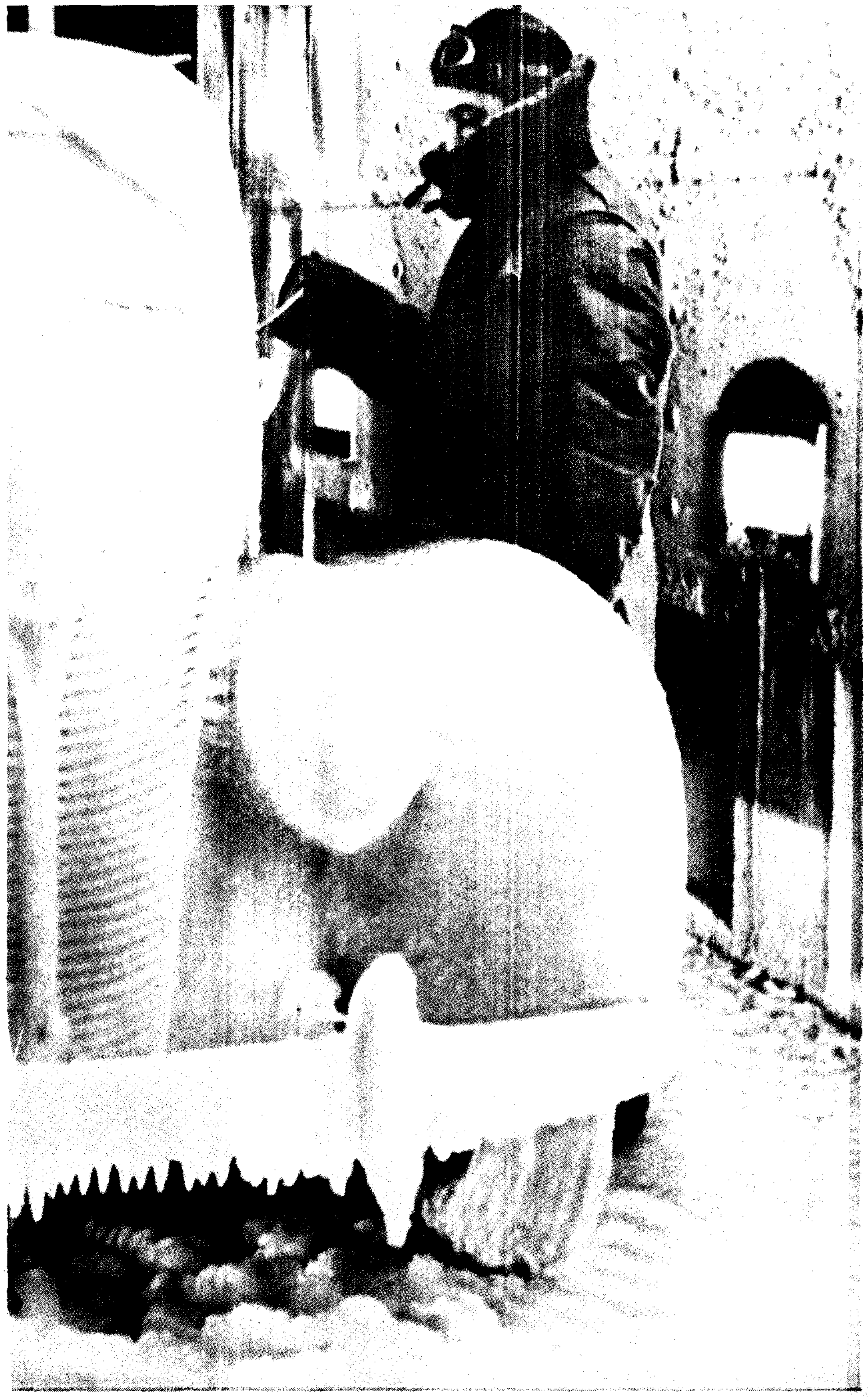
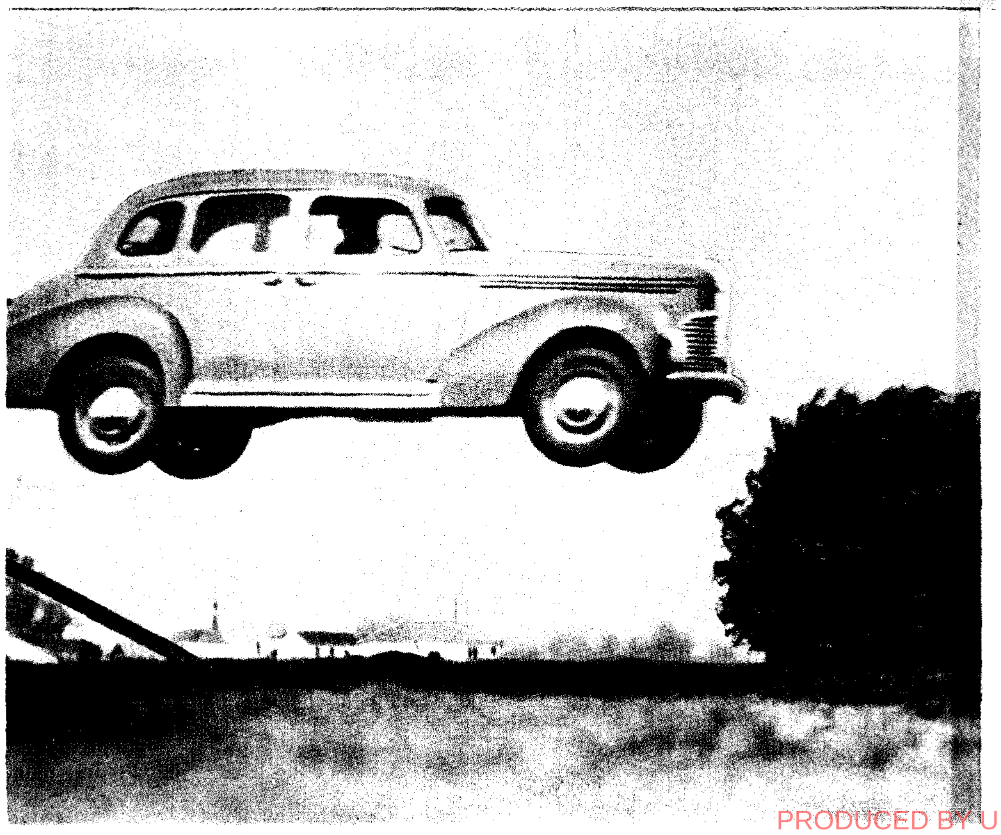


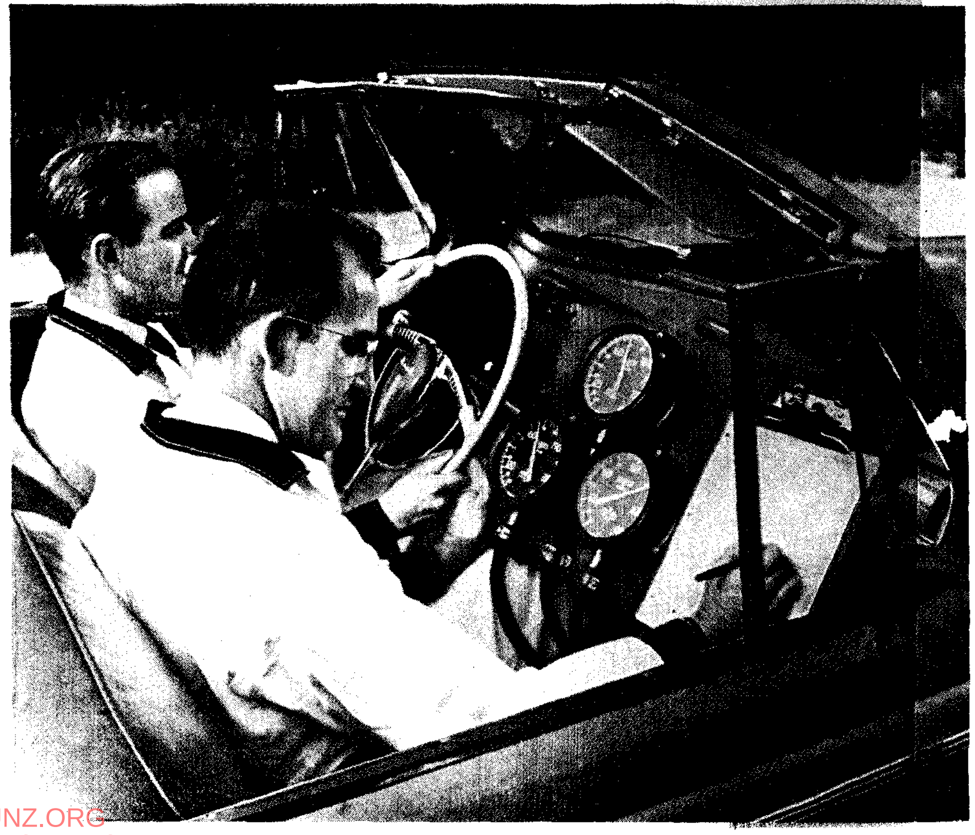
looking like the
will start right
weather tunnel,
low to 150 above
pairment of ef-
m heat or cold

A Studebaker does a colossal broad jump of 68 feet, leaving a four-foot ramp at a speed of 70 miles an hour. After this spectacular punishment, devised to test the strength of the frame, the car was found to be undamaged and was put through a new succession of tests

A Pontiac gets a shower bath at 30 miles an hour through 15 inches of water. All General Motors cars get this bathtub test, which is designed to check waterproof sealing of brakes as well as efficiency of carburetion and ignition systems under severe moisture conditions

Nash engineers, with specially designed instruments, feel out the performance of one of their cars under road operation. This test is designed to check the efficiency of the cooling system by recording water temperature in varying weather and condition of roads





line. Let's be orderly and start at the beginning.

Every motorcar manufacturer mainains research laboratories wherein metllurgists, chemists, physicists and other cientific persons pursue a dissatisfied ife. Competition demands it. About he only feature of motorcar construcion that they're not concerned with is peed. Like the airplane builders, they know how to make engines run faster and their vehicles consume more space per minute. Their inquiries, therefore, oncern durability, maneuverability and safety. Their job is to keep the car out of the repair shop. Inasmuch as they can have no control over the man who purchases the car, they regret that they cannot do the same for him.

An owner may make a public nuisance of himself bragging about his car—its speed, its ability to start below zero, its low upkeep, its getaway prowess, its innocence of repair bills. But the engineers, a dour crowd who would like to achieve perfection in order that they might find fault with it, spend their time sneering at their own work.

Proving Ground versus Open Road

Not every manufacturer maintains proving grounds. Those that don't will assure you that they get the same information in their open-road tests, dispatching fleets of stock cars to the mountains, the deserts, the dust bowl, the flood country and the unimproved lanes of the hinterlands. Like those manufacturers who have proving grounds to show off in, they claim that they can tell within ninety-nine per cent of accuracy just what is going to happen to any car they turn out before it covers a mile of test driving.

Naturally they can't agree, or won't, that the open-road tests—the transcontinental runs—and the proving-ground tests are equally revealing. And yet it so happens that, with cars standardized as they are, the independent engineers say that one is about as efficient as the other. And even the manufacturers who own proving grounds make the same road tests as those who don't. The scientific observers tell us, too, that the information gathered from both tests is about the same. But the proving ground is the better show—one big, comprehensive circus instead of many widely scattered one-ring shows.

Anyway, we spent a week in the laboratories and on the proving grounds, that seeming to us to be more efficient than spending a year making a thousand and one far-flung journeys from ocean to ocean and Mexico to Canada. And, incidentally, we got awfully tired of that word "efficient" before it was over.

After breakfast the destruction engineers went to the finish end of the assembly line and with no more than a bored look chose a car. Any car would do. They all looked alike. The engineers merely nodded to the fat mechanic—the one with his girl's name, Essie, in nickeled script pinned on his cap—and said: "Let's have her."

And Essie's boy friend, a sentimental bloke, stroked the glistening blue hood of the car and said: "Good luck, Baby; show 'em you can take it."

Baby was an eight-cylinder automobile, in the $1,500 class, as sleek as a wet seal. A remarkably short time back she had been a scatter of unassembled rods, shafts, sheets, gears, wheels, nuts and bolts. Now all she needed to fare forth to meet her fate were a few cans of oil and a bellyful of gasoline. Somehow we felt sorry for Baby. Somehow it all reminded us of the harrowing story told us the day before by the watery gentleman who wanted us to donate a dollar to the antivivisection cause.

But she had been selected for a guinea pig. Any of her duplicates in the assembly line might have got the call. Just her luck. And similarly the engineers went to other assembly lines, putting the finger on one of Baby's little sisters that would cost the buyer only seven hundred dollars and on one of her big brothers that had twelve or sixteen cylinders, we forget which. Anyway it was a powerful, sinful-looking affair that you might have bought for twenty-five hundred or three thousand. Apparently it included everything except a movie theater and a battery of sixteen-inch guns.

Within an hour these three cars had joined the Batter Battalion. Along with others that had preceded them and those that would arrive tomorrow they would be turned over to a gang of drivers who were apparently tired of life and be driven twenty-five thousand miles over roads that included stretches the builders should have been arrested for. Day after day, their engines never stopping, their wheels ceasing to turn only when a fresh driver took charge, they would be sped over concrete as level as a billiard table, up and down twenty-seven per cent grades, through axle-deep floods, mud to the hubcaps, twelve inches of loose sand, on asphalt, gravel, Belgian blocks, brick and over stretches of limestone boulders set in cement. And don't forget those concrete hummocks. Anyway, we won't.

They'd be forced to take high-banked curves at eighty and ninety miles an hour and be shot suddenly into skid pads over which water was pouring to make sure they'd skid. And they'd be kept skidding in concentric circles until they squealed like tortured animals or went bowlegged or broke a knuckle.

You may be as crazy as your enemies think you are but you'd never put your car to the tests these cars got. You wouldn't have the opportunity. And it's not likely you have the imagination. One engineer had nothing to do but be our keeper. His job was to drag us from car to car, American and European, and hope for the worst. For example, after bucking over the concrete hummocks five or six times, then roaring into the limestone boulders and in swift succession plowing through the water tank, the mud wallow and the sand pits with no noticeable effect on the car, he'd say:

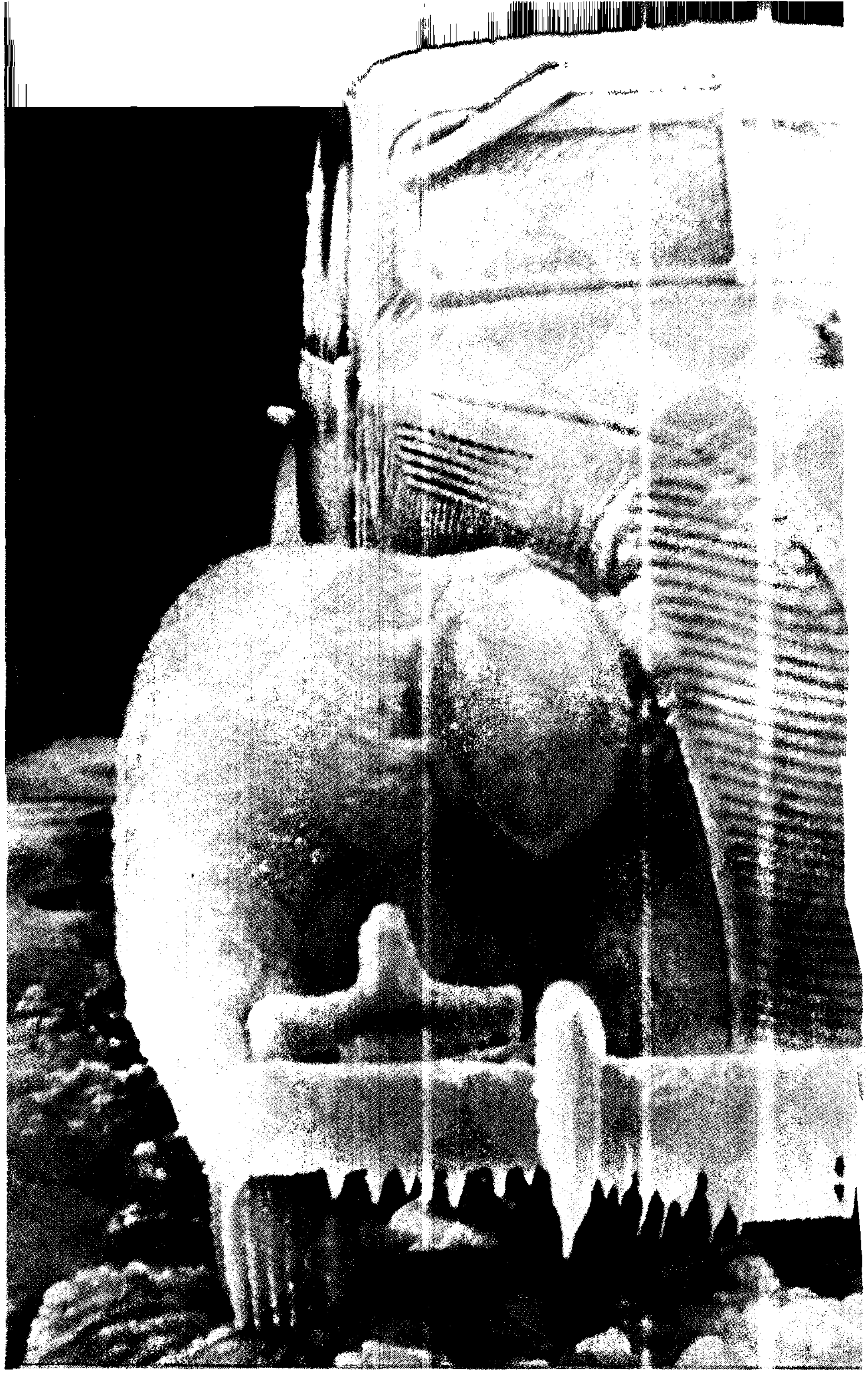
"Never mind, we'll bust something before we've done twenty-five thousand miles—or know why. We'll make those bulgeheads up at the factory eat their words or we'll eat the car. Don't get discouraged."

How Soon Can You Stop?

We weren't getting discouraged but we were getting pretty well fractured. They rammed us up a variety of hills with hairpin curves and ever-changing grades. At signals which we were too addled to see they'd jam on brakes at forty, fifty and sixty miles an hour and fetch us to a screaming halt. And oddly enough we learned something about brakes. If he's traveling at twenty miles an hour, the average driver goes twenty-two feet before he can even start to use his brakes. After he puts his brakes to work it takes another twenty-one feet to stop the car. And that's with perfect brakes. And if he's traveling fifty miles an hour a fairly alert driver consumes three quarters of a second in translating brake-thought into action. In that three quarters of a second he will have traveled fifty-five feet. With perfect brakes, good tires and favorable road conditions he can stop in another one hundred and thirty-one feet. It all depends, of course, so don't argue. We were there and measured it.

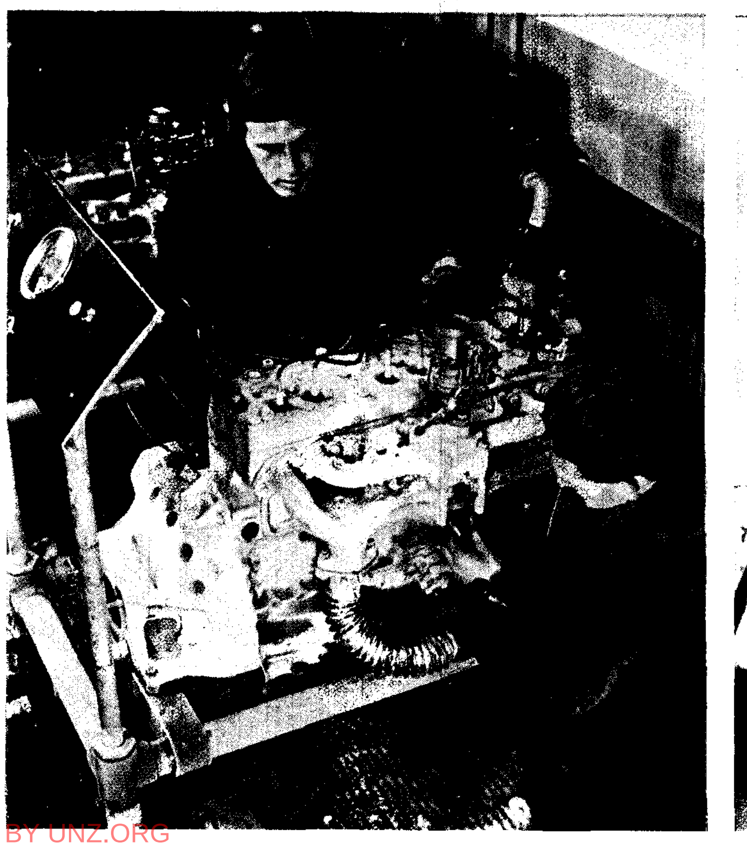
With the exception of one American car, all members of the Batter Battalion were equipped with hydraulic brakes, the tests having demonstrated long since

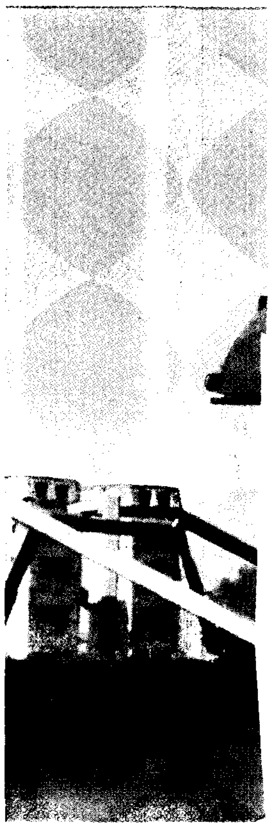
(Continued on page 32)

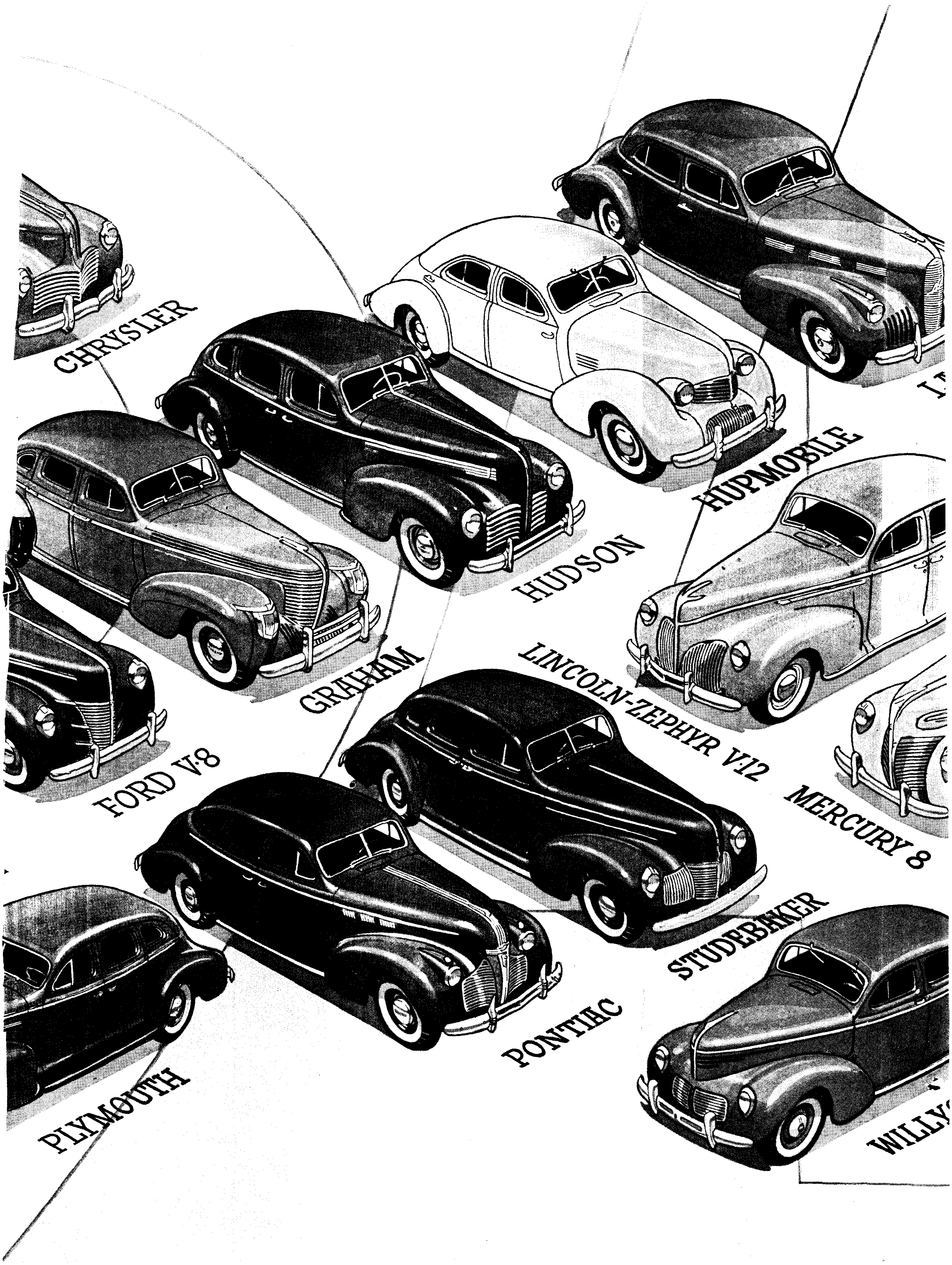


In Chrysler's cold room, below, it's 10 below zero, and the motors are being checked for starting ability, for carburetion efficiency, operation of thermostatic cooling control, flow of lubrication and effectiveness of ignition insulation in any weather you might encounter

**You may never find your car
one above, but if you do it
off. This one's in the Ford
where temperatures from 20 be
zero will soon detect any in
ficiency that might result fro**

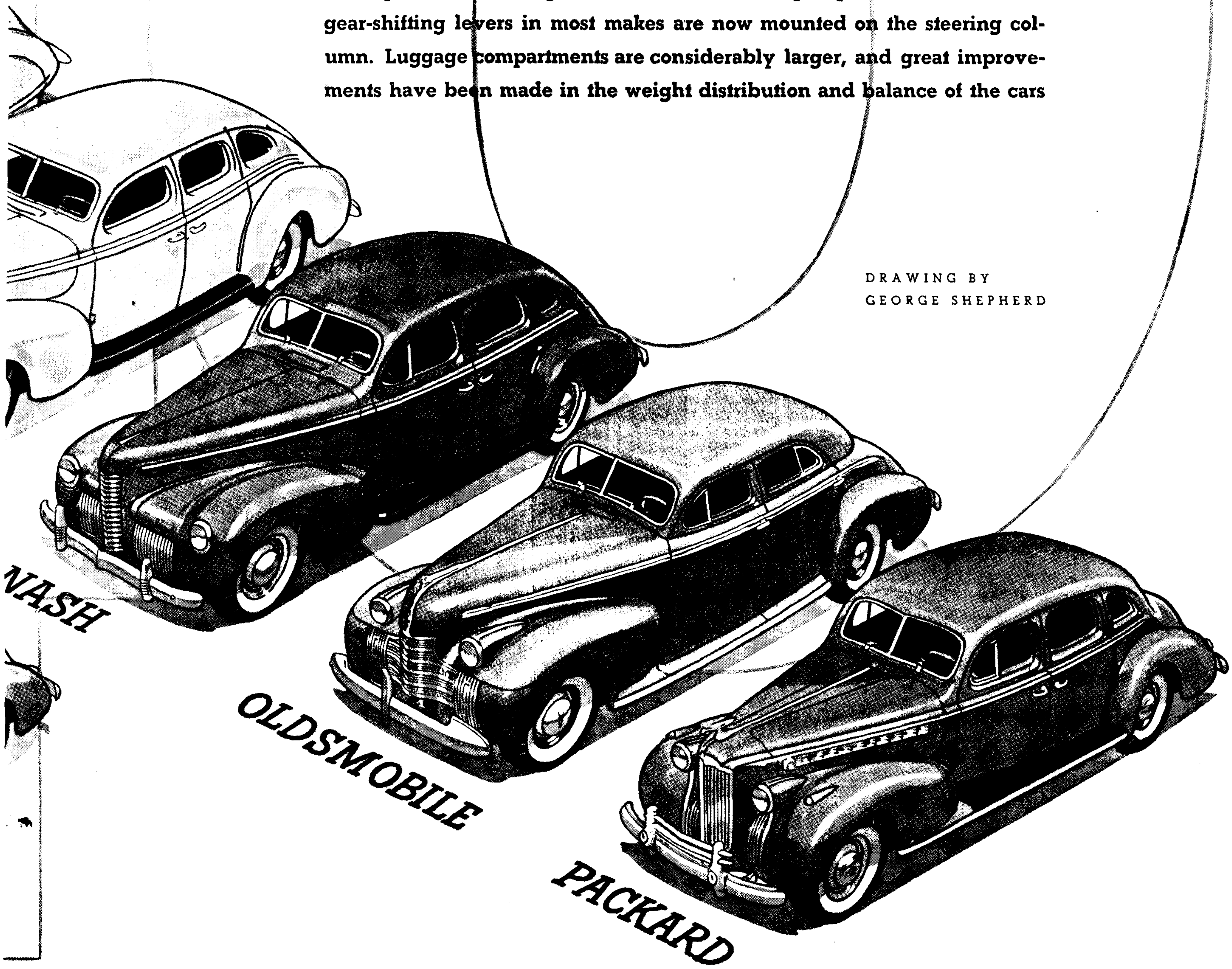





CHRYSLER
HUPMOBILE
HUDSON
GRAHAM
FORD V-8
LINCOLN-ZEPHYR V-12
MERCURY 8
STUDEBAKER
PONTIAC
PLYMOUTH
WILLY

Here's Your New Car

The first thing you'll notice about the 1940 cars is that the bodies have been made longer and wider. Windshields and windows are larger, too, for better vision. Rear doors have been made straighter and wider. In almost all lines Sealed-Beam headlights (with bulb, reflector and lens combined in one complete, interchangeable unit) provide a new standard for safety and ease in night driving. Running boards are optional in some lines. Rumble seats have almost disappeared and have been replaced by auxiliary seats in coupés. Gear shifting has been made easier by improved transmissions; gear-shifting levers in most makes are now mounted on the steering column. Luggage compartments are considerably larger, and great improvements have been made in the weight distribution and balance of the cars



DRAWING BY
GEORGE SHEPHERD

The Andrews sisters, LaVerne, Patty and Maxene. Well, All Right is their favorite song

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ

SWEET AND HOT

By Kyle Crichton

The radio didn't want them, neither did the theater. But a phonograph record changed all that, and now the Andrews sisters are slaying the citizenry with their vocalizing

THE Andrews sisters sit at a sidewalk table at Dave's Blue Room on Broadway and hold court. Between bites at their lunch, they yell at passing friends: "Hi, Maxie; hiya, Joe!" Inside the café ardent admirers slip nickels in the coin-operated phonograph and Well, All Right begins grinding away. The girls pretend not to notice but they are secretly pleased.

"They played that thing so much when it first came out the manager here almost went nuts," offers Patty, modestly. "He finally took the record out and busted it."

"Yeh, and everybody yelled so loud he had to buy a new one," adds Maxene.

The girls sort of teeter on their chairs at the thought of that, knowing that no matter what else may be wrong with the world, things are not any too wrong with them.

Looking at these nice young ladies, one would hardly conceive that they could be classed as public nuisances. By some malevolent genius they have produced a series of musical slams that have driven sections of our citizenry into dementia. The invention of the radio was bad enough but when science went into an apoplectic huddle and brought forth the coin phonograph and those diabolical instruments confined themselves almost exclusively to Hold Tight, the Beer Barrel Polka and Well, All Right, the number of burghers leaping out of upper-story windows rose to alarming proportions.

Whether it is the Andrews sisters who make the songs or the songs that make the Andrews sisters or the arrangements by Vic Schoen that make both, the fact remains that ever since they started piping forth in Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen they have been a *three-bangled bazoozie*.

Part of the chorus of their last hit goes:

Well, all right
chop, chop, chop
Well, all right
dig, dig, dig
Well, all right
hoy, hoy, hoy.

Out of this they have made a fortune. This will give you an idea of the crisis that confronts America.

On the personal side the girls are right nice dolls and nobody would ever suspect them of conspirative qualities. LaVerne—that's the dark one who stands on the left—is the tallest and oldest, being twenty-three at the present reading. Maxene is the little squirt who stands at the right; she is twenty-one. Patty is the blond baby in the middle around which the trio is built. Her real name is Patricia and she is twenty and her voice has a polite foghorn texture that is priceless.

"Been hoarse like I had a bad cold ever since I was eleven," she reports proudly.

As an aside it may be mentioned that she has two little bumps in her throat that produce this valuable defect and any right-minded surgeon who tries to remove these blemishes will be shot at by practically everybody in Tin Pan Alley. Bing Crosby, who is similarly delightfully handicapped, refers to his throat nodules as the "million-dollar warts." He had them insured.

The Andrews girls are really sisters and originate in Minneapolis. Their father was born Greek and a restaurant owner. His place was on Hennepin Avenue and it turned out a nice piece of change during those years when the girls were bumping around the country trying to get started as singers. Their mother, who was born in Norway, has accompanied the girls on tour almost from the beginning of their careers. That made it tough on the family but this was all cured after the success of Bei Mir, etc. Papa and Mamma now head the household in New York. They have a big old-fashioned apartment on the Upper West Side which is constantly filled with visiting cousins and girl friends from the Middle West.

"We sleep three in a bed but the meals are swell," says Maxene.

As far back as the girls can remember they were singing. When Patty was eleven, they entered a kiddie contest at the Orpheum in Minneapolis and won the prize. On the same bill was Edgar Bergen and the unknown Charles McCarthy but what changed the lives of the Andrews sisters was the presence of Larry Rich and his orchestra. Mr. Rich liked the children so well that he offered them a contract at $225 a week and off they went in quest of fame and fortune, accompanied by a tutor and a long list of instructions from Mamma regarding wet feet, men with black mustaches and regular hours.

Mr. Rich turned out to be a gentleman who had an inordinate dislike of parting with money. LaVerne attributes her inferiority complex to the experience and the others maintain that Maxene's combative powers were accentuated by the unfortunate junket.

Since Patty was an infant at the time and the others might better have been in pigtails, they conducted a running battle with the Gerry Society about the matter of age.

(Continued on page 44)

Telegram from Jake

By Duane Decker

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWIS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

BILLY was cleaning his air rifle on the back porch when the front doorbell rang. Mom and Pop had gone for a ride, so there wasn't anybody home except him. He opened the kitchen door and beat it, fast, toward the front of the house.

At the dining-room window, he stopped short to peek out. A uniformed messenger boy stood there. Right away, Billy knew what that meant. A telegram from Jake.

He opened the door and signed the place that the messenger pointed at. Then he walked inside, holding the telegram up, examining it with a scowl. It didn't show where it was from, but he lifted up the little window of the envelope and saw: New York. That meant Jake, all right. Nobody in New York but Jake would send Pop a telegram. Jake would say he had a booking lined up for Pop, and Pop would quit his job at the dairy on the spot, and Mom and he would follow Pop back to New York, to the boardinghouse, to all the hard luck that always dogged Pop around in show business.

Billy went to the kitchen and put the teakettle on the stove and lighted the jet under it. In a few minutes steam hissed out of the spout and he held the sealed part of the envelope over it until the flap curled loose. Then he opened it. It was signed "Jake" and it said: *"Can get you ten weeks at fifty if you can be in New York by Wednesday. Let me know by return wire. Important."*

Billy resealed the envelope and sat down at the table, scowling, his chin propped in his hands. He wished he *hadn't* opened it now. He felt sort of sneaky. And certain words in that telegram kept crackling in his mind. *By Wednesday. Return wire. Important.* All that meant that if Pop didn't let Jake know by return wire, why then he *wouldn't* get those ten weeks. And if he didn't get them, why then the three of them would stay right here in Grannison, and maybe, later on, Pop would change his mind about going back into show business with all its hard luck. . . .

Of course, Pop was a great tap dancer. But there were hundreds of good ones around New York, all of them at liberty—Mom said that. She'd said that to Pop three months before when she'd talked him into taking Uncle Ed's offer of the job at the dairy, here in Grannison. He'd taken the job; but he had always said he could never be happy outside of show business.

So they'd come to Grannison and it had been wonderful ever since. . . .

He looked at the clock. It was going on four now, and Mom and Pop would be back soon. The idea that had been creeping up on him ever since he'd read that telegram was beginning to gnaw at him now: if he didn't show the telegram to Pop until after Wednesday—make believe he'd forgotten it—then Pop wouldn't get the chance for that ten-week booking!

Maybe it was a dirty trick, but, no matter how you looked at it, Pop was wrong. Pop was the only one who didn't want to stay in Grannison.

Suddenly he heard the car chugging in the driveway. He looked out. Pop was helping Mom out of the car and they were laughing, and then as he swung her down from the running board he took her in his arms and kissed her. Mom looked terribly happy right then. Billy looked away and snatched the telegram from the table and shoved it deep inside his pocket.

He guessed he was still scowling when they walked in, because Pop took one look at him and said: "Well, I never saw such a long face on such a little guy in my life! Look at him, Lucy!"

"Is something the matter, Billy?" Mom said.

"I'm all right," he said irritably. He got up and walked outside and started to clean the air rifle again.

But it wasn't any use. After fifteen minutes of it he gave up. He felt like a criminal and he couldn't play a dirty trick like this on Pop, even if it did mean—well, no matter what.

He marched inside, stiff and self-conscious. Pop was sitting at the table, drinking a glass of milk. Mom was fussing around, straightening the curtains.

He walked over and tossed the telegram on the table. He didn't look Pop in the eyes when he said, "I almost forgot this. It came while you were out."

He saw Mom's hand start toward her throat and she sat down in a hurry, looking paler. Pop took the envelope and kept studying him closely all the time he slit it open. Finally Pop looked at the telegram.

"Is it—Jake?" Mom said finally.

Pop looked up, nodding slowly. He stared again, and Billy began to feel warm around the neck.

"Is it—good news?" Mom said.

He saw Pop crumple the telegram and shove it inside his pocket. He saw Pop looking right at him and smiling and saying, "Jake can't do a thing for me. Conditions are no better. He says I'd better stick around here a while yet."

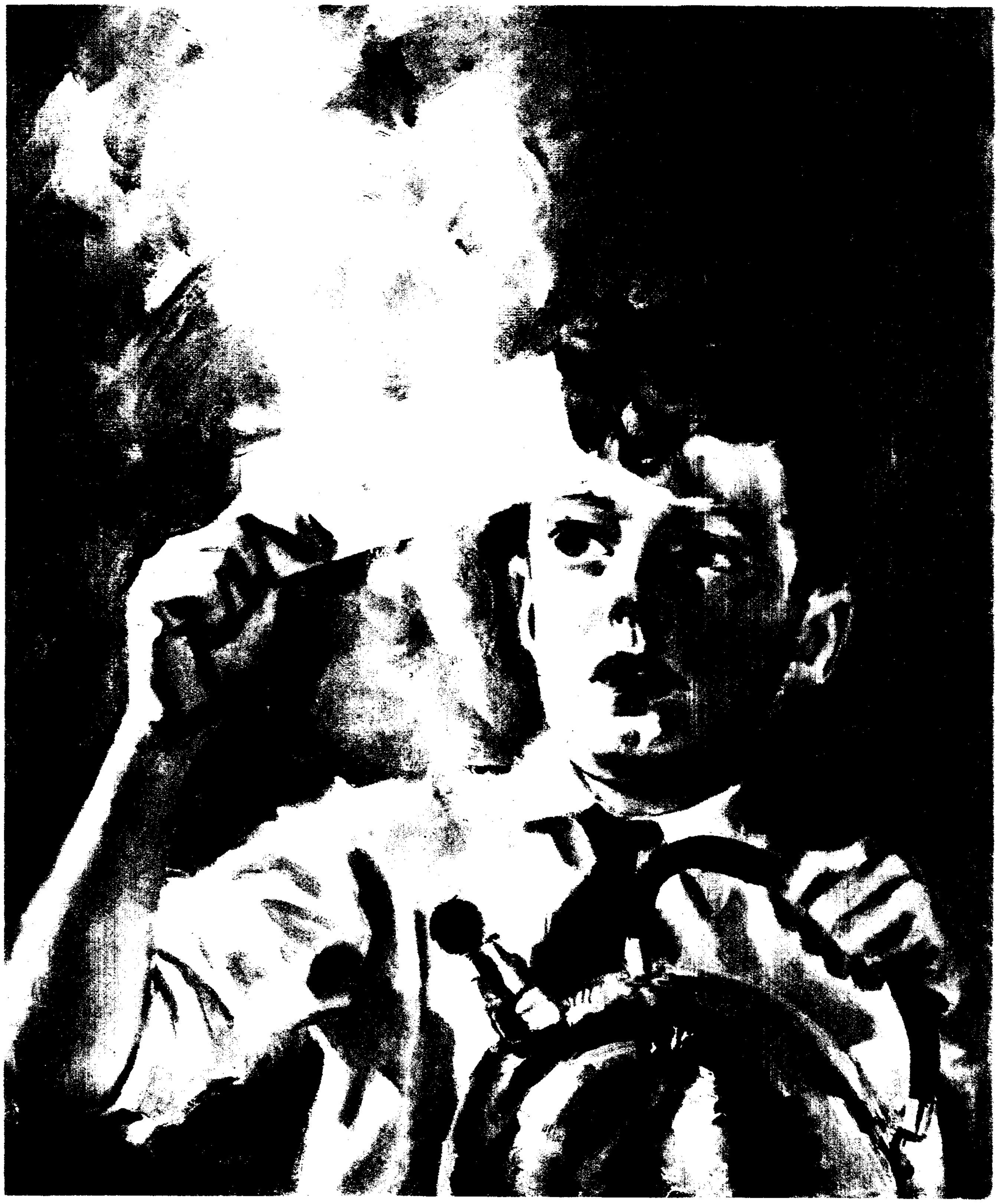
Billy heard Mom catch her breath sharply, in relief. He felt his own eyes seem to pop as he stared back at his father in disbelief. "But, Pop—"

"Listen," Pop said, "that lawn needs mowing. If you'll be a good guy and go out and do it, why maybe your mother and I will take you down to the movies tonight."

"Yes, Pop. But—"

"We've got to keep our home from looking like a dump, don't we? Now snap into it."

"Okay, Pop," he said and all of a sudden he turned and scampered through the door. He heard Mom and Pop laugh real loud as his feet got tangled in his mad rush for the lawn mower, but he didn't mind. He was in a hurry, and not just because there was a movie in it for him, either. As Pop said, they had to keep their home from looking like a dump, didn't they?



Steam hissed out of the spout and he held the sealed part of the envelope over it

Scorched Wings

By George F. Worts and Pancho Barnes

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

There are no parachutes in heaven, which is one reason Mr. Rocky Henderson, America's premier test pilot, was glad to get back to earth in one piece. The other reason was a girl he didn't like

WITH its huge motor, its stub wings and its freak body, the little yellow bug looked clean and hot and murderous.

As he walked out onto the field, Rocky Henderson was aware that the young man who was buying this dangerous toy was standing near a long ivory roadster and grinning with excitement. He was a gay-looking young man, in his summer flannels. His name was Spencer Coleman. The girl who sat in the roadster was pretty and sun-browned and she looked gay, too, and she was his fiancée.

They seemed to think it was a great lark. Well, perhaps, Rocky sourly reflected, it was.

The mechanics who had worked on the little yellow plane were beginning to drift out of the factory for the show. Harry Melville, president of Melville Aircraft, was standing near the yellow ship, smiling easily. It was a hard and charming smile and it had carried Harry Melville through many bad moments.

"Look, Rocky," he said gently, because of the look in the test pilot's eyes, "you understand, of course, that we contracted to build this ship and test her for stability and nothing else. Don't open her up or do anything fancy."

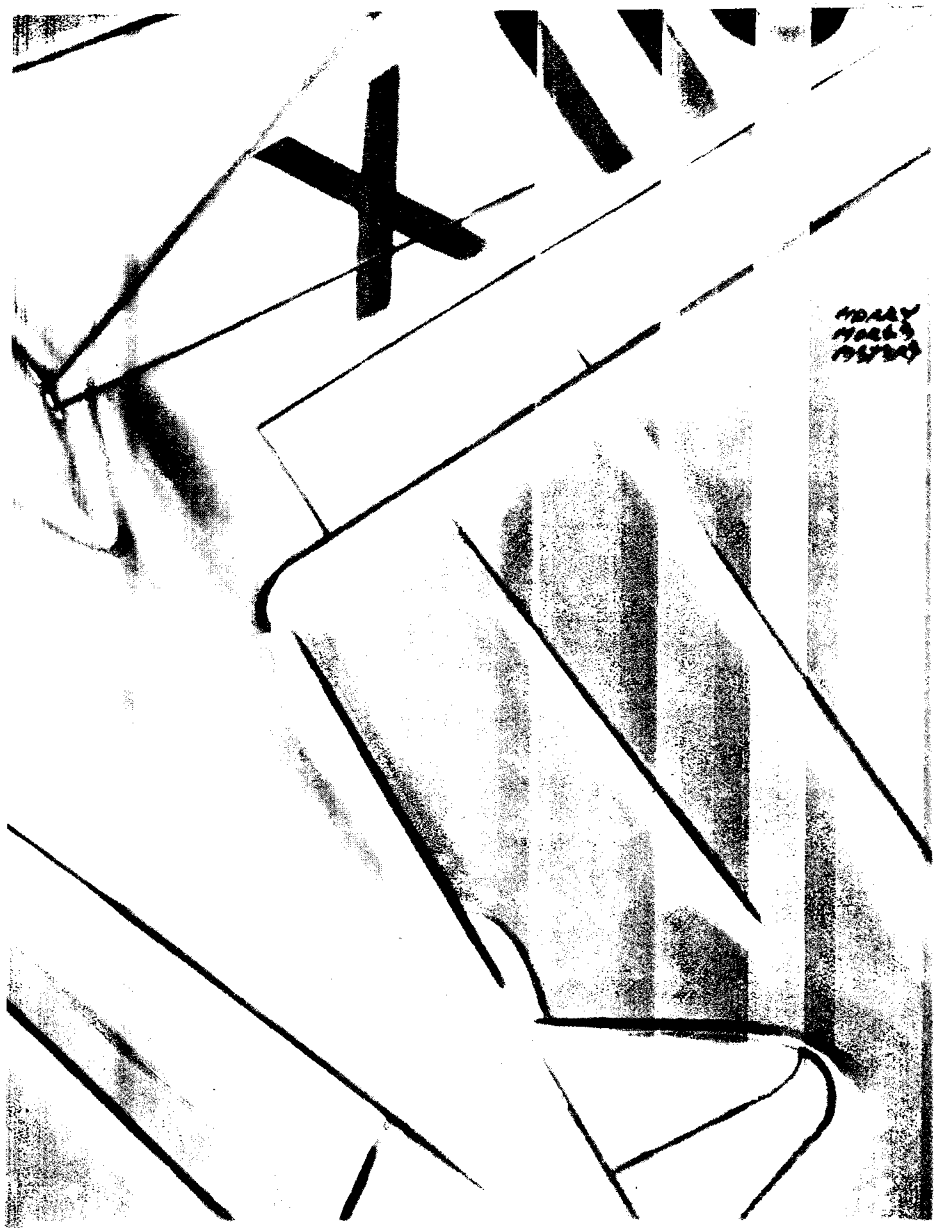
THE pilot's hard blue eyes still had that squint. He drawled: "With all the war orders you're piling up, why do you build these deathtraps? It's all right to build experimental jobs for yourself, but not for these amateurs."

Harry Melville shrugged. "I know how you feel, Rocky. And I don't like to build these freaks, but there's a long profit in them, and if a man insists on paying me seventy-five or a hundred thousand for an experimental racing job built according to his ideas, I'll take his business rather than let it go across the street. And I'll do my best."

Rocky jerked his head toward the ivory roadster. "How much time has this kid had?"

Harry Melville looked at Rocky's hard blue eyes a moment longer and said, clipping it, as he walked away: "You might ask his mother."

Rocky Henderson had earned a repu-



The little racer left the ground and Sylvia could see the fat wheels still turning as the plane roared over her head

tation for hardness and coldness and dependability. What his feelings were when he was rocketed into the air in these fragile ships that sometimes disintegrated in mid-air he concealed beneath that hardness.

But this was not to be that kind of test, and he resented it. He squeezed himself into the tight little cockpit. A mechanic spun the prop. With an abrupt spatter of explosive sound, the big engine caught, steadied to a sullen, smooth roar. Rocky felt the engine out carefully. He presently opened the throttle and felt the little racer strain impatiently against the brakes.

Rocky released the brakes and the ship began to roll on its fat little wheels. From now on, he knew, anything might happen.

HE TAXIED down the field, turned into the wind and gave it the gun.

The engine roared exultantly, and the racer swept forward. It picked up speed fast, and leaped from the ground.

Everything was all right. He detected no bugs on the take-off. He put the racer into a shallow climb and built it up until the altimeter clocked eight thousand. Then he leveled off and let it coast. He rocked the wings, watching for flexing, vibration or flutter. Everything seemed okay. Yet at the back of his neck he was beginning to sense a faint insecurity. It always started there. He opened the throttle a little more, put another two thousand feet on the altimeter. Performance was still okay, but that slight feeling of insecurity persisted.

He eased the throttle, rolled the ship over and put her nose down in a shallow power dive. The wind whistled. The huge motor roared. He leveled off and flew across the field, knowing what a spectacular impression of speed and sound the maneuver would make. Then he circled back to a perfect landing.

Spencer Coleman came running out to the plane. He was lean and brown and he probably played good polo. He was laughing. "How does she fly?"

Rocky looked at him thoughtfully. "Like an angel, as far as I went. You understand, of course, I didn't open her up. And that dive was a phony."

"Yes, I saw that."

Rocky ran his eyes along the shiny yellow fuselage. "Where did you get this design?"

The boy smiled sheepishly. "Well, frankly, I got some of my ideas from the back-yard jobs, and I think most of them are aerodynamically sound. The engineering department disagreed with me on some points, but the wind tunnel tests were okay."

"Have you ever," Rocky asked, "flown one of those back-yard jobs?"

"Well, no. The fastest job I ever flew did around two hundred and ten."

"You were riding a snail," Rocky said. "This is entirely different. You've really got to be quick on these controls. If she gets away from you, you'll stack up a dilly. These little racers are the meanest things built."

The sportsman pilot was grinning. "Well, after all, I've flown, you know. I've had three hundred hours."

Rocky looked at him without visible emotion and said: "That makes you quite a veteran."

"I'd like to try her now."

"You'd better come into the office first," Harry Melville said amiably, "to take formal delivery. Company rules, you know."

Rocky walked over to his roadster. His bull pup, Oscar, welcomed him with ecstatic wriggles and whimpers.

The test pilot said sourly: "It's all on the level, Oscar, but I sold out. They should have let me give it the works. The kid's got three hundred hours and three million dollars, and he's a nice kid and he has a nice girl and their whole life is ahead of them. But the gadget will kill him, Oscar."

Spencer Coleman was walking rapidly from the office toward the little yellow ship. Rocky started his car, but decided to wait. He watched the young man snug himself down into the cockpit.

Rocky was not aware of holding his breath when Coleman started the little yellow ship down the runway. It was moving steadily, gathering speed, when suddenly it veered slightly to the right.

"Oscar," Rocky said, "if he will just remember what I told him about that rudder—"

THEN the wheels left the ground and the ship was in the air. The test pilot relaxed a little.

Spencer Coleman banked into a right turn. Rocky strained forward and gripped the steering wheel.

He said harshly: "Get that nose down! *Get it down!*"

In a flash of yellow the racer whipped up on one wing. The motor sputtered. For an endless awful second the plane seemed to hang motionless in the air. Then it came mushing in sideways. It struck the field in an explosion of dirt and slid sideways for almost five hundred yards. Spencer Coleman climbed out, evidently unhurt.

Rocky took a deep breath, held it a moment and said: "Well, Oscar, you've just seen a miracle. He didn't give her a chance. It was his own fault."

In the opinion of many flyers, Rocky Henderson was the most capable test pilot in the country. He had flown in the Army for a number of years, then had become interested in speed flying. To the public, he had become something of a hero. He was hired by one of the large oil companies to fly fast ships using the company's gasoline and oil. He broke the nonstop coast-to-coast record.

He had been working for Melville for a little over a year and received the highest salary paid to any test pilot, largely because of the prestige his name lent to Melville ships. Rocky was thirty years old.

Everyone knew all this. What no one knew was that Rocky's appearance and manner were living lies. His hardness was a shell. In his heart he knew he was a coward, because he was afraid of so many things. He was afraid of heights, of cats, of women, of ptomaine poisoning and of airplanes. When he was testing a new ship, he was usually, beneath his hard-boiled manner, terrified, and this made him an excellent test pilot—he was so sensitive to every possible source of danger. In spite of his feelings, he stayed with a ship until the last awful moment, watching it tear itself to pieces bit by bit, and as he watched he made careful mental notes. When his 'chute finally dropped him to earth, he knew, and reported in infinite detail, just why that ship had gone to pieces.

When Spencer Coleman crashed, Rocky was absent without leave for three days. On the morning of the fourth, he appeared in Harry Melville's office with an unmistakable pallor, a certain shakiness of manner and the look of a man with a bad taste in his mouth.

Harry Melville looked him over with his hard, attractive grin and said, "Where have you been?"

"Am I fired?" Rocky answered.

"Now, Rocky, keep your shirt on," Harry Melville said. "Of course you're not fired. If you want to go prima donna now and then, it's okay as long as you don't fall behind. These pursuit jobs are coming along—and I've got a job for you that'll give you a real kick."

"Another bug?" Rocky inquired suspiciously.

"Well, yes. But with a nice angle. We're to build a racing ship for Sylvia Corbin. You've heard of her, of course."

"She's the fool bimbo," Rocky said, "who holds the female loop-the-loop record, which is a fool record."

"And she is the daughter," Harry said, "of the man who owns all the pig iron in Pittsburgh. And you're to teach her speed flying."

Rocky was nodding slowly. "I see."

He placed his big brown hands flat on the desk and said in his deep, rumbling voice: "Let me make a suggestion, Harry. Hold a gun on any amateur who wants you to build a racing ship. Make him sign a check and then knock him over the head. It would save time and materials."

Harry tilted back in his chair and looked at Rocky and raised his eyebrows. "It's a good idea. I'll put it up to the stockholders."

The door opened and a girl in coveralls came in. She was smiling. She was thin, small and jaunty, and her smile was sunny. She had a freckled, slightly tip-tilted nose, blond hair and sapphire-blue eyes with the shimmer of electricity in them.

Harry got out of his chair and said: "Here's your man, Miss Corbin. Rocky, this is Sylvia Corbin."

She held out her hand to Rocky. She laughed and said: "So you're Rocky Henderson." She seemed amused by his grim, deeply carved face, but a trifle uncertain. She glanced at Harry Melville and said: "Have you shown Mr. Henderson the plans for my ship?"

Harry looked uncomfortable. He said: "No. Take a look at them, Rocky."

"I'd love to have your opinion," the girl said.

"Okay," Rocky said. "You'll get it."

He walked to the table and looked at the plans, then looked up at Sylvia Corbin with raised eyebrows and said: "Where did you get all these ideas?"

She laughed nervously. "Well, frankly, I borrowed some from the back-yard jobs and some are my own. What do you think of it?"

"I think it's aerodynamically screwy."

Miss Corbin looked surprised, then angry. "In just what respect, Mr. Henderson?"

"For one thing, the wings have too much sweepback."

"That," she said crisply, "is my own idea. I know it's a radical idea, but someone has to be the pioneer."

"Yes," Rocky agreed. "I've heard that one before."

HER blue eyes were bright with anger. "Well," she said with decision, "this ship is going to be built my way if it costs a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—or a half million!"

"Or," Rocky suggested, "you might try nailing a couple of ironing boards to a coffin."

He walked out of the office. He went to his roadster and said to his bull pup: "Oscar, I've just met something that wouldn't even be bones for you. The dizzy! The birdbrain! And I'm to teach her speed flying. Isn't that dandy?"

He met her again in Harry's office on the following morning. She blushed when he came in, and her eyes grew bright and her mouth thinned. She said briskly: "Look here, Rocky Henderson. There's a lot I want to know about speed flying, but I'd like your assurance that there won't be any more dirty cracks."

Rocky looked at her without emotion. "How good a pilot do you think you are?"

"Plenty good," Miss Corbin answered

(Continued on page 27)

The Game's Gone Cold

By Glenn S. Warner

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY IRVING

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Most of the rules committee's changes have befuddled everybody connected with football

Because there hasn't been a major change in football rules for the past six years, Pop Warner believes the sport has lost its zing for player and spectator, and suggests an antidote

FOOTBALL is the greatest game in the world—but it isn't good enough. For years viewers-with-alarm have been prattling about overemphasis, the subsidizing of players and kindred evils, and all of this talk has obscured the fact that there are a few things wrong with the game itself. Nothing, however, that a two-hour meeting of the rules committee couldn't fix up.

And that is why I would advocate several changes in the football rules, changes similar to those the pros have made, in order to pull collegiate football out of a standstill. The game needs dressing up. I would like to see (1) a standardized defense where no less than six men must be on the line of scrimmage when the ball is snapped; (2) elimination of the second-half kickoff, thus putting the ball in play after the half-time intermission at the same spot where it was at the second-quarter gun; (3) allow passing from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage; (4) put the posts back on the goal line to stimulate field-goal kicking, and (5) adopt a rule whereby no one can come within five yards or three steps of a punt receiver.

As one who grew up with the game, served for years as a member of the rules committee, and as a coach who tried many of the tricks and innovations that marked important steps in the development of the game, I have been given somewhat of a wrench by the stagnation of offense in football. I feel sure that one of the easiest and best methods of improving the game is to revise the rules to lift the burden off the offense.

From 1876 to 1934 the American Intercollegiate Football Association changed the game to keep up with the progress of its coaching minds and the growing needs of the time. They changed the rules and the game became more and more popular. But in the past five or six years there hasn't been an important change made. And limitations on the offense have made the game stagnant.

Defense now has the front seat. The formula has become, "Stop the other team." And with high-powered scouting and rules that put a crimp in attacking, the defense packs all the trump cards. The average game today is so dull in spots to the general spectator that he actually watches but little of it and sees only the high lights.

It is a fact that, contrary to the best interests of the game, the most important changes in the rules recently have tended to curb the amount of scoring. The elimination of the onside kick, the removal of the goal posts to the end zone, the legislation against the screen pass, the revision of the fumble rule and the recent addition of the dead-ball rule have all deprived the offense of important means of scoring.

The public likes scoring. One of the greatest games of recent years was the day Notre Dame put on a whirlwind Garrison finish to win over Ohio State, 18 to 13. In 1931 Dartmouth and Yale played a 33 to 33 tie and they still talk about that game around the Ivy League. In 1930 Knute Rockne's great team defeated Pittsburgh, 30 to 19, and there were few dull moments in that battle of two powerful elevens. Those are a few examples of scoring classics, but I'd lay a wager that they'll be remembered when all the 0 to 0 games are forgotten.

Changing the rules will not change the major systems. It will only change the playing of the game, the mode of operation and the coaching tactics.

The Football Rules Committee, composed of succeeding groups of gentlemen elected by college associations in different sections of the country, have not been awake to a growing need for reforming the game. They have adopted a few half-baked rules, several of which are not enforceable, and most of which have befuddled everybody connected with the game, not to mention spectators. But they haven't added a rule in the past five or six years to dress up the game. As a result a football game has become a battle of breaks, a tussle of defenses. In games between evenly matched teams, touchdowns are so tough to make that a fumble or some such break is all that decides the game. I don't know a sport where the element of chance has so much to do with the ultimate result, and with luck entering so much into the contest the best team loses more frequently than in any other form of athletic combat.

Take a Hint from the Pros

The pros have been alive to the idea of scoring and catering to the public's desire for touchdowns, and as a result the National Professional Football League had its best season in years last year, a twenty per cent increase over the attendance of 1937. There was a time when the professional game was plainly a parasite on the intercollegiate limb, content to catch the college overflow and tag along behind the bigger, more showy and more social intercollegiate parade.

But when George Marshall purchased the Washington Redskins and rallied several other wide-awake promoters to his cause, the pro game was saved. Marshall once asked me what I thought pro football needed and I said, "George, take a lesson from the demise of collegiate football. They've put emphasis on defense. What you need is to go the other way. Give the fans more attack, more scoring. Liven up the game."

Marshall went to the pro leaders and put forth some fresh ideas. Scoring was the prime slogan behind each rule change. The professional league officials moved the goal posts to the goal line, loosened the dead-ball rule and introduced several lateral and forward-pass rules. Today the professional game no longer tags along behind the collegiate. It's leading the way.

Andy Kerr, Dick Hanley and myself, supported by a few others, once advocated a rule allowing forward passing from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage, and took it to a rules committee in New York years before the professional league adopted it. To our surprise the Notre Dame *(Continued on page 69)*

The forward pass was once bitterly opposed, but it saved the game

The World is Like That

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

NORMA FORDYCE—sixteen years of age and one of the world's wealthiest girls—runs away from a school in Italy. Her father—Philip Fordyce, a San Francisco lawyer—is not surprised; Norma (who spends part of her time with Philip's divorced wife, and part with him) is a wild, wayward young person whom no one has ever been able to control. But when he learns that she is en route to join him, he is dismayed.

A sudden inspiration solves his problem; he induces Jocelyn Britton, an attractive young woman who works in his office, to act as Norma's companion and chaperon.

When Jocelyn ensconces herself in Fordyce's elaborate Burlingame estate, she is just winding up what might have developed into a serious "affair" with a married man: Kent Dunham. And she is anything but happy. But the arrival of Norma (who states emphatically that she detests the idea of being watched) shifts her attention from her own troubles to those of her new charge.

The first crisis comes when Norma, at a fancy-dress dance, slips away with another girl and two boys and starts, by car, for Santa Barbara (three hundred miles away). Knowing that all four young people are intoxicated, Jocelyn charters an airplane, flies to Santa Barbara and brings the two girls home. Then, to protect Norma, she tells Philip Fordyce that she had accompanied the party, as chaperon.

The truth comes out, however, when one of the boys is killed in a motor accident, while speeding toward San Francisco, and the newspaper reporters learn the facts in the case. . . . Yielding to the telegraphed demands of Norma's mother, Fordyce decides to send Norma away, with a governess, to a fashionable school.

After promising to report to Fordyce, in his office, the following Wednesday, Jocelyn goes to the home of her aunt, in Sausalito.

VI

JOCELYN had often thought that her aunt's way of calming any particularly confusing domestic situation, or simplifying any too complicated home program, was to propose fresh confusions and complications, and in some mysterious fashion, whose secret was known only to herself, thereby to straighten everything out into pleasantness and peace. Therefore it was no particular surprise to her to discover that with a houseful of daughters, babies and sons-in-law, with wet weather making all out-of-doors one great mud problem, and with Tots burdened with the dual responsibilities of a job in the bank and an approaching wedding, they should have decided on a Sunday picnic.

Winter picnics to the Partridges were of quite a different stamp from summer picnics. In summer they toiled up mountains, through all but impenetrable chaparral with the boiling sun of July or August beating down upon their heads, and the water warming in canteens. In winter they chose bleak hill walks over windy ridges to the barren beach, sought out rocks behind which, and behind which only, it was possible to keep a driftwood fire alight, and devoured their food in a light rainfall if necessary, with sweaters and thick stockings getting wetter every minute.

Still, nobody who could possibly be included in one ever avoided a picnic with the Partridges. Charles Rossiter and Peter Smith, who had married Jane and Jossy respectively some years earlier, were now ringleaders in preparation, and Jocelyn noted that even quiet Rusty Livermore, who was so soon to assume responsibility for Tots, was showing a dawning enthusiasm for the whole crazy plan.

"It's going to pour," the one son of the house predicted.

"Oh, I hope it does!" Jane, who was oldest, and about Jocelyn's age, said fervently. "Oh, can you ever forget the time it poured so we simply couldn't see anything, and we got off the road, and slumped into absolute morasses!"

"And had to hold arms," contributed Bam.

"Oh, and just before Jossy's baby came," exulted Sissy, who, engaged to Edward Whitehouse, was pretending unconsciousness of his adoring glances. "Remember that one? Remember Dad trying to keep Jossy from slipping, and both of them sliding down a bank, and Dad looking up with his face streaming and saying, 'This is anything but good for your sister'!"

Upon which they all laughed delightedly.

VARIOUS disreputable utensils and familiar burdens gradually were assembled in the laundry, a basket whose contents were covered with a piece of dark green oilcloth, a large blackened coffeepot with a swing handle, long forks, tin cups strung on a cord. Doctor Partridge appeared in full picnic regalia; a weather-beaten topee on his gray hair, an old leather jacket buttoned snugly about his neck, high boots into which old jeans had been stuffed. On his hands were shabby gauntlets; he buckled a canteen about him, picked up a stout walking stick and was ready to start.

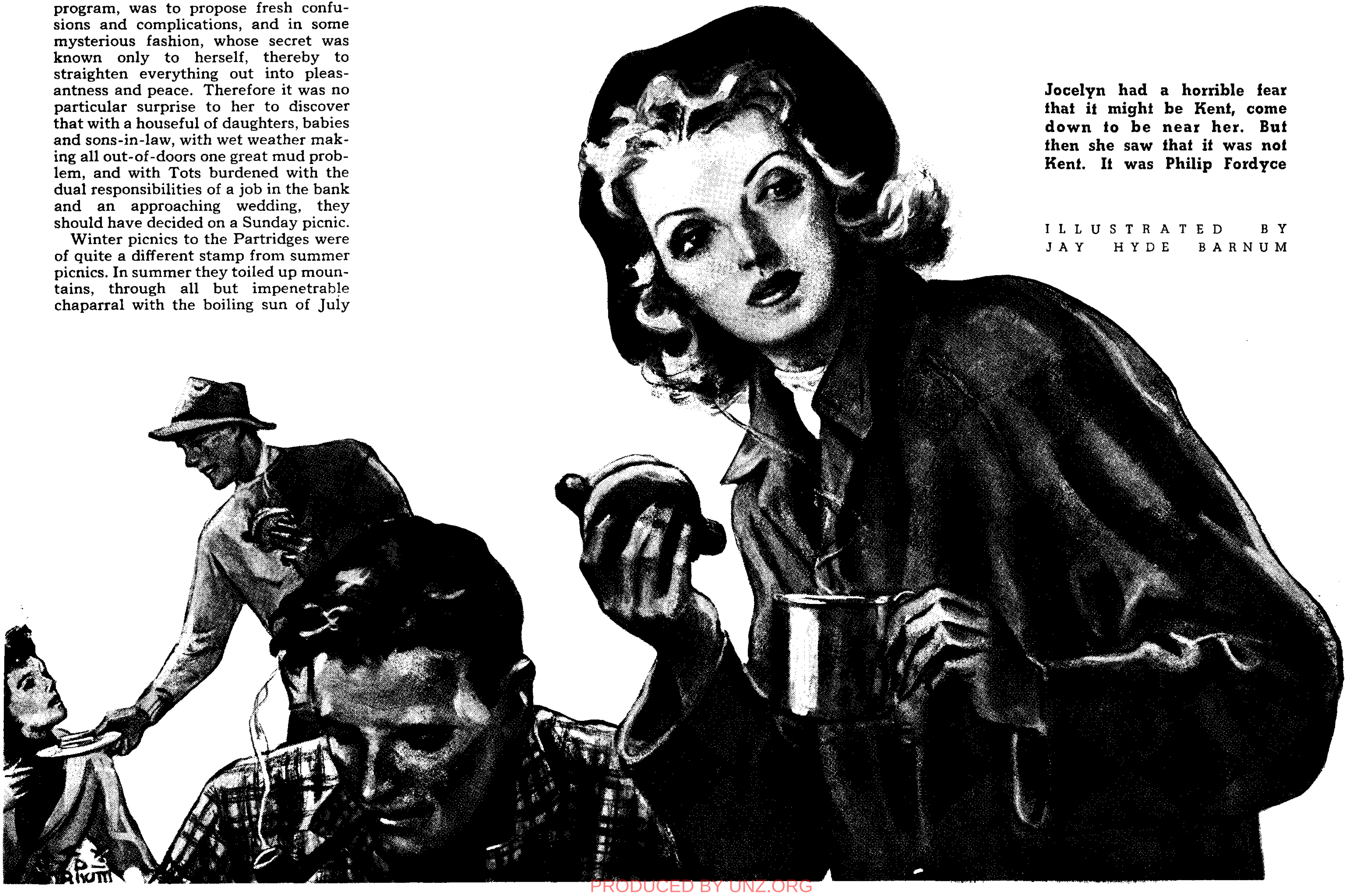
The girls wore caps, raincoats, old sweaters, old plaid skirts. Each member of the expedition carried something; Jocelyn found herself let off easily with the coffeepot, which, with only the coffee grounds sewed into a cheesecloth bag within it, was manageable and light. Two of the young men took the basket, whose handles had been ingeniously altered by the doctor to swing in balance from a pole. Everybody took a few matches, for there had been one picnic upon which they had been forgotten, and Aunt Nell, who was remaining at home with the babies, asked everyone more than once about the butter. It was unfortunately customary to leave the butter in the icebox until the last moment, and thus run the risk of forgetting it entirely.

Jane had to nurse her baby at eleven, so they had to wait for that. Half an hour earlier everyone was circling about restlessly, looking at the cloudy sky and at the deep café-au-lait puddles in the yard and the road. It was after eleven, and the baby had almost finished his meal, when Bam came out to the side yard where the bundled picnickers were passing the time by trying to hit a certain branch of the big sycamore with rocks, to announce to Jocelyn that Kent Dunham was there to see her.

Jocelyn's face flushed brightly as she turned to go into the house, but when she reached the large shabby room that was the parlor she was pale. She still carried her big black coffeepot; her hands were still covered with old chamois gloves; a small felt hat was pulled down over her shining hair.

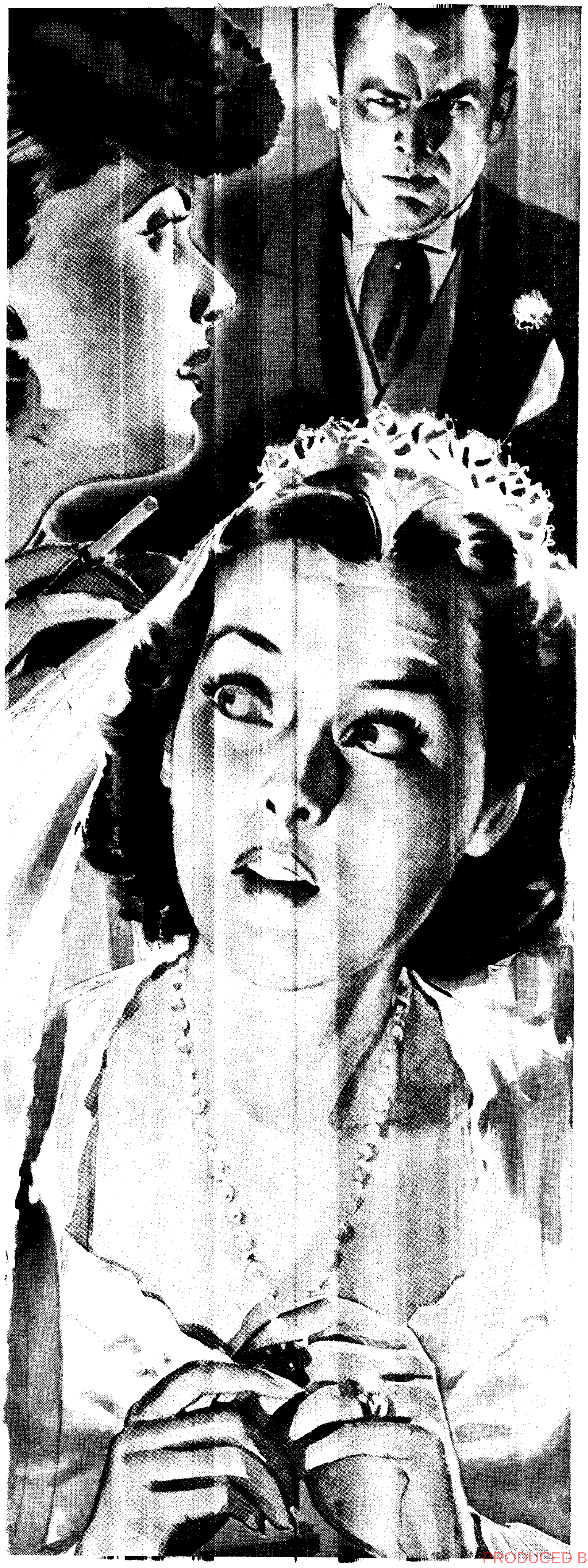
As they met she did not smile; she looked strained and anxious. Kent did not smile. He looked nervous and anxious too, and she thought, looking at him in cool, strange detachment, that the romantic appeal of his beauty was all the more marked for that. Anyone, looking at Kent, would know that he was an artist, keenly intelligent and sensitive. Not because of any affectation like long hair or flowing tie or exaggerated mannerisms—he would have despised such

(Continued on page 54)



Jocelyn had a horrible fear that it might be Kent, come down to be near her. But then she saw that it was not Kent. It was Philip Fordyce

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



"Am I intruding?" a soft voice asked. Marion turned quickly. A low gasp escaped her lips

We Will Meet Again

By John and Ward Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

CHARGED with robbing a grocery store, young Freddy Bascom is arrested and jailed. Certain that the boy is innocent, Peter Kincaid, a lawyer (who can himself confirm Freddy's alibi), volunteers to defend him. While he is preparing the case, Peter is approached by a deputy sheriff, Joe Hicks, who offers him three thousand dollars if he will permit Bascom to be convicted.

Incensed, Peter knocks the fellow down. An hour or so later, he is taken into custody by a detective, who tells him that Hicks had struck his head in falling—and died!

A short time before, Max Sandstrom, a man of wealth and great political power, had invited Peter to join his legal staff. Suspecting that the man is dishonest, Peter had asked for time to think the matter over. Now, after furnishing bail and being released from jail, he learns that Hicks had been in the pay of Sandstrom. So, infuriated, he demands an explanation of the big man.

Sandstrom has one to offer: He admits that he had hired Hicks to attempt to bribe Peter, *so as to learn if Peter was honest.* In the presence of Peter's father, Stanley Kincaid (a lawyer), he suggests that Peter plead guilty. He says that he will "fix" the district attorney, and that Peter's sentence (a mild one) will be suspended. He promises to give Peter a good job, later on.

Peter follows the suggestion. He receives his sentence—*eight years in the state penitentiary; and the sentence is not suspended!* . . . So Peter leaves Paula, his attractive wife, and starts life behind the bars.

Sandstrom says that he is moving heaven and earth to secure a pardon for his "fine young friend, Kincaid." Once, he and his mistress, Marion Cantrill, drive Paula to the prison (after he has given her a job in his office). There he has a confidential talk with "Big George" Elstach, one of the inmates. He tells Big George that he will pay him well and have him paroled, if he will kill Peter Kincaid!

Divining what is happening, Timberline O'Hara—a convict who likes Peter—warns the young lawyer. He says that Elstach will start a riot and try to kill Peter while the guards are quelling it. . . . And Timberline is right. A riot breaks out in the mess room. With Peter, Timberline runs into the kitchen. A submachine gun is chattering, the prisoners are screaming. Finally—"Gas!" someone shouts. "They're using gas!"

Timberline turns to Peter. "This way," he whispers. *"Quick!"*

V

TIMBERLINE ripped a leg from an overturned table and led the way to the room's end where a kind of hall died against blank gray wall. There were doors on either side—grim, steel and wood doors—and a sweating, brown-faced convict waited there, his shoulders pressed hard against the wood.

"Why'd you guys have to pick this spot?" he panted, "I don't want no trouble, I don't! I'm a trusty an' . . ."

"Shut up!" said Timberline bleakly.

The stocky convict's lips moved but no sound came from him. Timberline O'Hara pointed upward and said, "There's a ceiling vent here, Pete. We'll have air as long as any of them will."

Peter Kincaid said, "What about Big George?"

"He'll come." Timberline's mouth went thin. "He saw us start out here."

Peter Kincaid went back a little way to pick up a heavy saucepan. Then the swinging doors at the far end of the kitchen burst inward and a swarm of men stumbled into the room. The grayish vapor came with them, swirling in fat tendrils about their legs, rising, thickening.

One man fell. Another walked blindly into the stove, Po-Po Morrison fumbled his way along the wall, his swollen face lifted to the light.

"Tear gas!" the stocky convict said, jerkily. His hands went slowly to his throat.

Timberline O'Hara said, "Big George!"

Big George was but thirty feet away, coming slowly through the streamers of vapor. Coming slowly—but coming! A red bandanna hid his mouth and nose, the flesh above was puffy white. His right arm hung straight down; the light struck splinters from the bright steel in his hand.

He took two steps and bumped solidly against the worktable. He paused there, swaying, rubbing at his eyes.

"Blind . . ." began Peter Kincaid, and was stopped by Timberline's tight, "Quiet! He'll throw that knife at the sound!"

"He's got two o' them knives!" the stocky convict whimpered, and sank down in his corner.

Big George's head came up. "Try gettin' past me," he growled. "Try runnin'!"

HE WAS abreast of Po-Po Morrison now. His eyes were an ugly red beneath the upturned bill of his cap. His great shoulders were bent; his right arm still hung motionless at his side.

Peter Kincaid stood quite still. He could hear vague movement somewhere above—the thump of heavy feet, the protesting scream of crumpling metal—but those were faint sounds against the awful din. Peter was wondering how much Big George could see.

Big George said, "I'm comin' in!"

There was a sharp clatter and something struck Peter Kincaid's shoulder. He saw it on the floor, round and shining and black, and then the stocky convict was erect, kicking at it. Timberline said, "Gas grenade!" as he stooped and whipped the thing away.

It spun from his hand to turn almost lazily in the air. And it seemed to burst as it fell at the feet of Po-Po Morrison, for a great cloud of gas boiled up to hide the Negro's stooping figure.

A second grenade fell from the vent above Peter. A third. Peter had flipped one of them away and was reaching for the other when the stocky convict screamed.

Peter saw Big George's upraised arm; saw the glittering flash of the knife as it left his hand. And he froze against the wall as the gray cloud rolled up around him.

Peter Kincaid heard Timberline's quiet curse, and saw the table leg slip away from his hand. And then the gas was in his throat and he was choking for breath.

Big George was but fifteen feet away, coming on behind widespread arms. The second knife, short-bladed and ugly, was in his hand.

And then Po-Po Morrison reeled out of the fog of gas. His eyes bulged.

(Continued on page 65)

Lush Times in Sweden

By Arno Dosch-Fleurot

Tables are piled high with crawfish and champagne flows freely in Sweden. The rearmament race made Sweden rich. Iron Mountain with its billion and a half tons of iron ore has made Sweden prosperous, but it has threatened her neutrality

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[redacted]

THIS is a year that beats all others for crawfish parties and all other forms of entertainment in Sweden because there has never before been so much money about. In Stockholm alone the crawfish have been boiled by the million, and the really big crawfish parties are given in the country. The crawfish, or crayfish, spell it as you please (in Swedish they are *kräftor)*, are the symbol of good eating and a good time.

You begin to eat them with the harvest and keep on until the supply runs out, no doubt, though St. Martin's Day is the official end to the festivity. They are on every table and they are not always cheap. In restaurants they come in piles of dozens and you can eat several dollars' worth without any trouble at all. At the country crawfish parties they come in huge platters of hundreds.

You drink champagne too and you forget to wonder about the overflowing prosperity all about you. It seems, by this time, quite natural that you should be attending a carefree feast such as you would not find in any other capital in Europe.

The reason is that Sweden is a neutral country and selling to all comers. To begin with, it sells eight or nine million tons of iron ore—almost pure iron—to Germany every year. Without it Germany could not have rearmed. It also makes some of the world's best steel. The Bofors Arms Company has an antiaircraft gun that is being sold to, or manufactured under Swedish patent by, twenty-two countries.

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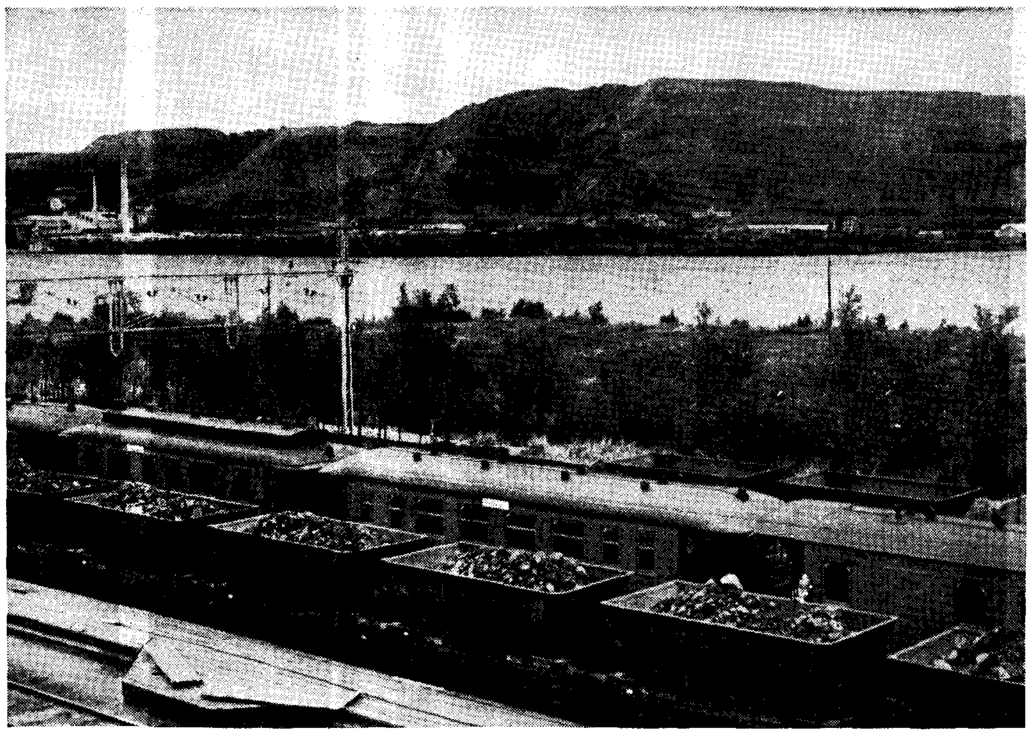

JAMES SAWDERS

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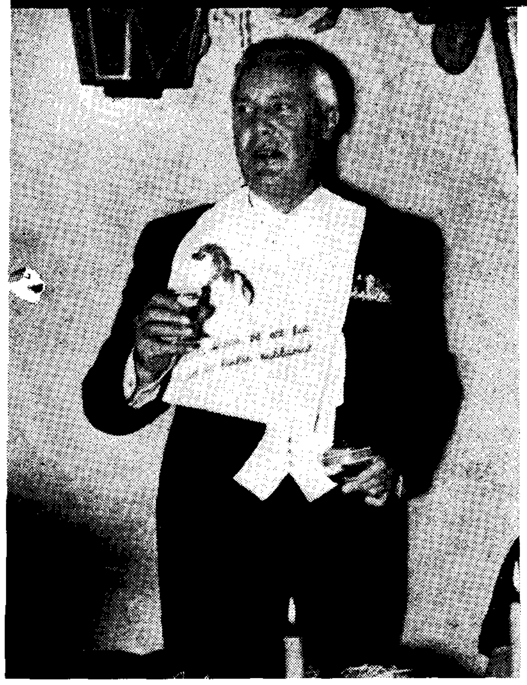


The Swedish arms manufacturers have quadrupled their output in three years, and, like all arms manufacturers, they have a superb indifference about who buys. Germany and Italy, I must hasten to add, have bought hardly any except those superior antiaircraft guns. They make their own arms.

In 1936 Sweden exported seven and a half million kronors' worth of arms. In 1937 the sales jumped to sixteen million and by 1938 to twenty-six million, mostly of field-artillery and antiaircraft guns. Poland bought one fourth of these and Siam and Argentina each one fifth. This year Sweden has also built $1,000,000 worth of armored cars for Holland. These sales, however, only represent a fraction of the money Sweden is making out of the world rearmament race as the licenses for its arms patents bring in a pretty penny.

As this fresh money flows in, the crawfish, boiled redder than the planet Mars on the southern horizon, are being served in bigger and bigger piles. The winter opens with flush times for everybody. The average individual income has gone up these recent years by fifty per cent and there is a new wave of prosperity in the country which makes the quick fortunes of the goulash barons of the last war fade into insignificance and recalls on a vaster scale the heroic times of the Champagne Era when Sweden first cashed in on the world market with its lumber and created its first millionaires.

Sweden has a lot of money-makers now on the world market, including paper pulp, cellulose and all the wood products, but the biggest money-maker is that iron ore that belongs to the state, to the oldest family of bankers—the Wallenbergs—and to all the lucky stockholders. It is that money that has put most of the champagne into the Swedish parties and has played the biggest role in the rebuilding and rehousing of Sweden. This rehousing is the most remarkable part of it all. Modern plumbing and marble bathrooms for the

(Continued on page 29)

The Oily Bird

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Old Duckfoot changes a ten-dollar bill into a million-dollar swamp angel

ON SUNDAY afternoon, Sundown Sam King, president of the Paradise Oil Company, shot a gratifying 98 at Del Monte. At the nineteenth hole, to Ward Meeker, who was nominally general manager of Paradise Oil, "I've been thinking about our Cypress Lake lease," Sundown announced.

Meeker snorted: "That's probably why you kept your head down. Bowed in shame."

Sundown frowned. "Cut it. This time I aim to show you some oil."

"Another verbal gusher? No miracles, if you don't mind. First you pick a lease in the blackest jungle on the Gulf Coast of Louisiana. You haven't got the slightest evidence of oil within a hundred miles of the property. You can't get an outfit on the job without fighting forty miles of swamp. Move in on that job, and you'll cash in on a white chip—after you've shot a hundred grand. I give up!" The pessimist anointed his petulance with a deep drag of Scotch. "I suppose you're sending George Arnold down to play swamp angel on the lease?"

Sundown King favored Ward Meeker with a sardonic smile. "Wrong again; you usually are. But that's what we'll call the well—Swamp Angel No. 1; and Slim Franklin will run the job."

"Holy old infant Moses in the bulrushes! I thought you had a can full of dynamite all tailored up for that bird!"

Sundown nodded. "I get you. I'm going to give him another chance. Napoleon No. 1 was a hoodoo hole. The Payday job hit the red ink. The kid has that pair against his record, but I still think he's an oilman."

"Keep thinking that way a few more times and you'll be on relief! . . . Shall I wire Slim his orders to head for the Cypress Lake lease, or do you want to talk to him?"

"Get him into the Los Angeles office tomorrow. I want to talk to him. I aim to pour a little hot leather into that mule's hide."

"Pop him a couple of stingers and sign my name to them," Meeker said sourly. "If it was me, I'd can him."

TO SLIM FRANKLIN on Monday afternoon: "What's the straight dope on the Payday job?" Sundown asked after he closed the door of his private office.

Slim frowned. "You had it straight. Buck Monahan and a bunch of the Gamble burglars moved in on one of my crews at the Last Chance. They were still fighting when I got there with some reinforcements. We wrecked the saloon. The sheriff and half a dozen of his lousy scissorbill deputies rounded us up and laid us away for ten hours. I wasn't there on the job to watch the mud in Payday—and she blew out."

Sundown grunted. "Honest confession, good for the soul, maybe, but mighty tough on my bank roll. Boy, you started your trouble in the Last Chance, and you're going to get another last chance. Before we go into that, what about Napoleon? That hoodoo has cost me three hundred thousand up to date. I'll admit you've got her reclaimed and she's heading for the pay-off; but she burned up a mighty fancy rig after she caught fire. . . . Blowout on the Payday well, a fire on the Napoleon job. I suppose you'll deal me an earthquake on the Cypress Lake lease!"

"How come Cypress Lake?"

Taming down, "We have a lease down on the Gulf Coast about forty miles up from Bayland," Sundown King began. "Two sections. You get one more chance. If your foot slips on this one, you're all through forty ways from the jack. The Gamble people are down there, and we've got to beat them to it. Keep your eye skinned for your old pal Buck Monahan. I want you to shove a well down seven thousand feet and see what you get. I understand it's swamp country, so you'll probably have to take a pile-driver outfit in from Bayland and build yourself a foundation for the rig."

Sundown's eyes narrowed. "The Gamble gang are moving in heavy. Don't let them beat you to it. If you do, you're all washed up and out on the street. That's all."

"Yes, sir," Slim said. He stood up and started for the door of the office.

"Good luck!" Sundown King called after him. "Good luck—and you'd better make it good! We'll name the well Swamp Angel No. 1."

AT THE Union Hotel in Bayland, after Slim had signed the register, "Kent Franklin and 26 men," the clerk shook hands with him. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Franklin! We didn't expect you for another day or two. Your friend Mr. Monahan of the Gamble Oil Company was asking about you yesterday."

Slim frowned. "He's no friend of mine. When did he hit Bayland?"

"I understand he registered at the Star Hotel with some of his gang three days ago."

Slim turned to his waiting crew. "You birds stick around here until I get back. Spike, you come along with me."

On the sidewalk, "What's the layout?" Spike Bromfield asked.

"We've got to pick up some plant—a pile-driver and a couple of barges and a steamboat to tow us up the river. You go down to the water front and see what you can get. I've got to find a surveyor to locate our lease. I'll pick you up as soon as I find the surveyor."

Ten minutes after the surveyor, Elmer Gleason, had agreed to guide Slim and his outfit to the Paradise lease, another visitor entered the surveyor's office.

"My name is Monahan," the visitor announced. "Buck Monahan—Gamble Oil Company."

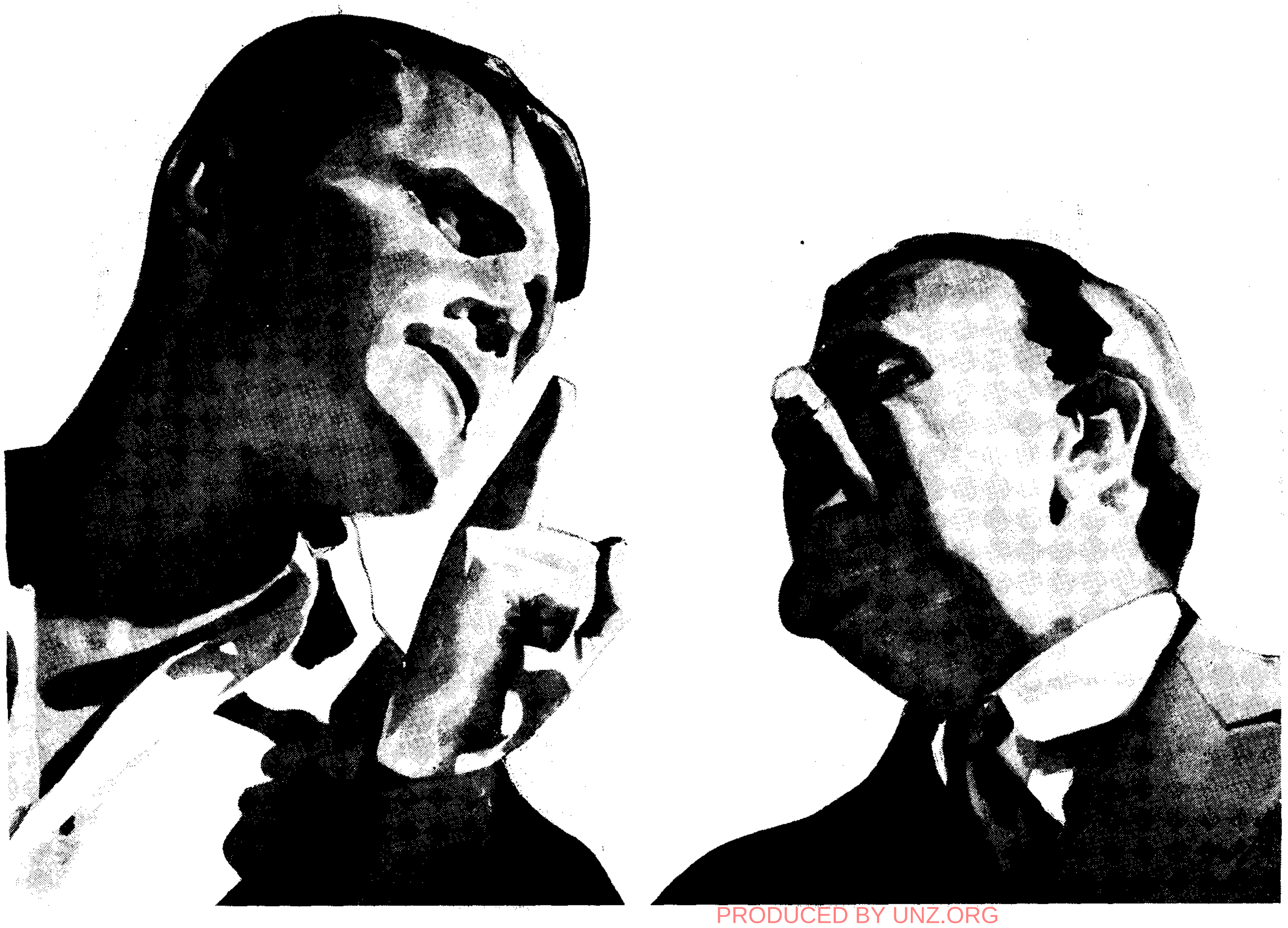
"Have a chair," the surveyor invited. "What can I do for you?"

Buck Monahan blew a rolling cloud of cigar smoke at a map on the wall of the surveyor's office. Then: "You know the Cypress Lake country fairly well?"

Gleason nodded. "I know that swamp as well as the next man," he said.

"Slim Franklin of the Paradise outfit been in to see you?"

(Continued on page 46)



"You're fired," he exploded. Slim looked at his boss for a moment, then said, "Throw that cigar overboard"

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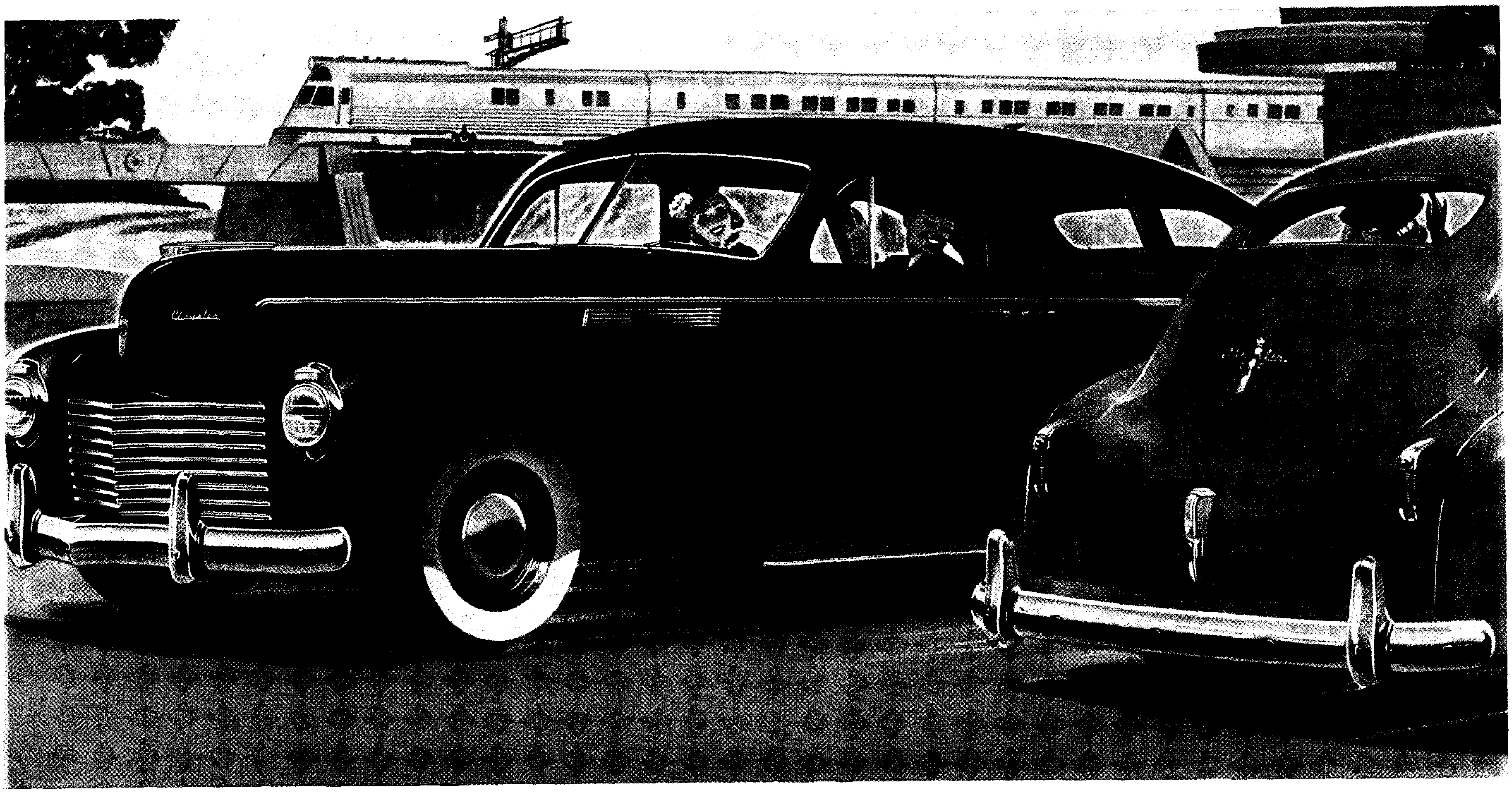

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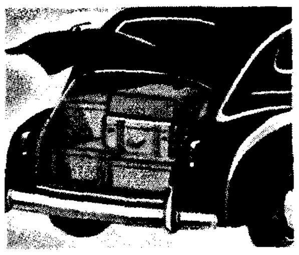

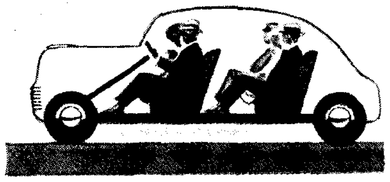

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Scorched Wings

Continued from page 19

with spirit. "I have better than three hundred hours."

The hostility left Rocky's face. His voice was gentle when he said, "Well, we'll try. We'll try to keep you right side up."

He tried her in one of the factory ships with dual controls. Rocky did a few stunts to test her nerves, then let her fly. She looped until Rocky became dizzy and angry. She did some slow rolls and a few snap rolls, a vertical reversement and a true Immelmann, then went off into a loop and spun off the top and did another loop to a landing.

When the ship stopped, Rocky climbed out and walked away. Sylvia Corbin ran after him. "What's the matter?" she cried. "That was good flying. You know it was. Aren't you going to say so?"

Rocky answered coldly: "You've said so. What do you want me to say?"

She was trotting beside him and she was pink with anger. "You could at least be polite about it."

"I'm not paid to be polite."

He walked into a hangar. Sylvia Corbin followed him.

"Why," she said, "can't you be nice to me? Harry is nice to me."

"That's his job. He buys all the orchids."

"Oh." Her eyes were dancing about his face. "You heard about that." She looked as if she were about to laugh.

"This isn't an airplane factory," Rocky answered. "It's a rumor foundry."

ONE of the engineers had told him about it. The engineer had seen Harry and Miss Corbin dancing in a cocktail bar last night, and Sylvia Corbin, according to this spectator, had been wearing an orchid.

Miss Corbin still looked as if she were about to laugh. "Why don't you try being human? The results might surprise you—you mug."

"Listen," Rocky said gently. "I don't like you. We have enough good men pilots without having the sky cluttered up with a lot of useless women."

Sylvia had backed against a workbench. Her face had grown pale. She said calmly: "Now that that's out of your system, perhaps you'll give me a few of the benefits of your vast experience as a speed flyer. There's a ship in the north hangar that will do two hundred and forty."

"The gadget you're getting will do much better than three if it doesn't come apart."

"Or," she said, "do you want me to be killed?"

"No," Rocky answered, with the air of a man measuring his words, "I don't necessarily want you to be killed."

Her eyes danced from his eyes to his mouth and back to his eyes. "Does that mean you'll teach me?"

"You can take it that way," Rocky said indifferently.

She started to extend her hand, but Rocky didn't start to extend his. Everything was mixed up. And when he learned on the following morning that she had gone dancing with Harry Melville again, he was furious. No girl could go out dancing and drinking, and keep her mind on flying.

But there was no more trouble until the last day of instruction. He had been summing things up, when he turned to her. "What was the last thing I said?"

She shook her head a little and answered: "I don't know, Rocky."

"Listen, gnatbrain; if you'd keep your mind on flying and spend less time burning up the night spots with Melville—"

"Rocky!" she wailed. "I wasn't thinking of him at all."

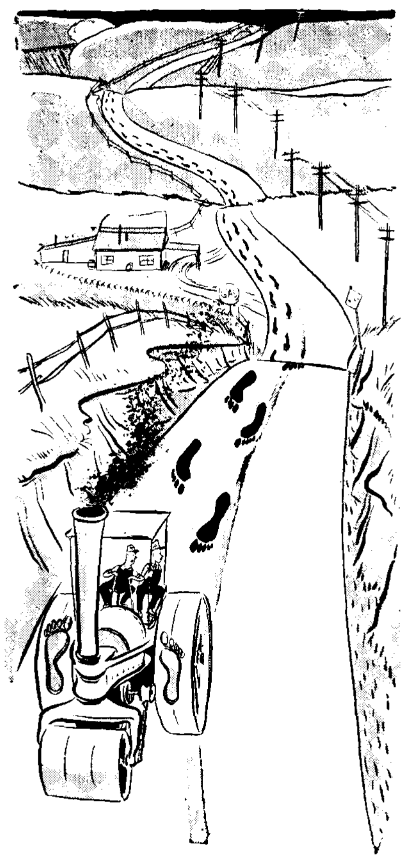
"He's all you ever think about, you dizzy! You're like all women flyers. The minute you set eyes on some smooth, slick—"

She got up quickly. "And I was just beginning," she said furiously, "to think you weren't a worm, after all."

After she had gone, Rocky sat and smoldered. He was disgusted. This girl was a dizzy, crazy like all the rest of them. The truth was, she didn't have enough brains to be scared!

The next morning her ship was ready for its test. It was on the field when Rocky drove in. And it bore a somewhat distressing resemblance to Spencer Coleman's ship. Huge motor. Freak body.

Sylvia was talking to Harry near the office steps. Rocky avoided them and walked to the ship. They came over as he was squirming into the tiny cockpit.



"It's going to set somebody to wondering!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

"You're not to open her up," Harry said.

"I know," Rocky said. "Lift her up like a carton of eggs and set her down like a basket of French china."

Sylvia said: "Your neck is so precious, you know."

Rocky darted a hard glance to her, but her expression was innocent. She said: "How do you like her?"

"You've known all along how I like her," Rocky answered. "And you've known all along how I like these sweepback wings."

And Sylvia said defiantly: "The model passed its wind-tunnel tests perfectly, didn't it? It stayed together without a flutter at better than three hundred an hour."

"Sure, sure!" Rocky agreed with abandon. "And you can fly anything! Okay, okay!"

He was almost too mad to fly properly but he cooled off the instant the ship left the ground. He opened the throttle a little and welcomed impressions with his nerve ends. The old feeling that anything might happen. Plenty of torque. The ship was as oversensitive as Spencer Coleman's had been, and hotter. He opened the throttle a little more, and there was that faint feeling of insecurity. At three thousand, he nosed down in a gentle power glide, and circled wide to a landing near Sylvia and Harry.

Sylvia walked over, and she had the air of a girl with chips on her shoulders. "What do you think of her?"

"I don't like her," Rocky said. "I don't like anything about her. And those wings are going to melt off."

"I'll take formal delivery this minute," Sylvia said angrily, "and then I'll take her up and dive her to her terminal velocity!"

"Yeah," he said indifferently. "Brave girl."

She turned to Harry: "Do you think this ship will stay together in a terminal dive?"

Harry said: "Frankly, I don't know. We gave it every factory test we could, but that isn't enough. And Rocky doesn't like those wings."

"Well, I like them!" Sylvia cried. "I love them! They're my idea and I'll prove they're right. Tell them to start that engine."

"Now, wait a minute," Harry protested. "You're too excited to fly. And you can't do a terminal dive without being taped up."

"I'm going to be taped up. Let's go into your office and I'll take formal delivery and then I'll be taped up."

ROCKY walked away. He went to the first-aid room and told the nurse in charge to tape him up in the usual way. He did not know what he was going to do. He did not know why he was being taped up. It was Sylvia's ship and the wings were her mistake, and her mistakes were none of his business.

He went out to his roadster, and scratched Oscar's head.

"Oscar," he said, "Sylvia's going to fly that thing. And, Oscar, she's very apt to kill her silly little self. She's going to show me how much I know about planes."

Oscar was joyfully licking his extended hand.

"Now, that kid, Oscar, that Sylvia—her heart's full of hope and ambition. She's going to reach out and catch a star as she goes by. She's got more spunk and nerve than any woman alive, and more brains, too. And maybe she's going out and plow up a lot of dirt and bury a motor six feet underground. Or is she? She can fly. Sure, she can fly! But will that thing stay together? So what, Oscar, so what?"

He saw Sylvia coming out of the office with Harry, who was still protesting, waving his hands. She walked stiffly, and the nurse walked behind her. That meant that Sylvia's little beanpole body was taped up tight, so she wouldn't come apart in the dive.

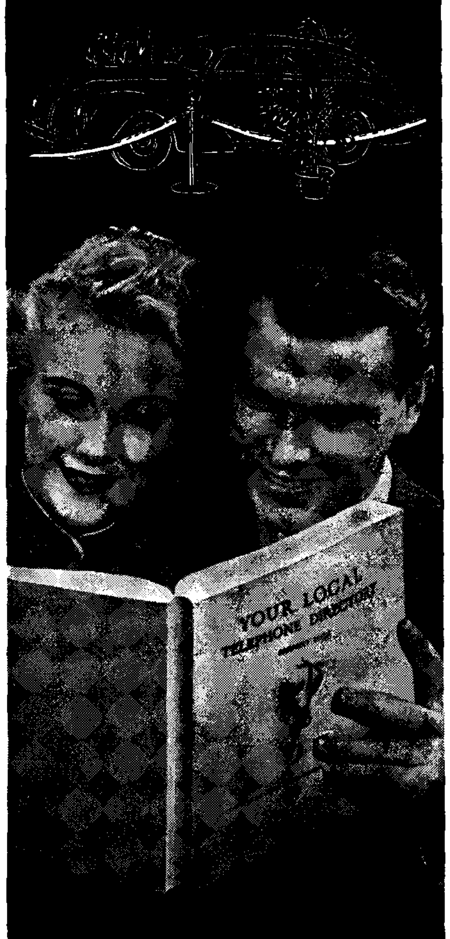
She climbed into the cockpit. She wiped her goggles and adjusted them, pushed them up on her forehead and struggled into her 'chute harness.

She settled down. Only the top of her helmet was visible when the little racer started down the runway.

Rocky was walking nervously up and down near his roadster, which was parked near the runway. Oscar frisked at his heels.

"There she goes," Rocky muttered. "She shouldn't be flying. She won't relax. She shouldn't be flying anyway, until that job is thoroughly tested. But

Af-ter the show is o-ver



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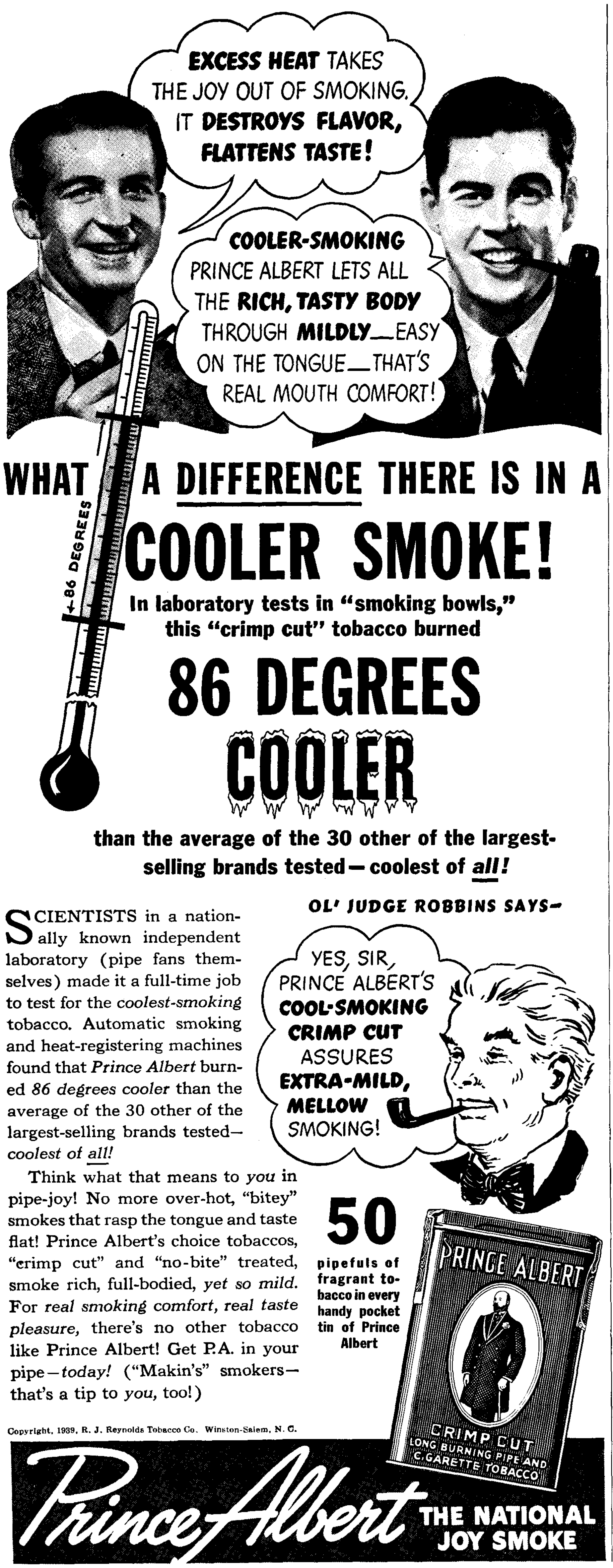

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than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested—coolest of all!

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SCIENTISTS in a nationally known independent laboratory (pipe fans themselves) made it a full-time job to test for the *coolest-smoking* tobacco. Automatic smoking and heat-registering machines found that *Prince Albert* burned *86 degrees cooler* than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*coolest of all!*

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Prince Albert THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

it's too late to stop her now. Nothing could stop her now."

The little ship was coming down the runway toward him.

He shouted: "Fetch, Oscar! Fetch!" He gestured toward the runway. Oscar leaped and barked. Rocky threw his glove onto the runway and Oscar darted after it.

Sylvia cut the switch and applied the brakes. The little plane rocked and twisted. Rocky had started running when the glove left his hand. He ran out and seized a wing and helped steady the plane and stop it.

Sylvia shrieked: "You nearly wrecked me, you mug! You did that on purpose! That prop might have killed Oscar!"

"Yes," Rocky agreed, "it might have." He lifted her out of the cockpit. Sylvia struck him in the face with both fists. He pinned her arms at her sides and carried her to his roadster and tossed her into the seat. "Stay there," he said.

Sylvia's small hard fist struck him in the cheek. He looked at her a moment with cold, heavy eyes, then walked to the ship, with his 'chute thrown over his shoulder. He put on goggles and helmet as he went. He was in the 'chute when he reached the ship. He climbed in.

Harry Melville started after him. A mechanic spun the prop. The engine caught and the plane started to move toward the head of the runway. Harry, looking pale, went over to where Sylvia sat in Rocky's roadster.

With wide-open throttle the little racer swept down the runway, its great engine snarling under the drive of its tremendous power. It left the ground and Sylvia could see the wheels still turning as the plane roared over her head.

Men came out of the factory, shaded their eyes and watched the plane head straight into the sun. Up and up it went in a steep hard line that could have been drawn with a ruler. Rocky was giving the racer no quarter. He was holding it to that tight climb, demanding everything that it could give.

At eighteen thousand feet he leveled off. He swung around until he was headed downwind. The sky was very blue up there and he could feel the cold through the leather of his jacket. The lack of oxygen in the thin air made him breathe hard. Before beginning his dive he checked everything very deliberately and methodically. Mixture rich enough? Stabilizer rolled? Rudder tab adjusted?

He eased the throttle back, rolled the ship over and stuck her down. The bottom fell out, and the first part of the dive was a dead-still drop. The roar of the motor increased and the whistling rush of the wind was a climbing note of savage music.

WITH his brain whipped up to an intensity of concentration, Rocky watched the air-speed needle, the swift unwinding of the altimeter. Fourteen thousand now . . . Thirteen . . . Twelve and a half . . . The air-speed needle was slowing up. The motor roar was going into a whine, and the whistle of the wind had become a scream. The plane was stiff and strained with the torture of speed. Eleven thousand feet . . . ten and a half . . . Rocky looked at the air-speed needle. Still climbing.

He glanced out at the wings as a new vibration began. The wings were fluttering, and this wasn't terminal velocity.

Yelling to tense his neck and stomach muscles against the shock of the pull-out, Rocky eased back on the stick. With an explosive crack the wings collapsed, folded back and smashed against the fuselage. The plane staggered like a sprinter thrown off his stride. Rocky was thrown violently forward. His head struck the instrument board. He fought desperately against a swallowing gray haze and knew that he was going out.

Sylvia didn't scream. She saw the wing collapse, saw one tear off and spin crazily above the ship. She bit her lip until she could taste the salt of blood and waited, praying for the white mushroom of a parachute against the sky. But she didn't scream.

Like a horrible rocket, the fuselage plunged downward. Harry Melville's face was dead-white, his fists were banging together, and he was saying over and over, "Get out! Get out!"

It was too late now. There wasn't time for him to get clear. Then Sylvia saw a dark fragment detach itself from the ship, and as the broken racer hurtled on to destruction, she saw the billowing white cloud of Rocky's parachute. He struck the ground rolling. He rolled over and over, then lay still.

Everyone on the field was running toward the motionless figure. Sylvia wanted to go, too, but she could not move. Harry Melville's knees gave way and he sat down suddenly on the roadster's running board.

MECHANICS were carrying Rocky toward the roadster. Some of the men milled around them, then Sylvia saw Rocky's helmet bobbing in the center of the crowd. He was walking toward her, limping a little.

He limped up to Harry Melville. He struck him in the face with his left fist. Harry fell back against the roadster and sat down on the running board again.

"Don't build them," Rocky said, "if you haven't faith in them."

Harry got up, with his hands at his sides. Rocky seemed to relax. He said: "I'm sorry, Harry, but you're not a pilot. You don't understand."

Still slightly gray, Harry Melville shook his head. "I understand, Rocky. There's no argument. After this—no more freaks."

He turned and started toward his office with the purposeful air of a man in search of a drink.

Sylvia got out of the roadster, still white, still shaking, still so weak she had to cling to the door handle.

She said huskily: "All right, Rocky. I'm next. And I'm the one who really rates a punch in the jaw."

"Skip it," Rocky said sourly.

Sylvia said: "Rocky, I'm sorry I was so stubborn about those wings."

Rocky looked at her and he looked tired. "It doesn't seem so important any more." His voice was surly.

"Rocky," Sylvia said, "come around here."

"What for?" he said belligerently.

"I have something to say." She took him behind the roadster and said, "Rocky, it's just come over me." She sounded breathless. She was looking up into his face. "You're in love with me."

Rocky's eyes became slightly venomous. "You're even funnier," he said, "than you look."

"And have been," she said gently, "from practically the very first."

"Listen, gnatbrain—"

"Say it!" she cried.

"I thought," Rocky growled, "you were saying it."

She laughed. "You great big baby, you're afraid to say it. All right, I'll say it." Still looking into his eyes, she came closer. "I love you like everything, and I thought you simply detested me!"

"You dizzy," Rocky said. "You scatterbrain. I am nuts about you. I always have been. I always will be."

Oscar was still racing around the roadster with the glove in his mouth.

Rocky's face was red. He couldn't look at Sylvia. He said: "Where's Oscar? Oh, there he is, still mauling that glove, the little dope." His face was hot. He didn't know what to say to Sylvia. He wouldn't know for a long time. Rocky had a long way to go.

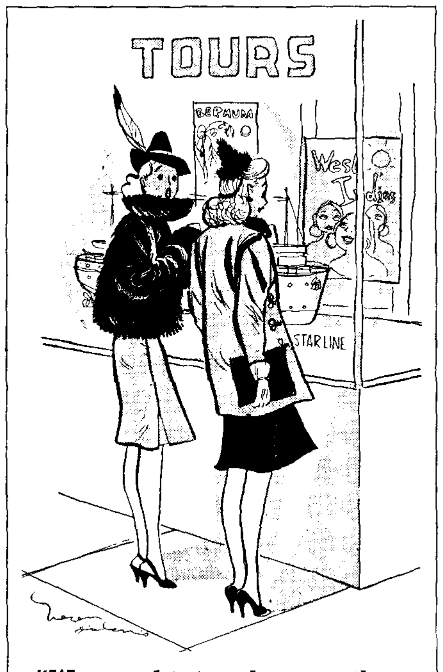
Lush Times in Sweden

Continued from page 23

working classes have replaced the primitive sanitation which was the Swedish way up to a few years ago, as the Viking-like Sven Wallander, the architect who planned it all, called to my attention.

One of the iron-ore companies with a capital of $30,000,000 makes a net profit of $10,000,000 and the profits of some of the others occasionally run up to fifty per cent of the investment. This iron ore all comes out of Iron Mountain, which lies up at the top of Sweden, 90 miles beyond the Arctic Circle, close to the frontier of Norway. Iron Mountain operates on a royalty basis as a joint owner with the Swedish government.

In Sweden the dynasty of the Wallenbergs is about as old as that of the Bernadottes. King Gustaf V does not take his responsibilities toward Sweden more seriously than do the Wallenbergs. They are the hereditary banking family of the country; they have a hand in all the basic industries, build new ones and, in emergency, as on the occasion of the Kreuger "match trust" crash, step in and keep rival concerns going. Since old Knut Wallenberg died at eighty-five a year ago his half-brother, Marcus, has become less active and the Wallenbergs on the job today are Jacob and Marcus junior, sons of Marcus senior.



"We ought to plan another cruise. The men from the last one have stopped calling us up"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Iron Mountain has an estimated billion and a half tons of iron ore, some of it seventy per cent pure iron. Thirteen million tons of it were shipped away last year from the year-round ice-free port of Narvik in Norway and from the six-months ice-bound port of Luleå at the top of the Bay of Bothnia in Sweden. Kiruna is its town, a model mining town with 14,000 inhabitants. The mining companies and the state, besides paying the miners seven dollars a day, the highest wages paid in Europe, have done fantastic things to make the Lapland waste seem human. One of them is growing wheat, rye and potatoes on the frozen ground by thawing the surface with electricity. A thousand acres of crops came to maturity during the few weeks of sunshine this past summer.

But for all the social experiments, the Kirunians get their biggest kick out of running the hundred and ten miles down to Narvik on Sundays and riding their bicycles like fury along the roads that extend a few miles up the fjords. Weekdays they set off enough dynamite in the solid face of the mountain to shake the whole region three times a day, and the big chunks of ore, torn loose by hundred-pound dynamite blasts, are loaded on 25- to 35-ton cars twenty at a time, the loading and weighing of each car taking 45 seconds. Three hours later the loads are dumped right into the waiting holds at Narvik.

Germany was importing five million tons of Kiruna iron ore a year twenty-five years ago. Its importations were up to seven and a half million tons by 1936 and in 1937, when German rearmament was speeded up, the Kiruna iron-ore export to Germany reached nine million tons.

About that time Great Britain also began buying this valuable iron ore but took only approximately a fourth as much as Germany. Holland and Belgium take the rest, except a small percentage that comes to the United States.

German industries and German arms factories need Kiruna iron ore. The British know it. Germany will be strapped if the enemy can stop that flow of iron ore. But Sweden is neutral and dare not discriminate between clients without destroying its neutrality. So the possession by Sweden of Iron Mountain, which is a mere geographical fact, is in itself the biggest threat to Scandinavian neutrality.

Arming for Neutrality

It affects all the Scandinavian states, which have a good many reasons for worrying over their neutrality. As they all want to keep out of the European row they are working very closely together and one farsighted Swede, Axel Wenner-Gren, the electric sweeper and refrigerator king, has put up $10,000,000 to hasten a closer alliance among the Scandinavian countries. The genial silver-haired multimillionaire who began life as an automobile worker in an American plant at 15 cents an hour sails the seven seas in his yacht, the Southern Cross, which recently did its bit toward rescuing survivors of the Athenia disaster.

"We must all be sufficiently armed," he told me in his quiet, businesslike tone, "so that none dare question our neutrality."

"But could you not diminish the risk by being satisfied to make less money out of war?"

"Iron ore is not a contraband of war," he replied, "and our Swedish arms factories sell to the whole world."

"But is Sweden strong enough to protect its neutrality?"

"Not so strong as some of us would like, but it is strong enough to make it too costly for any of our powerful neighbors to interfere. The ideal I am striving for is to have all the northern states sufficiently well armed to protect their neutrality and to stand together."

As a good many Swedes are more conservative than Mr. Wenner-Gren—the Wallenbergs for instance—and as some of them told me that anything resembling an alliance among the northern neutrals—Sweden, Finland, Norway and Denmark—would be dangerous, I went to see the quiet, philosophical moderate Socialist, Per Albin Hansson, Prime Minister of Sweden, to ask him what he thought about it. He received me in a most modern executive building, the Kanslihuset, which stands beside the monumental Royal Palace in Stockholm.

With an old-world manner that had a special charm in the ultramodern ante-

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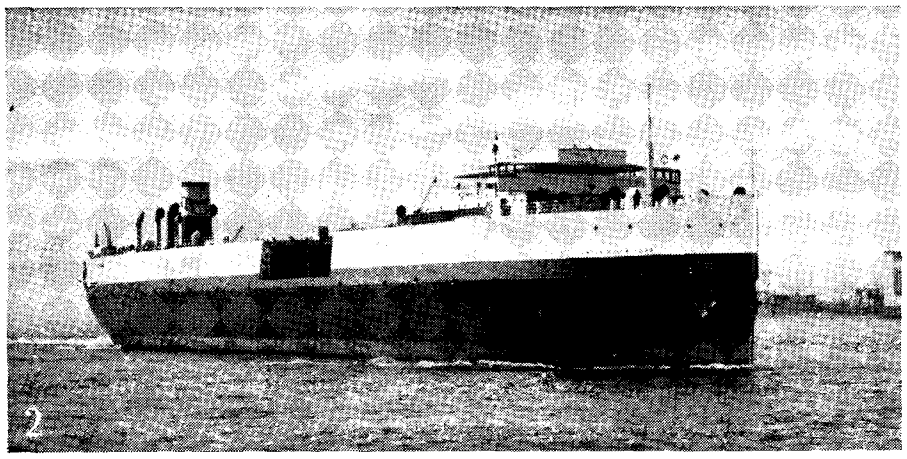

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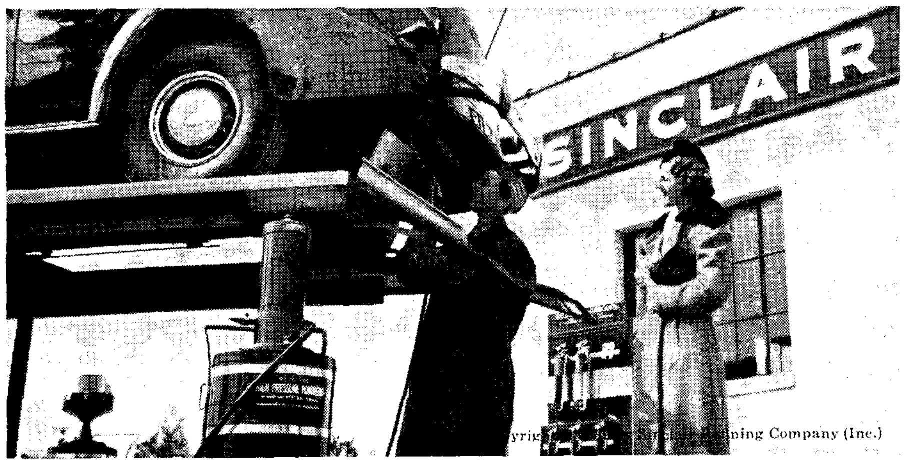

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chamber, Mr. Hansson escorted me to his private office.

"It is not necessary," he said, slowly shaking his head, "to bring the Scandinavian countries closer together than they are. Here in Sweden we can protect ourselves. Sweden is making a considerable financial effort to be armed sufficiently, and each of the Scandinavian countries should arm to protect its neutrality."

"But could not Sweden's neutrality be affected indirectly, by a blockade, for instance, cutting off the necessities of life?"

"Not this time. In 1914 we were in an embarrassing position as we had no reserves. Now that is all changed. Since 1914 we have improved our agriculture so that we raise more than enough to feed ourselves, and the state as well as private industry has its reserve stocks of raw materials."

With Cash in Hand

Mr. Hansson gave no figures, but I learned elsewhere that the government alone imported this year $50,000,000 worth of raw materials for its war reserve. The government has the money to buy what it thinks proper without public discussion, as the steadily growing prosperity has left a surplus in the till of $35,000,000. It might have reduced taxes but it preferred that extra cash in hand.

The flow of money into Sweden does not, of course, all come from the rearmament race. The Swedes have a knack for making useful things and selling them in every corner of the earth. One inconspicuous firm makes an inexpensive though rather complicated kerosene stove that heats well and its representatives have taught the Eskimos, the Arabs, the Mongolians and the Patagonians to use it. It brings annually $5,000,000 into Sweden. Most of the Swedish manufacturers are go-getters in business. Mr. Wenner-Gren, the richest of them, started his fortune by teaching salesmen in various countries how to induce housewives to let in demonstrators of an inexpensive vacuum cleaner.

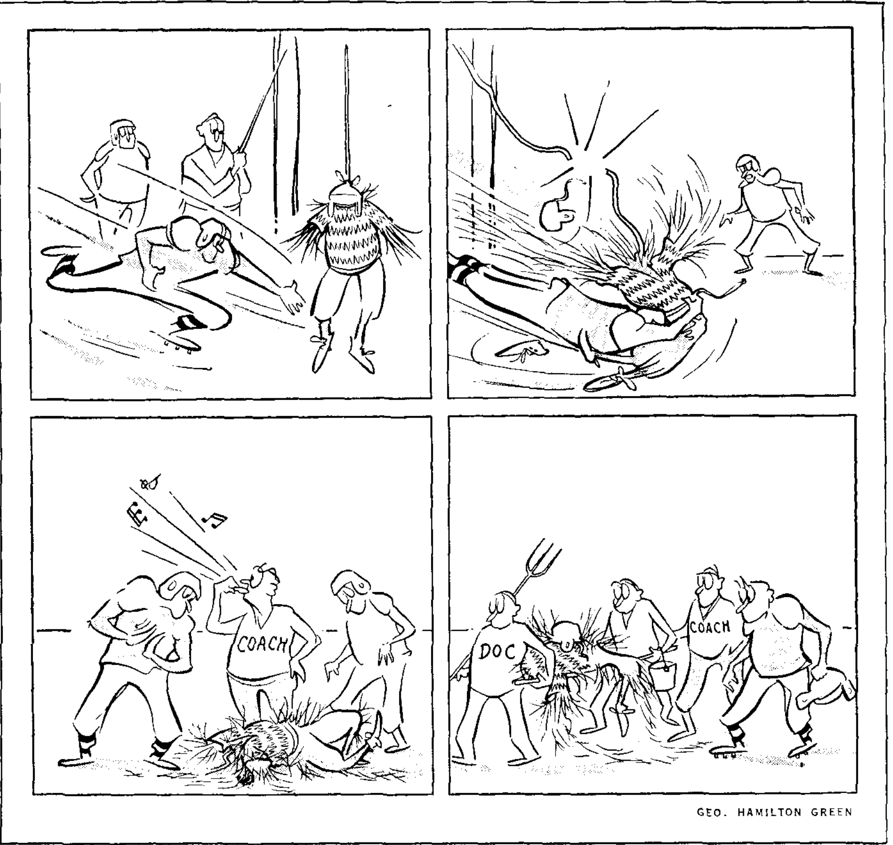
Stockholm's prosperity is almost unbelievable in this harried Europe. The building boom alone is probably not matched in the world today. It began twenty years ago, was stepped up by the state and by the co-operative movements that count for so much in Sweden, in order to bridge over the depression, but it is now remaking the whole city. It has drawn in most of the loose capital from the rest of Scandinavia, and has within the past five or six years moved half of Stockholm's 600,000 population into modern let-in-the-sun flats. One new addition with 26,000 flats, all bright and airy, has been fully occupied this past summer, some of the occupants buying their flats with co-operative city and state help.

The building boom has been slowed up by the war, or rather by the Swedish mobilization for the protection of its shores and frontiers. The extent of Sweden's own rearmament only became known to the greater part of the population when the moment for manning the defenses came. These defenses consist of cleverly camouflaged land batteries, a small but efficient navy and a trim air force. Behind these defenses, with the Norway mountains at its back and big garrisons in the north, Sweden felt safe from the beginning, and the life of the country went right on. Only one restriction made an apparent difference—the diminished allowance of gasoline, which has entirely eliminated the stream of limousines. The life in the restaurants, the brilliant home entertainment, went on as always.

There is no city the size of Stockholm which has so many restaurants, crowded day and night. In most cities there are hours of the day when restaurants are comparatively empty, but not Stockholm. Some meal is always in progress. A new type of eating place, a cross between a Viennese coffee house and a Los Angeles cafeteria, has also sprung up.

Even the aristocratic seats of traditional Swedish good eating, the Operakällaren and Hasselbacken in the Djurgården, have spread into several floors. Hasselbacken burned down several years ago, but it was rebuilt with scrupulous respect for detail and is as old-fashioned and as satisfying as ever.

The Operakällaren still has its coffee room, into which the leisurely diners stroll, lighting their cigars as they go, leaving the waiter to find them later with the bill. With their coffee they also have their glass of Arrak punsch, taken from a barrel that has made both Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope in some Swedish tramp, to mix it and to ripen it.



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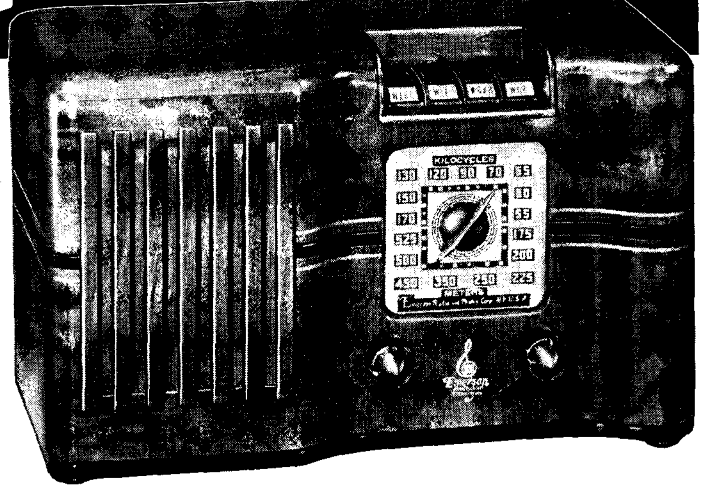

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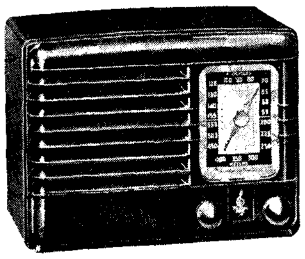

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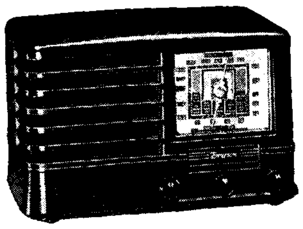

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The Car Killers

Continued from page 13

that your safety is in better keeping. The one exception had both hydraulic and mechanical brakes, working from the same foot pedal.

Before we were through on the proving ground, before we went to the laboratories, we began to suspect that the chances of one's getting his money's worth when he buys a modern motorcar are better than good. Whether the car gets a square deal from the driver is altogether different. They drove us around banked turns at ninety and just to show us that balance has been achieved the driver took his hands off the steering wheel and played a harmonica for us. We didn't enjoy it. But the car didn't seem to mind so much, making the turn by itself without a shudder. It looked so simple that we wanted to drive, but they weren't game; they wouldn't let us. Maybe it was just as well.

The Batter Battalion

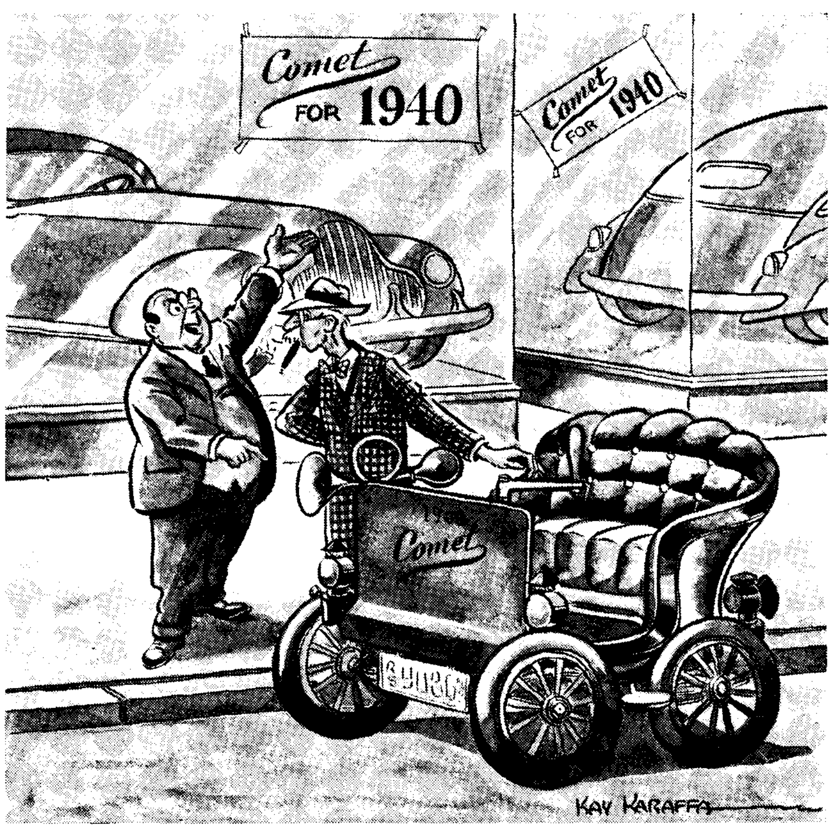
It was while we were going into a wet-pavement, downhill skid—an incomparable moment for clear, detached thinking—that it occurred to us that it was going to be less simple than we had thought to write very definitely about the safety features of the modern car. Virtually everything they were doing had to do directly with our theme. Perhaps in the old days when Gottlieb Daimler walked into fortune with his internal combustion automotive engine in 1883 and Carl Benz went exploding down a German road in a boneshaker that had the first variable-speed mechanism, any safety device would have been an independent sensation worth screaming about—if it worked. And the science of safety was wholly apart from locomotion when Ransom E. Olds, in 1887, launched his three-wheel vehicle on the streets of Lansing, Michigan, bringing down upon himself the fears and jeers of a thoroughly disapproving populace. Unless we're misinformed, the Olds rattler had a brake. That, and the ability of the driver to jump, were this perambulating gadget's only concessions to the prevention of personal disaster.

For those were the days when strength meant weight. To do what today's car will do, not necessarily safely either, the automobile of 1924 would have had to weigh twice as much, the car of 1910 three times as much. And when these road busters of yesterday came to grief, got out of hand, blew a tire or for other sufficient reasons took to the ditch, it was like hurtling to the last roundup with an iron mine around your neck. It was not until Henry Ford appeared with his first Model T that it became known that a motorcar did not have to be a truck.

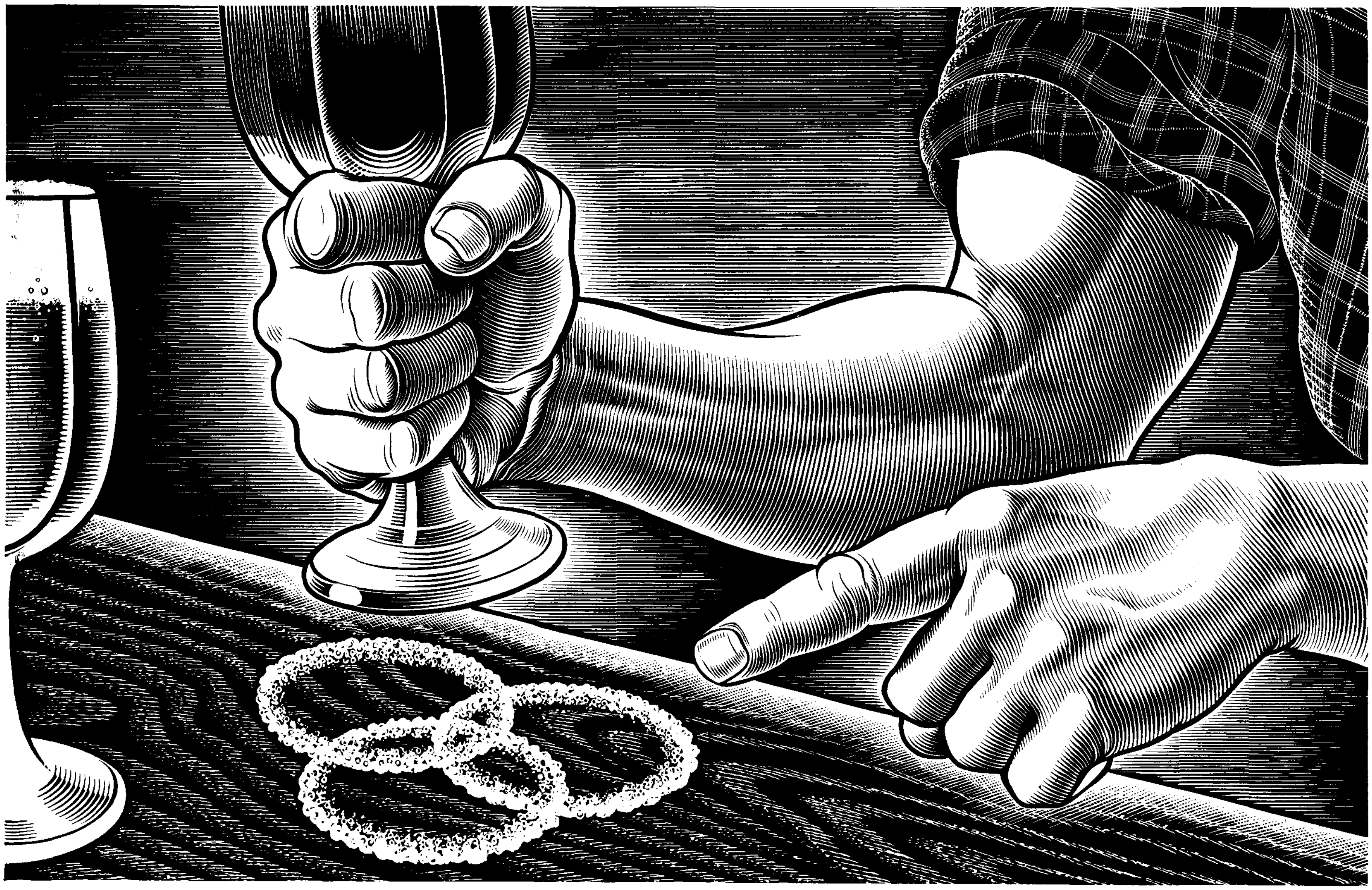
As each of the cars of the Batter Battalion completes its twenty-fifth thousand mile, it is taken apart down to the last cotter pin. Out at the factory, yearned over by the construction engineers whose job it was to defeat the aims of the destroyers at the proving ground, it had been weighed to the last gram and calipered to the ten thousandth of an inch. If there was anything wrong with it, its makers didn't know it. But just as jealously as the construction engineers turned it out of their laboratory clinic, the destruction engineers took it into theirs. All the latter group wanted to know was what they could do to change what the former had produced. And they always found something.

When the engineers at the proving ground take a car apart they skip nothing. When they've finished disassembling Baby and her relations, each becomes several thousand independent parts. The average car weighs 3,000 pounds. More than eighty per cent of this is iron and steel. Incidentally, you pay about twenty cents a pound when you buy a low-price car and about fifty cents for a high-price job.

Fully to comprehend what you're looking at as you're trudging through the laboratories, you'd do better to be an



"This is positively my last offer, Mr. Spear. We'll give you one of our new models and $800 for it" KAY KARAFFA



Peter Ballantine lifted his glass 3 times—
"Lads, I ha' my trademark"

PURITY
BODY
TRADE-MARK
FLAVOR

TIME: 1840. The Founder and Brewmaster himself had just completed his three-fold test of a keg of ripened ale. He pursed his lips and pronounced it "per-r-r-fect!"

Being a Scot—though transplanted to America—he trusted his taste in ale beyond any man's. "It ha' the PUR-R-RITY . . . the BODY . . . the FLAVOR-R-R," was his verdict.

On the scoured oak of the table, his eye chanced on three moisture rings left by the tumbler used in the three tests—one dewy ring made each time he lifted his glass.

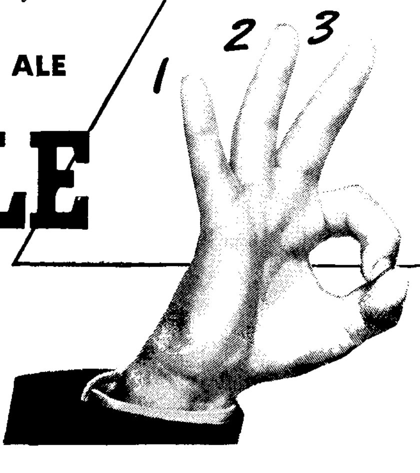
"Thr-r-ree tests . . . thr-r-ree rings . . . the sign of good ale," he mused. "See the board, lads—I ha' my trademark! Ye'll put the 3 rings—meaning pur-r-rity, body, flavor-r-r—on every keg!"

●

Peter Ballantine's taste in ale proved to be America's own—*more people get more enjoyment from Ballantine's Ale than from any other . . .*

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE

Order BALLANTINE'S ALE
the "Handy" way



3 RINGS—
GET IT?

Copr., 1939, P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

Out of Bell Telephone making,

FOR YOUR BETTER HEARING

EASILY CONCEALED

Western Electric
HEARING AID
Ortho-technic Model

If you are hard of hearing, you owe it to yourself to try this Western Electric Audiphone. It has brought new hearing ease, new happiness to thousands of users!

Made by Bell Telephone makers—based on advanced technique in hearing aid design—it should help you to *hear distinctly* in group conversation—at greater distances—in any position. It provides natural tone—greater volume—and its batteries last longer.

Your dealer will recommend the Audiphone that best meets your particular needs, after audiometric tests. There is a national network of hearing aid service stations.

Accepted by Council of Physical Therapy American Medical Association.

Distributed in Canada by Northern Electric Co., Ltd., Montreal—in Europe by Western Electric Co., Ltd., Bush House, London.

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO., Graybar Bldg., New York
Please send details on Western Electric Audiphone (Ortho-technic Model) and name of nearest dealer.
C-47
Name
Address
City *State*

engineer yourself. But even to such a hopelessly lay mind as ours, the scene is dramatic, the intentions obvious and the results clear. You'll see whole cars frozen, baked, twisted, compressed and overloaded. You'll see stock engines put on blocks and raced for days until something breaks. You'll see individual parts subjected to tortuous and other strains far in excess of anything they've been called upon to stand in road tests or proving-ground trials.

It's a pretty feverish show—a sort of Billy Rose carnival of scientific whoopee. You'll be confronted with what they call a diffraction X-ray device—a smug, silent contraption that won't mean much to you but is the idol of the engineers. Almost with awe, they'll explain that this arrangement of electrodes and plates noiselessly bombards metals with atoms. And you'll have to take their word for it that under this frightful punishment the metals tell the truth about themselves. It's a sort of lie-detector and third-degree attack upon innocent-looking material. Anyway, it tells the scientific minds whether the subject under observation is dependable.

And next door there's a room lined with eight tons of lead. In the center of that unlovely chamber there's a machine producing 250,000-volt X-rays that penetrate four inches of steel, taking photographs of the steel's insides. If you ever have a chance to see it, drop everything. If you've found it interesting to study X-ray pictures or fluoroscope views of the human body, try to wangle an invitation to look at steel shafts or whole cars through the same media. If you're not amazed there's something wrong with you.

A Diet of Steel Axles

Naturally some of these inspections, tests and analyses of what goes into your car are intricately scientific explorations into the elusive theory of fatigue—what causes fatigue, how much fatigue inanimate substance can put up with, what the slow processes of fatigue are, what can be done to postpone the persistent effects of unrelieved fatigue. But primarily all is done in the name of safety.

You'll ask perhaps—as we did—what profit would accrue to the manufacturer if, at last, he evolved a car that wouldn't wear out or had such longevity that the buyer wouldn't need a new car for years. And you'll gather from the replies that it's a pretty dumb question. We buy new cars long before the usefulness of the old one is gone. Our weakness for show, our fears of being kidded about old models, takes care of that. And the better the turned-in car the better the used-car market. Let the used-car market slump and your whole automobile traffic goes into the doldrums. There's more to it than that, but we've got to get on.

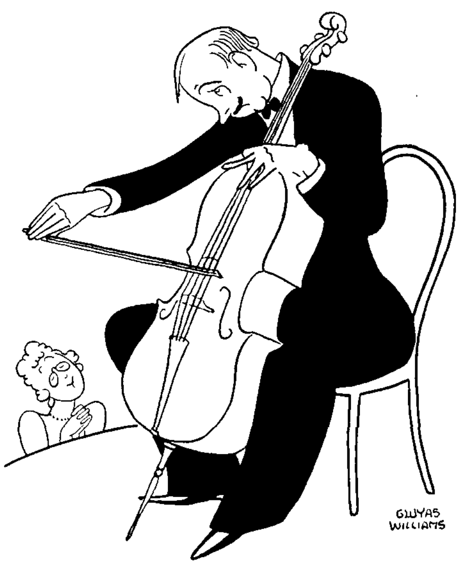
In the next room the engineers will show you a steel bar purchased with the intention of turning it into an axle. They'll give you a microscope. You're asked to look for cracks in the bar. You see none. Neither do they, if they use only the microscope. But give the steel to the magniflux apparatus. The bar is dusted with iron powder. Delicate magnets are lowered. And quickly all surface iron powder is drawn off leaving only the small quantity that has fallen into the crack or fault which no other process has been able to show up.

And here's a magnificent black giant, a great stolid, brooding thing, capable of 200,000 pounds of compression and tension. They feed it steel axles and, just as you would twist a rubber band, it will find out what the axle will stand. We gave the beast a truck axle and they put 25,000 pounds on it. We left it there. The axle would have to stand it for a couple of days or perhaps a week. Ten feet farther on, ring gears—transmission and driving gears—were being mauled by a 100,000-pound machine. We had to move the pressure dial above 35,000 pounds before a single tooth broke. And a 10,000-pound twister was fed the wire that goes into coil springs, just to see what would happen.

The room was filled with these demolishing giants. You'll see fan belts in the clutches of gadgets that can pull 2,000 pounds' worth and yonder is a massive beauty that will take any part of your car short of the wool and cotton fabrics and the glass and show them up. Actually it can exercise 232,000 pounds of torsion.

It will make you feel puny, of course, but don't weaken; you can still outthink these monsters. Or should be able to.

People of Note
By Laurence McKinney



3—Cello

When woodwinds stop, when fiddles end
That's when a CELLO needs a friend,
For the composer, growing bolder,
May put things squarely on its shoulder.
Sometimes this means a real improvement—
(Beethoven's Fifth, the Second Movement)—
Or leads up to the moment when
The brasses get their wind again.
Most ladies, fluttering alone,
Prefer its mellow, manly tone
Because some cello made them cry
By playing Schumann's "Traeumerei,"
And violoncellists won't reveal
The cause of this strange sex appeal.
But in the orchestra the cellos
Are treated just like regular fellows.

You'll see safety glass made and have a lovely time dropping lead balls—half a pound up to two pounds—on the glass from distances of eight to sixteen feet. They're experimenting now with laminated glass that will take that two-pound lead ball from a height of twelve feet. It will cave or give, of course, and the glass will be white and pulverized where the ball strikes; but, almost like rubber, the glass will ease back almost to its original flatness, not a microscopic splinter having been lost.

Between the laboratory scientists—the metallurgists, the chemists and the engineers generally in the clinical department—and the shops, the making of an automobile is always a compromise. There are certain practical phases of manufacturing and selling that the lads in the laboratories aren't bothered with. For example, it is not at all certain that this new laminated glass will find general adoption. If a car, windows closed, is lying on its side in a ditch or even on the highway, with people inside, it is highly desirable that the glass be broken to get at them. Breaking this new glass—the glass we bombed with lead balls—might conceivably be impossible in certain circumstances. Certainly nothing short of a heavy hammer is going to do it in any circumstances. Moreover, science has not arrived at the point where all laboratory dreams may be realized at a cost that will keep the price of the car within your reach and within its competitive price class.

In Sub-Zero Weather

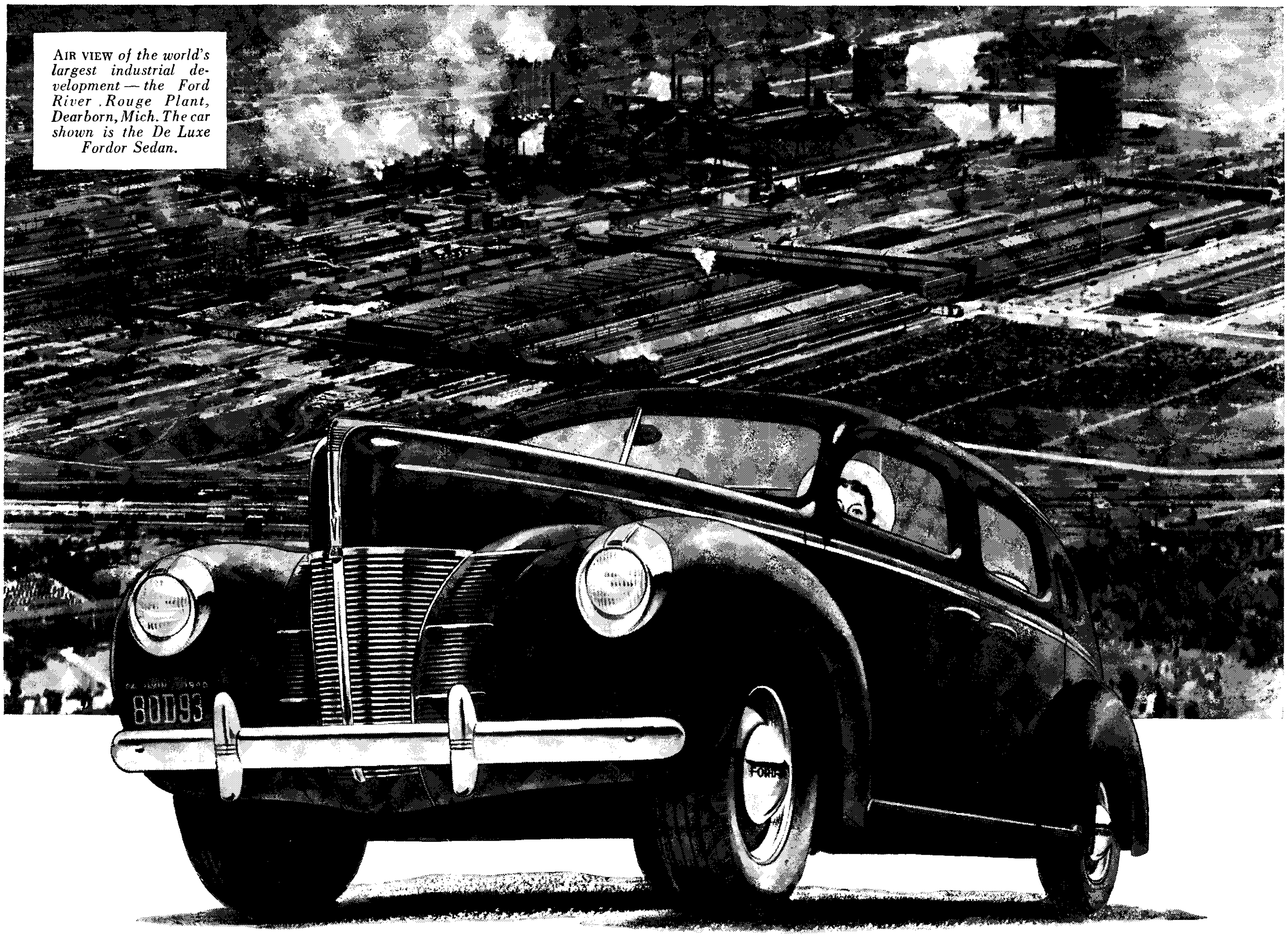
And yet you can't leave these laboratories minus the conviction that you're getting your money's worth. Now and then your lay mind will balk a bit. Perhaps you'll wonder why they've spent thousands of dollars for profilometers. All a profilometer does is to measure, in millionths of an inch, the micro-finish of crankshafts and other parts. Millionths of an inch! And there are 38,000 precision gauges used on each car, drawing things as fine as ten thousandths of an inch. And they'll take a finished car, gas and oil included, and shove it onto a pendulum machine, the car becoming the weight at the pendulum's end. Then they'll swing it and measure to a ten thousandth of an inch its travels either side of a scientifically fixed center. If it swings a ten-thousandth part of an inch more to the right than to the left, somebody gets hell. So what? Nothing except the car isn't perfectly balanced. And an unbalanced car is an abomination in the Lord's sight.

"What would you do," we asked, "if you could demonstrate that the whole damned car was a flop? Go mad with joy?"

"Impossible," said the nearest engineer. "We're trying to find faults in good cars, not bad ones."

Now during all this a mean little doubt crept into our meager mind. All this, and in particular the proving-ground demonstrations, had occurred on a lovely summer day. As far as ideal climatic conditions were concerned, a kid's toy taxicab might have survived the trials. So we asked about other weather conditions. What would a car do, how much twisting and banging would it withstand, in zero weather?

Scornfully they dragged us to a large building where through a huge glass window we saw a car. A fellow named Jake took command. At his right was a switchboard. He flipped something. Inside the room that held the car a wind began to blow—ten, twenty, thirty miles an hour. *A meter told us the speed of* the wind. He flipped something else and a large thermometer fell from sixty degrees Fahrenheit. Presently it registered zero and the wind had become a



AIR VIEW *of the world's largest industrial development — the Ford River Rouge Plant, Dearborn, Mich. The car shown is the De Luxe Fordor Sedan.*

Out of the World's Greatest Plant

THE NEW FORD CARS ARE ROLLING!

They're roomier, quieter, more comfortable cars. They're soundly engineered. And they include 22 important improvements.

- Some of these contribute to your comfort and convenience . . . Finger-Tip Gearshift, Controlled Ventilation, improved spring suspension.* Some bring greater safety and silence . . . Sealed-Beam Headlamps, curved disc wheels, improved soundproofing.

Underlying these 22 improvements are many fundamental Ford advantages. . . . The only V-type 8-cylinder engine in any low-price car—for smooth, satisfying performance. Big, powerful hydraulic brakes—for smooth, straight stops. The all-around economy enjoyed by millions of Ford V-8 owners.

- Ford cars have always been built to give good service and long service at low cost. . . . For 1940, they represent a far better buy than ever before!

22 IMPORTANT FORD IMPROVEMENTS

FOR COMFORT

1. More room inside
2. New Controlled Ventilation
3. New torsion bar ride-stabilizer*
4. Improved spring suspension*
5. "Self-sealing" shock absorbers
6. Two-way adjustable driver's seat
7. New-type resilient front seat backs
8. New "Floating-Edge" Seat Cushions

FOR CONVENIENCE

9. New Finger-Tip Gearshift
10. Engine more accessible
11. Two-spoke steering wheel

FOR STYLE

12. New exterior beauty
13. New interior luxury
14. New instrument panel

FOR SILENCE

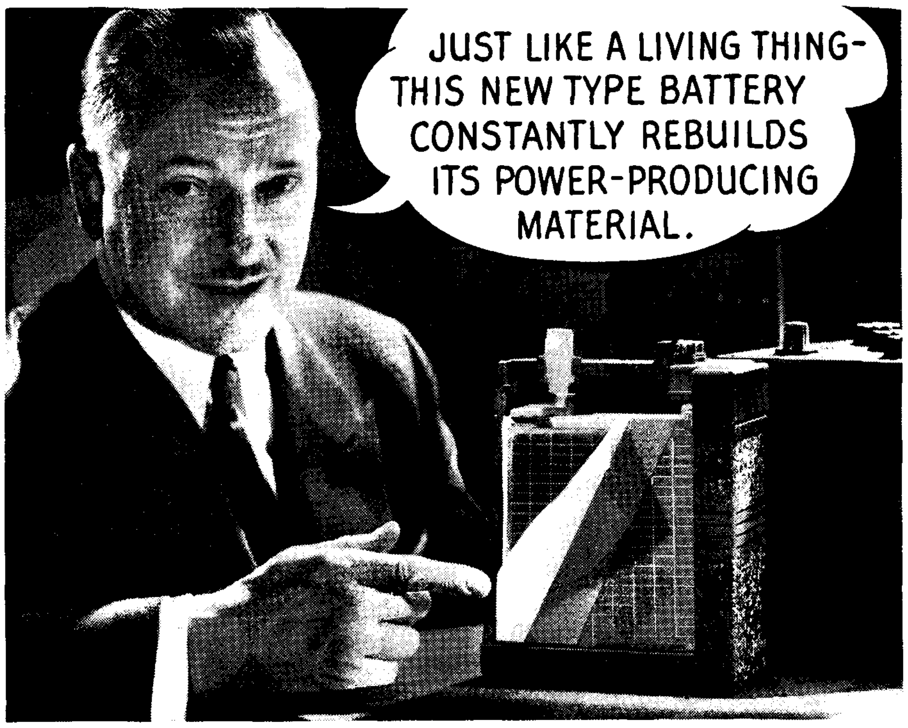
15. Improved soundproofing
16. "Easy-shift" transmission
17. Curved disc wheels

FOR SAFETY

18. Sealed-Beam Headlamps
19. Improved drums for big Ford hydraulic brakes
20. Dual windshield wipers at base of windshield
21. Larger battery and generator
22. Battery Condition Indicator on all models

**On 85-hp models only*

AMAZING BATTERY REBUILDS ITSELF


JUST LIKE A LIVING THING—THIS NEW TYPE BATTERY CONSTANTLY REBUILDS ITS POWER-PRODUCING MATERIAL.

Discovery of Sensational "Activite"—Plus Fibre-Glass—DOUBLES* Life of Car Batteries

HERE is the new type battery that is astonishing car owners everywhere. A battery that prolongs its life by replenishing its own power-producing material.

"Activite," a sensational new source of battery power, is the answer. "Activite" is literally packed with power—actually makes batteries grow stronger with use.

Equally amazing is the development of Fibre-Glass, which holds the vital "Activite" securely in place — prevents "shedding," the major cause of battery failure.

These two startling improvements are making battery history! Saving money every day for motorists all over America. Ask your neighborhood USL or Auto-Lite Battery Dealer for complete details. It will pay you dividends.

*By S. A. E. Test.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION
Niagara Falls • Oakland • Oklahoma City • Toronto
A Division of The Electric Auto-Lite Company

Leading car manufacturers have adopted USL and Auto-Lite Batteries as factory equipment!

USL
FIBRE-GLASS INSULATION
AUTO-LITE
FIBRE-GLASS

GLASS POROUS ENOUGH TO POUR WATER THROUGH

This revolutionary new scientific miracle allows free flowing of electrolyte, yet it is woven so closely it prevents the passage of even the finest particle of "Activite," the vital, power-producing material.

YOU GET BOTH ACTIVITE AND FIBRE-GLASS IN USL AND AUTO-LITE BATTERIES

fifty-mile gale. Sleet began to form, sleet and snow. In no time the car, its engine going, was almost hidden from us by the storm. The thermometer dropped to ten, twenty and thirty below zero and the gale increased to sixty miles an hour. The car was taking on an armor of white ice. Then they turned off the car's motor.

It was a hot day. Every now and then one of Jake's mechanics put on an Arctic explorer's fur-lined suit plus a fur cap and went in to look at the engine. It was probably all right because he never seemed pleased with what he saw. Anyway, this sort of thing went on until the thermometer showed sixty below. And then the polar explorer got into the driver's seat. There must have been some trick to it; anyway he got her started. And out she came, taking to the proving track like a winter carnival on wheels. The car wasn't as quiet as might be, but it ran. And after doing a mile it was practically normal, shedding ice in large sheets and stalactites.

From Seashore to Mountains

And then they took another car and, in the same room, baked her in rising temperatures up to a hundred and sixty degrees. They shot her out on the track and—well, the results were precisely the same except that she shed no ice. As you have guessed, we were having quite a time of it, although by this time we were beginning to get the engineer spirit. When nothing went wrong, when nothing broke, we began to feel depressed.

"Doesn't anybody ever get hurt?" we asked. "How do you stand the monotony? How'd you like a nice calamity? Or at least a car explode? Didn't you ever have an—"

"Sure," was the reply. "One day last spring we snapped an axle during the twenty-second thousand mile."

"Burnt out a couple of bearings," gloated another. "Had a fellow here named Smith. He forgot to give her fresh oil. Gotta watch that."

"Killed a driver couple of years ago," they said. "Driver and the guy with him. Lost control of the car doing ninety on the top of the speedway turn. Bad. The driver's head was thirty feet from his body. Nice fella. Something musta gone wrong."

Of course we could go on indefinitely telling you about new headlights—all one unit with beams scientifically and mercifully angled so that you're not blinded by the approaching car. And about the sound laboratories where, decibel by decibel, they're shutting out the engine noises from the body of the car. And about the air-rarefying rooms where, by pressing a button, the density of the atmosphere thins out from sea-level body to what you'd encounter on a plateau two miles high. Or about the salt spray baths where brine deluges your engine for days while she's dead, idling and racing. We saw them do everything short of throwing emery in the cylinders.

And presently when we caught ourselves wondering why we didn't save money by buying a car, we went home. One of the most successful of the destruction engineers went with us. We said something about his profession being most interesting. We would.

"Sure. Sure," he agreed somewhat wearily. "Sometimes, though, I get to thinking about old Job Trotter. Job was one of our best young engineers. In the university he got A's for everything right through four years—all except twice when he got B's. Sick or something. He took engineering because his father wanted him to. His father was a wow of an engineer back in the Thomas B. Jeffrey, Charles E. Duryea and Elwood Haynes days. After Job had been with us five years and was going up like a bag of helium, he suddenly resigned. They almost begged him to stay. Nope. Resigning. They asked him what he was going to do. He said he was going to peddle cheese. The chief got sore at that and told him it was nothing to be funny about. Job told the old man he wasn't trying to be funny—just going to peddle cheese.

"President of one of the biggest cheese companies in the country today," sighed the engineer. "Hated engineering. Only reason he made good in school and here was to please his old man. Well, when his old man died he went to peddling cheese. Nice fella. Awfully smart guy."

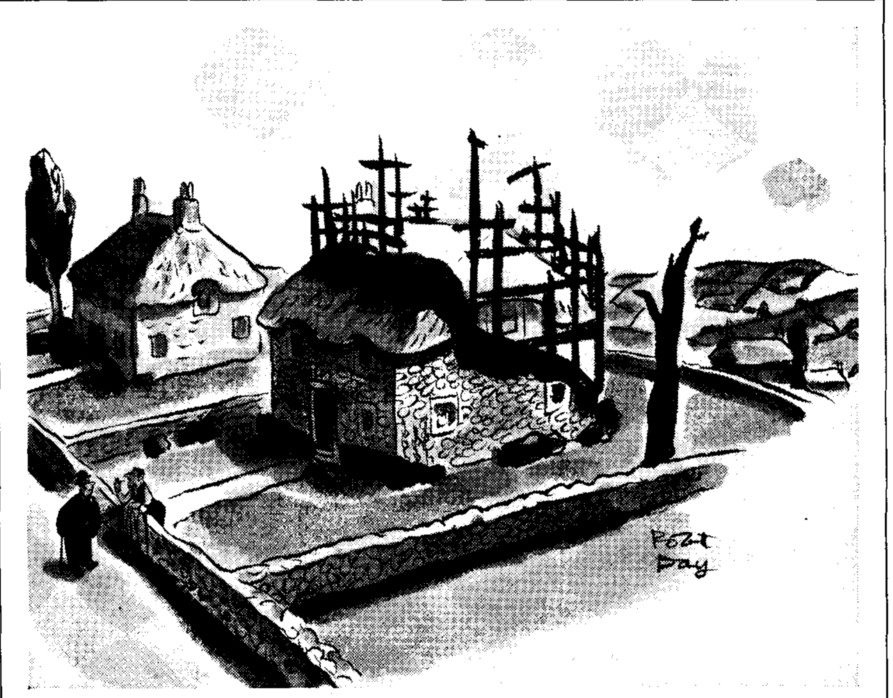
"Cheese isn't as interesting as motorcars, though," we said after quite a little thinking.

"Guess not," he agreed. "Nope, guess not. Say, what are you doing this evening?"

"Nothing much. Why?"

So we went to the movies. Lots of fun. All about automobile racing. Cars flying off the track and burning. Bearings burning out. Driving shafts snapping. Axles collapsing. Gas tanks exploding. Tires blowing at seventy-five miles. And lots of hot love.

Nothing like movies to take your mind off the day's work.



"We had it built that way to fool enemy air raiders" ROBERT DAY

What are three IMPORTANT *points to consider when* YOU *buy* LIFE INSURANCE?

In the past men usually thought of their life insurance in a rather general way. But today, more and more, they are planning on the basis of their *specific needs* and then selecting a *suitable policy* issued by a *strong company.* For example . . .

THE NEED

Exactly what are your own particular life insurance needs? Just how would your life insurance money be used? How much cash would be needed in a lump sum, in event of your death, for outstanding debts, doctors' and hospital bills and the other 'final expenses'? . . . How much monthly income would your wife need as a *minimum*, and how long should it last at the very *least?* Will there be funds to educate your children? . . . And for you, for your retirement, how much money will you require as a life income? At what age should you be prepared to retire?

When you analyze your *specific needs* in this way you are drawing the plans, so to speak, for the 'house of protection' you want to build for your family and for yourself.

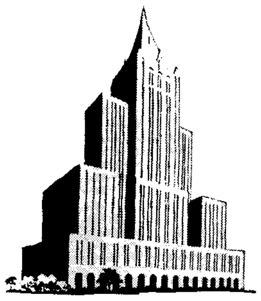
THE POLICY

If you were buying an automobile you would choose the type of car which best served your purposes. It might be a one-ton truck or a convertible coupe. Both might be equally good bargains, but you would buy the one which better served your purposes. Similarly, the best life insurance policy for you is the one which best suits your specific needs.

Different types of policies are issued by the New York Life to meet the needs of different persons. Some policies, for example, provide more insurance protection for each dollar of premium than others which may provide larger retirement values.

One of the most important services that can be rendered by a New York Life agent is to help you select a suitable policy. You may obtain this service if you will discuss your life insurance situation frankly and fully with a well-informed New York Life representative.

THE COMPANY



No one can foresee at what time and under what economic conditions a life insurance policy will become payable. It may be soon . . . or it may be many, many years in the future. At all times, therefore, a life insurance company must be kept so safe that it can pay all its claims, no matter when they fall due.

Founded on April 12, 1845, the New York Life has a long record of fidelity in meeting its obligations to policyholders. It maintains its policy reserves on the most conservative basis used by American life insurance companies. The New York Life has always been a mutual company and therefore has no stockholders. Dividends are paid to policyholders only.

These are among the reasons why a New York Life policy is one of the best investments you can make.

If this modern way of buying life insurance appeals to you, we suggest that you get in touch with a New York Life representative serving your community, or write to the Company's Home Office, 51 Madison Avenue, New York City. It would be helpful if you would send your name, address, date of birth, and any other information which you think might be of assistance in making a preliminary analysis of your particular life insurance requirements.

NEW YORK LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

A Mutual Company Founded on April 12, 1845

THOMAS A. BUCKNER, *Chairman of the Board* 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. ALFRED L. AIKEN, *President*

Safety is always the first consideration . . . Nothing else is so important

★ ★ ★ THREE STAR FINAL ★ ★ ★
ANNOUNCING
NEW STUDEF
CITY EDITOR

The head-line of 1940

The line that's ahead in new lower prices...new eye appeal, new roomy comfort, solid safety and long-lived economy!

STOP the presses! . . . Replate the front page! . . . Hold everything for a red-hot new headline! . . . The new Studebakers of 1940 have arrived!

Studebaker follows up its record-breaking sales of 1939 models by offering you three remarkable, new, sure-shot success cars for 1940! A new Studebaker President! A new Studebaker Commander! A new Studebaker Champion!

Three beautiful, roomy, restful-riding, new 1940 editions of those famous, dollar-saving Studebakers that hold the official A.A.A. records for gasoline economy and sustained long distance performance!

Studebaker Champion set coast-to-coast round-trip economy record of 27¼ miles per gallon . . . then traveled 15,000 continuous miles in 14,511 consecutive minutes on Indianapolis Speedway!

Three value-loaded new Studebakers, in the medium, low and lowest price fields, with which you can yardstick the money's worth of all the other cars!

Three brilliantly engineered new Studebakers, so soundly built by America's ablest car craftsmen, that you save cash on operating costs all the time you own one—and get back a sizable part of your original money when you finally trade it in!

New Raymond Loewy styling!

Studebaker went to ace designer, Raymond Loewy, and gave him a free hand with the eye appeal of these three distinctive 1940 headliners.

This means that you enjoy the pride and satisfaction of having the best there is in attractive exterior lines and deep-bedded interior luxury, whether you pay as little as $660 delivered at the factory for a 1940 Champion—a little more for a Studebaker Commander—or indulge in the super luxury of the moderately priced 8-cylinder Studebaker President!

And speaking of the 6-cylinder Champion . . . although it's priced on a level with the three other leading lowest price cars, there is no extra charge for such assurances of your safety, comfort and convenience as sealed-beam head lamps, steering wheel gear shift, planar independent suspension, non-slam rotary door latches, dash-board hood lock and many other Studebaker niceties and advancements.

Come, go for a thrilling drive!

Why tie up your money in any car that lacks the advanced style, the restful riding comfort, the sound, long-lasting construction, the solid safety and the recognized economy of a Studebaker?

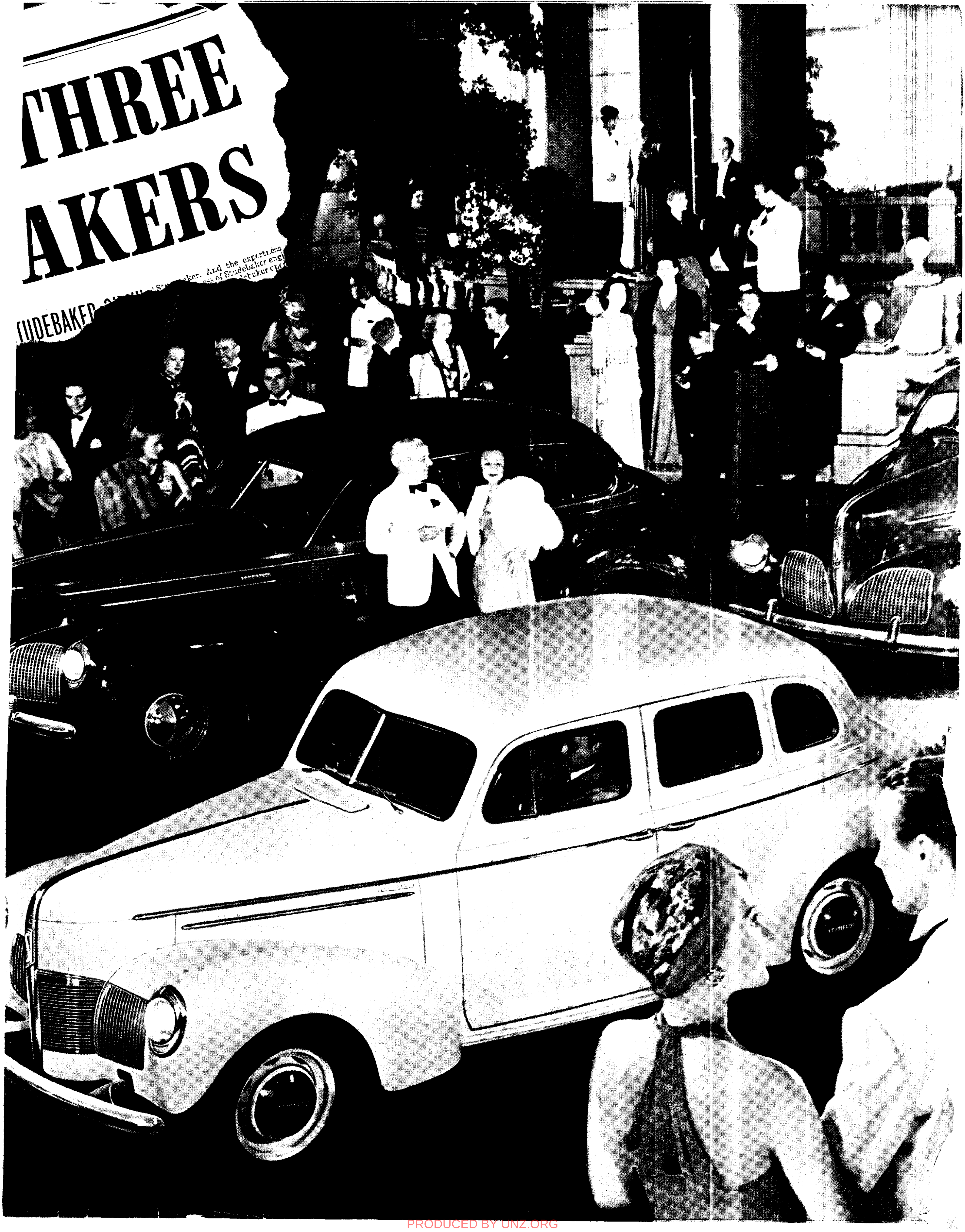
See your local Studebaker dealer and go for a revealing drive in a new President, Commander or Champion. Before you've covered 10 miles, you realize that Studebaker is well-named the head line of 1940. And Studebaker prestige and distinction cost you surprisingly little to enjoy.

You don't need a lot of ready cash—your present car can cover part, perhaps all the down payment on C.I.T. terms.

$660

for a Champion coupe, delivered at factory, South Bend. Prices subject to change without notice. Optional equipment and accessories—extra.

Models illustrated are: Champion Cruising Sedan, $740 delivered at factory, South Bend; the Commander Cruising Sedan, and the President Club Sedan.


THREE
AKERS
ker. And the expertness
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UDEBAKER

DON'T HIBERNATE – INSULATE ★

Protect your car for winter... *now!*

★ LET US MARFAK YOUR CAR FOR EASIER RIDING THIS WINTER

Marfak is Texaco's famous 40-Point service with the lubricant that lasts twice as long as ordinary grease.

★ USE TEXACO GEAR LUBRICANTS FOR EASY SHIFTING THIS WINTER

Texaco gear lubricants are especially made for winter protection of your transmission and differential.

★ CHANGE TO INSULATED OIL FOR EASIER WINTER STARTING

Havoline and Texaco Motor Oil protect your engine thoroughly, because they are insulated and will flow at sub-zero temperatures.

GO TO THE NEAREST TEXACO DEALER AND GET THIS SUPERIOR WINTER PROTECTION FOR YOUR CAR.

TEXACO DEALERS

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU TO tune in the TEXACO STAR THEATRE—a full hour of all-star entertainment—
Every Wednesday night—Columbia Network—9:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.S.T., 7:00 M.S.T., 6:00 P.S.T.

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Nocturne in Blue

Continued from page 11

whether it wasn't kind of lonely drinking by himself, and he was smart enough to invite her to have one. So she said, "Yes," and that was the beginning.

The boy was named Walter and he was from some little town in Maryland that nobody ever heard of unless he was specializing in geography. He was two years older than Rita, but even a smart hombre like Gene, the bartender, wouldn't have guessed that. You could see that Walter probably had never talked to a girl like Rita before, and you could see he was pathetically grateful for the chance to talk to anybody, no matter who. You see lots of 'em that way in New York. Seven million people, but it's the easiest place in the world to get lonely in.

She sees that he's got money: not rich or anything like that, but a few drinks more or less aren't going to break him. But what he takes doesn't seem to make him happy. He just sits there, quiet and moody, but you can see that he thinks Rita is a pretty grand person.

RITA'S finding out all about Walter: how he lives in this little Maryland town, and has a pretty good job in the real-estate and insurance business, and where he went to school and what his ambitions are . . . and, without knowing it, he's building up a picture in her mind—the kind of picture all show folks love, even if they're fifth-rate. It's the picture of a town that has homes instead of apartment houses, friendliness instead of hostility, peace and quiet instead of rush and bustle, a future instead of just tonight.

Rita asked, "Are you in New York on business?"

Walter shook his head, but didn't look at her. He said, "No."

"Pleasure?"

His answer to that was startling. He said, "I'm on my honeymoon."

So Rita asked the natural question: "Where's your wife?"

"I'm not married."

With another sort of man she'd have made a smart crack, but there was something behind Walter's eyes that stopped her. So she just said quietly, "What's the setup?"

He told her. It wasn't an exciting story, and it wasn't dramatic—that is, there weren't any fireworks in it. It was simply the story of a small-town youngster who was engaged to a girl named Alice Matthews and how they had been planning and saving for that kind of married life. There were details that sounded wonderful to Rita—things about a little bungalow and about the unpretentious country club he belonged to and about installment-plan furniture. That kind of a picture, and that kind of a story, too . . . even to the silly quarrel they had and how he'd been hurt, and how the whole thing had been called off at the last minute.

He said, without looking at Rita: "At first I thought I could take it. I started out to do all the things she and I had planned to do together. It didn't work out very well. So I'm here."

Rita got him to talking about the girl. She hadn't ever met anyone just like her, so she asked questions and learned the girl's name and what she looked like and what sort of person she was . . . and somehow the description didn't sound like the sort of girl who would send a lad like Walter off on his honeymoon alone.

He finished telling her all about it, and instructed Gene to fill 'em up again and, having got the story off his chest, he brightened up a little. He liked Rita, and was terribly grateful to her, and he even thought that her singing was wonderful . . . but when she came back to the bar after doing two numbers on the floor, she said, "Listen, Walter—it's a day for you."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you've got a snootful now, and you're going home . . . to your hotel."

"I'm just starting. . . ."

"Beat it."

He argued, but it didn't get him to first base. She practically pushed him out of the door.

The Hotbox opened its doors at nine the next night. The only reason it ever did that was because the overhead started then anyway, and there was always a chance that some sucker might drop in.

Tonight wasn't miracle night, however, unless you'd want to count Walter, who showed up about ten o'clock. He was wearing a different outfit—brand-new, too—and Rita understood. Trousseau stuff, she figured, and then wondered whether you'd call a man's wedding clothes a trousseau.

The minute Walter sat down beside her at the bar she knew he'd been drinking. Not much maybe, but enough to make him feel comfortable. He ordered a double Scotch for himself and asked Rita what she'd have. Gene set 'em out.

So they sat there and talked, and Rita let Walter do plenty of drinking, though she was watching him closely to see he didn't go over his head. He wasn't as moody as he had been the night before, and she figured it out that he had something on his chest, and needed a little alcoholic help to loosen up.

Well, she was right, and it came suddenly.

He turned around and looked straight at her, and he said, "A honeymoon without a wife is pretty bad."

"Uh-huh." She nodded. "I think you got something there."

"Let's you and me get married."

It came quickly—unexpectedly—and for a moment she couldn't think of what to say, which was surprising because girls like Rita are supposed to have fast comebacks for everything.

Other men had said that sort of thing to her, but she'd always known they were gagging: they weren't serious and they knew she understood. She'd always handled them easily, and right on the tip of her tongue were a half-dozen wisecracks that fitted the situation.

But somehow they didn't fit this situation. She said awkwardly, "That's a hot one."

HIS voice was low and tense. He asked, "What's wrong with it?"

"We-e-ell, nothing. Except maybe I didn't dope you out as a kidder."

"I'm not kidding."

And he wasn't. She felt kind of funny inside, all hot and cold and embarrassed.

He leaned close to her and asked, "Why shouldn't we?"

"Because . . ." She fumbled for an answer. Then she tried to smile. "It just isn't in the cards, that's all."

"Are you in love with someone else?"

It would take a lad like Walter to ask one like that. She said, "No, I'm not. But that hasn't anything to do with it."

"Then what's wrong?" he asked stubbornly.

She didn't want to hurt him. More than anything in the world, she didn't want to hurt this boy who'd been hurt so badly already. So she said, "We wouldn't team well together. Maybe I

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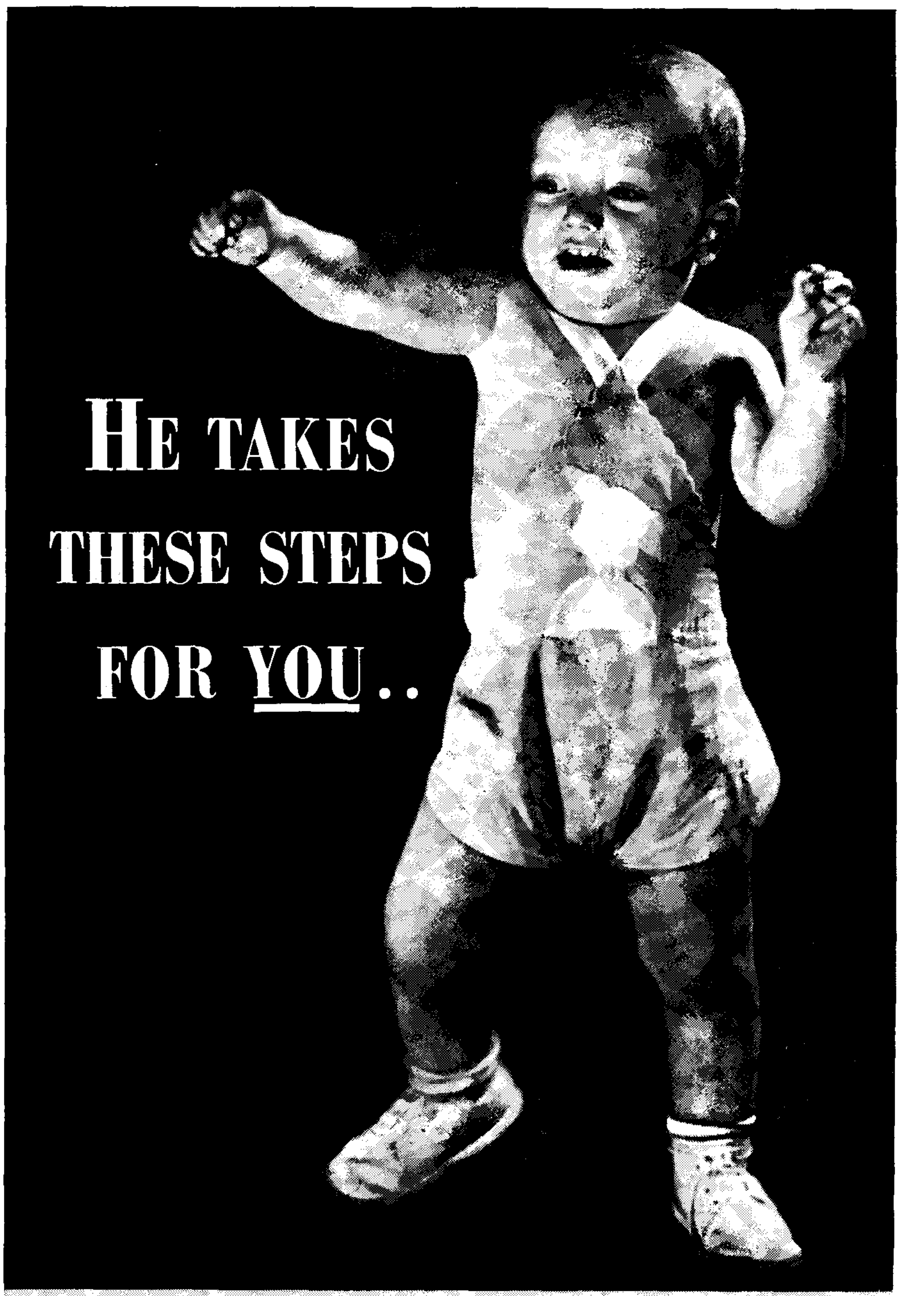
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look all right in a dump like this . . . but in your home town . . ."

He said gently, "I understand what you're driving at, but you're wrong." He put his hand over hers. "You don't really know what a swell person you are."

She got a shaky feeling inside, the way he said that. She remembered the sort of compliments she usually got: unmistakable compliments unmistakably on the intimate side. She said awkwardly, "Skip it, Walter."

But he wouldn't skip it. He took another drink and so did she, and he argued, and told her about what their life would be, and it didn't seem as though they were sitting in a rotten little spot like the Hotbox, or that a couple of customers in the back were getting rough and obscene . . . and it was pretty difficult to convince him that he was suggesting this crazy thing only because a nice girl had quarreled with him.

And finally she said, "You're overboard again, Walter. Dream it over, and in the morning you'll see how whacky it really is. If you're still insane—come back tomorrow night. But be sure you're cold sober. Then maybe we might get somewhere."

SO SHE sat there at the bar after he'd gone, and a couple of guys that started talking to her gave it up after a while and complained to the boss that Rita was lousy company these days, and when he asked her about it she said she had a headache and she'd like to check out. He said he thought the Hotbox could get along all right without her, which was his way of telling her that once was enough, and that smart blues singers could be had for a cent apiece, so she had better watch her step.

Before going she called Gene aside and borrowed a couple of dollars in quarters, dimes and nickels. He asked, "What's the big idea: telephonin'?"

"Yeh. Long distance."

So Gene laughed and said, "You don't care how you spend your dough," and she said, "I sure don't, Gene."

Rita didn't have to be at work until eleven, but she was there the next night when the Hotbox opened at nine. The place didn't look very attractive, and only half the lights were on. Except for Gene and the manager and a couple of waiters and the four musicians, there wasn't anybody in the place. Not until almost ten, when four couples came in, plastered, from some restaurant up the street and took a table in the rear. Just those four couples—and Walter.

Walter was sober, all right, and he sat down next to Rita at the bar and came right to the point. He said, "What I asked you last night still goes."

She tried to laugh it off. "You're really a gent, Walter. Only we're not going to play that way."

"But, Rita . . ."

She was looking past him toward the front door. She said, "Somebody to see you, Walter."

Rita figured she'd have known the girl anywhere, she was so exactly what Walter had said she was.

She stood just inside the doorway, kind of scared and uncertain as though she was sure she must have made a mistake, and Rita looked at her—but only for a second—because she started to watch Walter then.

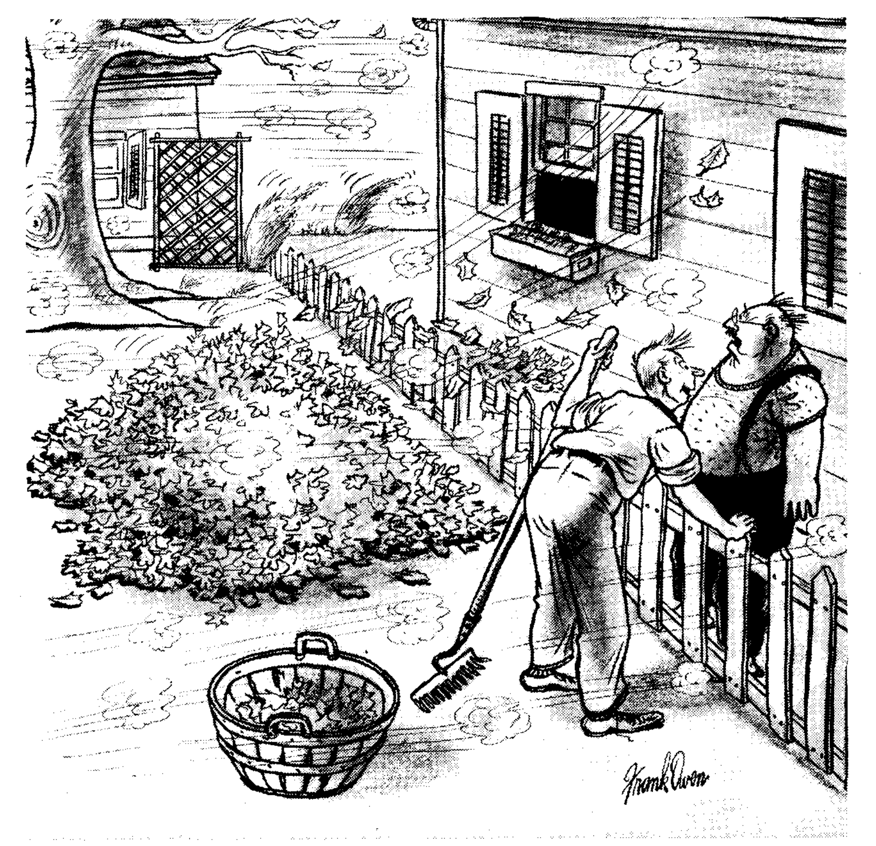
He was staring at the girl, too, and not at anything else, and he slid down from the stool and walked slowly toward her. Rita couldn't see his face because he was walking away from her . . . but she knew what he looked like. She could see it reflected in the eyes of the girl.

They didn't say anything. Walter just put his hands on the girl's shoulders and looked at her for a long time, and then he put his arms around her and kissed her, and Rita didn't have to look any more because she knew that everything was all right.

What happened after that wasn't awfully clear: just a lot of talk and happiness in the eyes of those two kids and questions about how soon could they get married . . . and then they were gone and Rita was back at the bar again, and it was pretty nearly time for her first number.

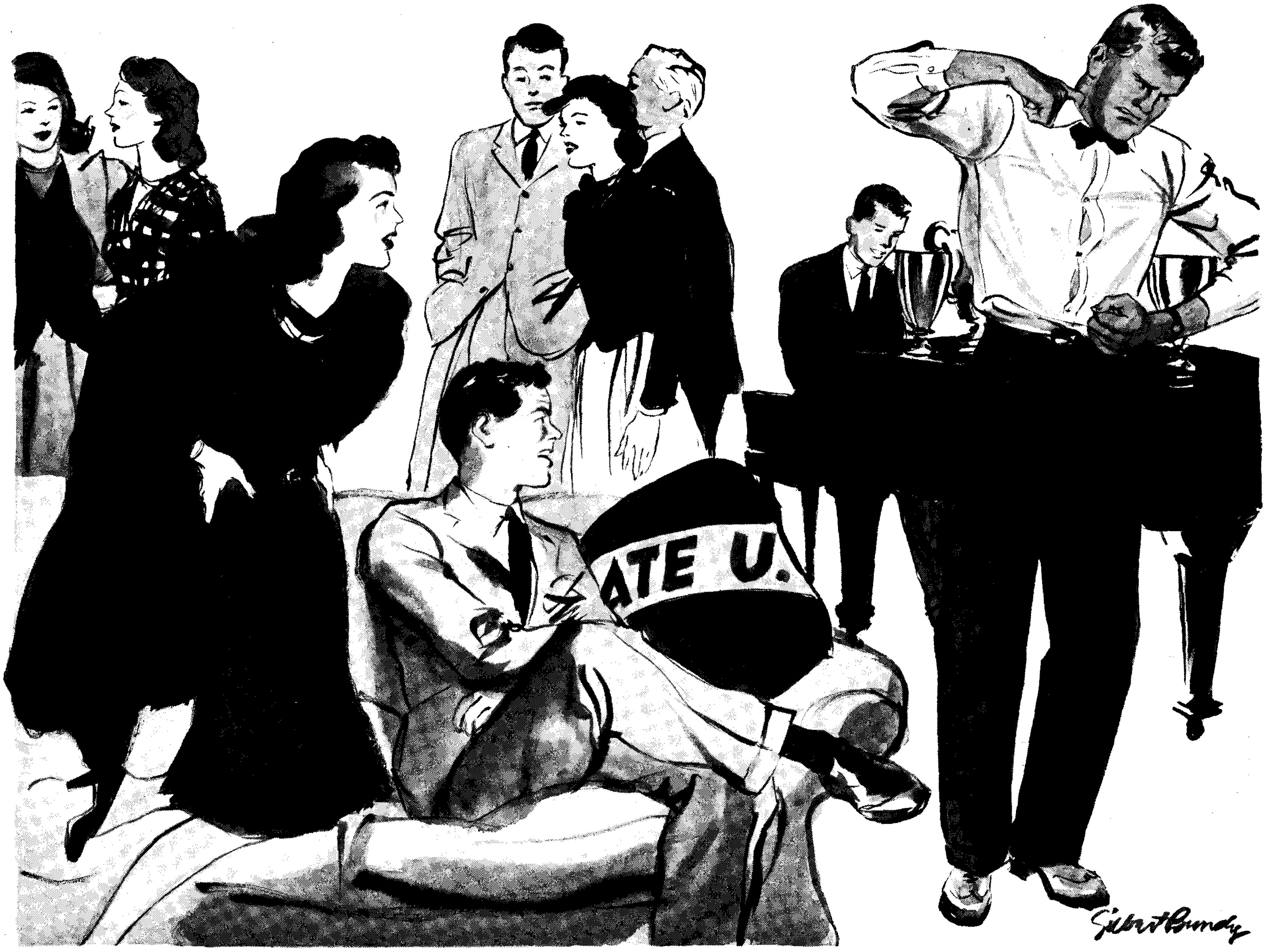
She sat alone, staring at nothing and toying with an empty glass that stood in front of her. The manager was watching her, and he wasn't pleased. When he walked across the room he meant to talk tough, but somehow he didn't. He said what he had to say and let it go at that.

He said, "Look, Rita, you got to cut it out. When people come into a place like this they don't want to see a girl crying."



"Got a match?"

FRANK OWEN



"So that's your All-American football hero, hey?"

GIRL: *Wel-l, Bill may look sort of funny right now, but—*

BOY: What's he go in for? Stealing freshmen's shirts?

GIRL: *Now don't start being nasty! His shirts probably* shrink, *the way lots of people's do.*

BOY: Not mine. Not smart guys' shirts. We buy ours *Sanforized-Shrunk.*

GIRL: *Oh, you mean "pre-shrunk"? My brother says that's not so hot.*

BOY: Not pre-shrunk—*Sanforized*-Shrunk! There's a pile of difference, sugar-pie. Sanforizing is a special process—patented and all that. Takes all the shrinkage out of a fabric to within a measly 1%, by Government Standard Test. Says so on the tags.

GIRL: *What's that—in shirt language, I mean?*

BOY: Won't shrink out of size, angel-puss. You can wash Sanforized-Shrunk shirts until they wear out—and they'll still fit to perfection. Sanforized-Shrunk shorts and pajamas—ditto!

GIRL: *Gracious! I wonder if they cost any more?*

BOY: Naw! You don't pay *extra* for Sanforizing. All sorts of shirts are Sanforized-Shrunk this year—at all prices. All you have to do is to be sure and look for the label.

GIRL: *Oh—excuse me a minute, please. I just thought of something I'd like to tell Bill—*

BOY: (To himself) Well, bite my tongue off! To think of *me* giving *that* big oaf a break!

And did you know this?

Other things besides shirts, shorts, and pajamas are Sanforized-Shrunk now. Look for the words Sanforized-Shrunk on anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.

Women's Dresses

Children's Garments

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The New Flannelettes

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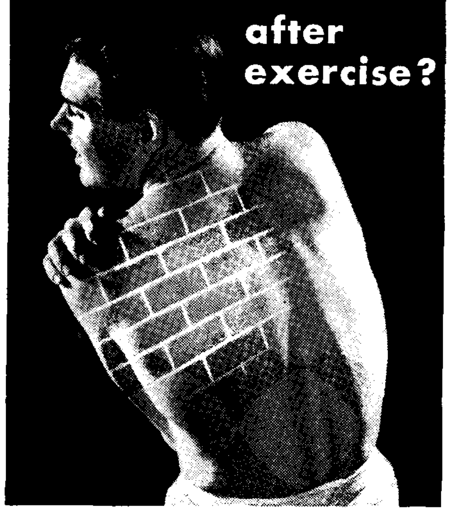
Trousers, Slacks

To be sure of ***permanent*** *fit... look for the words...* ***Sanforized-Shrunk***



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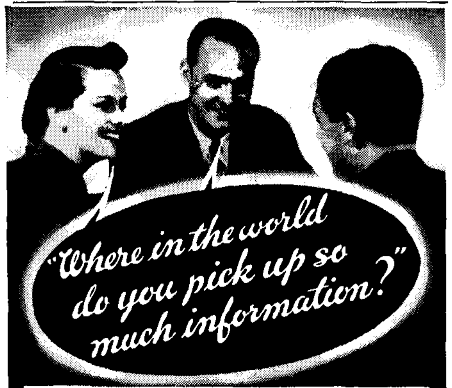
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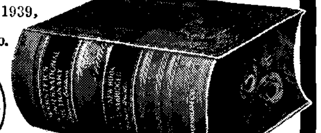


WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Second Edition

Webster's New International Dictionary Second Edition

Sweet and Hot

Continued from page 16

For their stage appearances Patty was made up to look like Theda Bara, with false lashes, paint enough to cover the Mauretania and a gown that fitted her like the wrapping on a lollypop. LaVerne played the piano, Patty sat on the piano, à la Helen Morgan (which kept the audiences from seeing what a kid she was), and Maxene stood before the piano.

After eighteen months with Mr. Rich, they caught on with Joe E. Howard's vaudeville bill and still later went out with Ted Mack's band. This was followed by a miserable period in Chicago when they sang at night clubs such as the High Hat.

About this time Leon Belasco saw them at a professional night at the Royal Frolics in Chicago and proceeded to build his band around them. The Belasco outfit was at the Mayfair Club in Kansas City until the place burned down and then started a tour of the Hitz hotels, landing finally at the New Yorker, where they were an unmitigated bust. Somebody had talked Belasco into changing his style and the engagement was a disaster from first to last.

"The band played one way and we sang another and we never did get together," the girls say, with sadness, because they think Belasco is the finest man they ever met in show business.

A Recording Never Released

When that was over, the girls were stranded in New York. By this time Papa Andrews had lost his restaurant.

The best they could do were two radio shots a week with Billy Swanson at the Edison Hotel. Then they were heard by a young nervous wreck known as Lou Levy. He mentioned them to David Capp of Decca Records, who remembered that he had already seen them at the Mayfair Club in K. C. The upshot of it was that Lou Levy popped up as their manager and the Roman candles began to go off.

But not until Levy almost went broke trying to launch them. By the time he had advanced $500 to keep them alive, he had only one possibility left: Jewish club dates around New York. No theater would have them, no radio program would take them on. So he taught them the words of an old Yiddish song, Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen, and they managed to pick up a few bucks at clubs with it. After long arguments with the Capp brothers at Decca, he prevailed on them to record Bei Mir and Joseph, Joseph, both in Yiddish.

That record has never been released. One hearing convinced the Capps that they had a sensation. Levy got an English version in an hour's time by having the girls sing the song over the phone to Sammy Cahn, who was working at the Warner Brothers' studio in Brooklyn. While waiting for the English version to be released, the girls were picking up $10 and $15 by appearing on the Sunday morning swing session put on by Martin Block of WNEW and hitting the highroads with him on shows around New York.

When Bei Mir, etc., came out as a record the riot was on. The girls sang the thing at the WNEW Sunday session and for the first time in radio history a show was stopped to the point where the audience threatened to march on the stage and tear the boards up individually unless they sang the song again. On Monday at Macy's the crowds in the record department practically ruined one wing of the store.

So now the girls are famous. The recording of Beer Barrel Polka and Well, All Right has sold over a quarter of a million, out of which the girls profit to the extent of two cents a record. Their current radio appearances with Phil Baker bring them $1,000 a week. The next stage shots they get will be at the rate of $3,500 a week. M-G-M has been rampant to get them for Broadway Melody of 1940—one song, price $7,500 and all expenses both ways. Cole Porter wants them to do Begin the Beguine in a movie. And their newest recordings, with Bing Crosby, of Ciribiribin and Yodelin' Jive, they hope, will set some new marks.

Meanwhile they are unmarried and extremely fond of the shag. Maxene is the businesswoman of the trio, paying the bills, keeping the books and looking at contracts with a keen eye. She is also the bounciest of the gang, snapping her gum so loudly at radio rehearsals as to blast the sound engineers out of the booth. All Patty cares about are singing and dancing, being so good at the latter that she could go into a show as a hoofer. She would rehearse her singing ten hours a day if her mother didn't come in and threaten her with a dish mop.

When learned gentlemen speak to them of "thirds" and harmony and counterpoint, they just nod gravely and mumble something because they haven't the faintest idea what it's all about. LaVerne's voice is so deep it's almost a bass; Maxene sings high soprano; Patty is the throaty alto or second tenor. For a while they took singing lessons and for the first time learned how to breathe properly but Levy had a fit when he heard about it. "Whatta you want to do!" he howled. "Learn something and ruin yourselves?"

Lou Levy, who has been most responsible for their success, has a genius for picking songs out of the air. His system is sure-fire. He can't for the life of him carry a tune but if he remembers a song two days after first hearing it, he knows it's going to be a hit. All he had of Hold Tight was the first phrase and the line about Nagasaki. A young man named Lenny Kent brought it to him in Philadelphia and the rest is history.

He got the Well, All Right thing from Frances Fay at Famous Door, who always starts the evening there by spreading her hands in a deprecatory gesture and saying: "Well, all ri-i-ight; tonight's the night." Don Raye thought up the other goofy words (for which he is properly ashamed) and Vic Schoen made the arrangement. Schoen has climbed to a high position in the field which is headed by Fletcher Henderson, Larry Clinton and Jack Mason. He never had a music lesson in his life but he can write complete orchestral scores, which he does with outstanding success. He is a mild young man who works well with the girls. First he writes in the background for a song, they twirl off a nifty fanfaronade and he holds his nose. Then he suggests a treatment and they sneer. When it's over they have something good.

Broadway's All Theirs

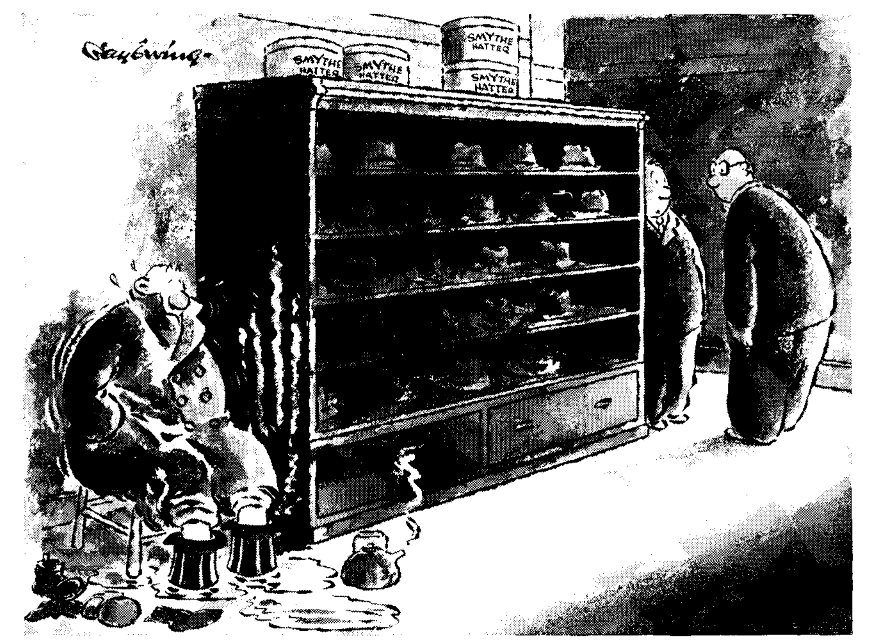
The relationship between Lou Levy and the girls is marvelous. He is a plump young gent of about twenty-six and he is sweet on Maxene but that doesn't prevent the battles that go on from morning till night. His office is a madhouse, with Vic Schoen and four others occupying a space the size of a small clothes closet. They work busily away at their music writing, while the radio blares out the details of the ball game. The phones are ringing wildly; out in the reception room (size: 6⅞) combative song writers are trying to knock down the gate. In Levy's office a battle is going on with the Andrews gals.

"The big dope," says Maxene, grudgingly. "Doesn't know a note and he's always right."

But that's the way business is done in Tin Pan Alley. You fight, struggle, work hard—and if you have luck you get going. They thought the Andrews girls would never duplicate Bei Mir but the ones they've done since have been even bigger hits.

So now Broadway belongs to them. Patty and Maxene are addicted to mannish-looking suits and bandannas; LaVerne is more on the fluffy side. When they aren't riding in their new car, they're bouncing through the streets around Times Square, going to rehearsal, coming from rehearsal, meeting people, signing contracts. People yell at them from all sides and they answer in the same spirit:

"Hiya, Maxie; hiya, Joe!"



"The boss caught cold on the way down to work this morning"

JAY IRVING

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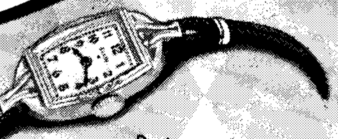

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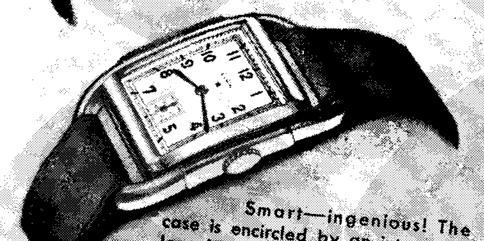

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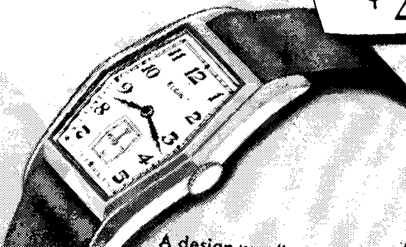

A design usually found only in higher-priced watches. Dependable. No. 3804. **$24.75**

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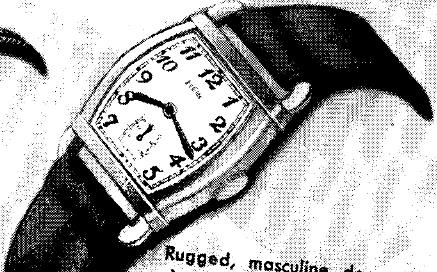

Rugged, masculine design of effective simplicity. 15 jewels. No. 3835. **$33.75**

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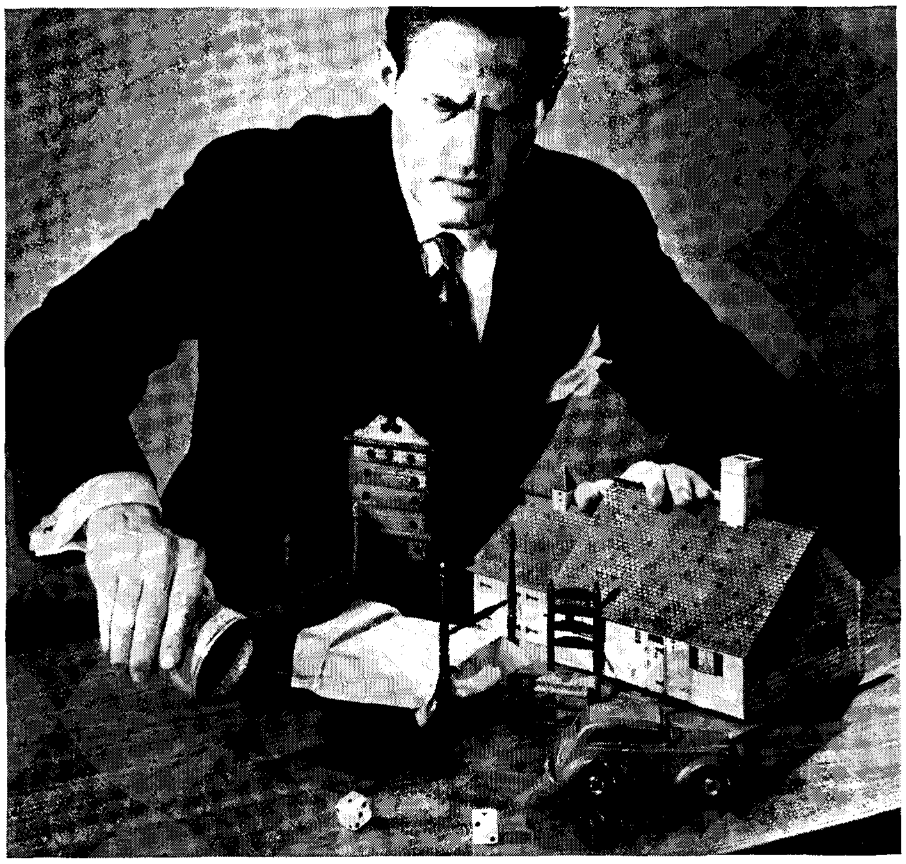
"I found I had been gambling heavily...



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write practically every form of insurance except life
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The Oily Bird

Continued from page 24

"He just left here."

"You agreed to locate him on his Paradise lease?"

"Yes. I signed up to spot him on the job."

Another cloud of cigar smoke dimmed the sardonic smile that curled the corners of Buck Monahan's mouth. "Easy to get sidetracked in that swamp country," he suggested.

The surveyor nodded with quick understanding. "It sure is. Even the best of us get lost up there now and then."

For a moment, Buck Monahan's eyes ranged along the complex channels of a meandering river marked on the wall map. Then, looking straight at Gleason, "My outfit has leased ten sections, on both sides of Turtle Creek," he said. "I'd hate to have any poor little Paradise lamb go astray, but I've got a thousand dollars of your money in my pocket right now in case Slim Franklin and his Paradise outfit spud in on our property instead of their own."

"Mighty easy for anybody to make a mistake in that swamp," Gleason said. "Let's have a look at that thousand dollars."

"Here she is." Buck Monahan counted out the currency. "Spot him on our lease, and say nothin' to nobody, no place, no time."

"I'm forty-four times as dumb as a fox," Gleason declared. "Don't worry about my end of the program!"

ON THE water front, after trailing Spike Bromfield along half a mile of wharves, "What luck did you have?" Slim asked. "Find a pile-driver?"

"I found three pile-drivers. Two of 'em are tied up on some government work, and the third one is chartered to Buck Monahan."

"Maybe I got to see that louse," Slim threatened. "See him and take him apart."

"Maybe so. Anyhow, I hired a steamboat," Spike continued. "The Harley Abel, Captain Patch Bingham. The only barge we can get is a steel hull, hundred and twenty-five by forty, drawin' four feet."

"What does the steamboat draw?"

"Three foot."

"I don't know about that barge. Come on, let's have a look at her. If she's big enough and solid enough, we'll sink her in shallow water and rig the derrick on her deck. There's no law in the oil business that calls for a pile foundation under the rig."

"Boy, you've got somethin' there," Spike commented. "Looks like you've trumped Buck Monahan's ace!"

The barge, a square-ended, steel-hulled affair, presently met with Slim's approval. "Clear deck. Plenty of room for the rig and for sleeping quarters and a cookshack. Go up and roust out the gang. Get their junk on board, and we'll start loading the rig," Slim directed. "Send Shorty Caldwell out to pick up lumber enough for the shacks. Where's your steamboat?"

"Up the line half a mile," Spike answered. "Up there beyond that big gas tank."

"Cap have steam up when you saw her?"

"Low head—twenty pounds maybe."

"I'll ride her back. Get the gang down here and start rustlin' the rig. Tell Chowboy Ellis to lay in thirty days' dry rations and have 'em delivered down here C.O.D. The steamboat can bring the fresh meat up every two or three days with the Diesel fuel and the mail."

Encountering Spike Bromfield an hour later, after he had ridden the Harley Abel from her berth down to the freight shed, "Where's the rest of the gang? Ed Green and Jim and Jerry Lewis?"

Spike hesitated for a moment, and then, slowly: "They was gettin' shaved at the hotel barbershop." After another moment, "Buck Monahan was chewin' the rag with them," he added.

Slim's eyes blazed. "I get you. Did you can them?"

"We need 'em too bad."

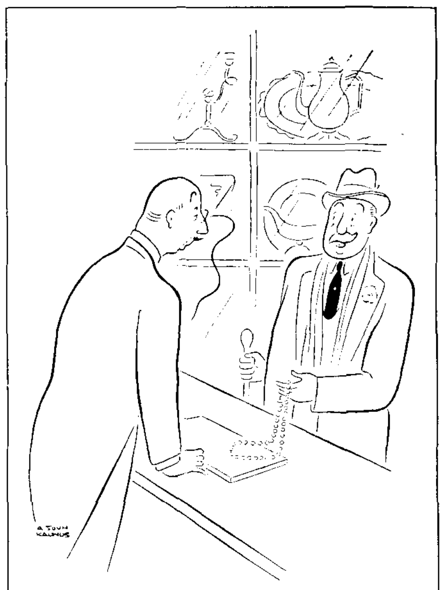
"I never saw the day I needed booze-fighters!"

"Where you goin'?"

"I'm going up and drop the boom on Buck. He's had it coming for a long time."

"Sock him one for me—and listen. Jim and Ed and Jerry are good boys. We need 'em bad."

Without replying, Slim headed for the Union Hotel. In the bar next to the barbershop he found Buck Monahan actively engaged as host to the three strays. Slim scowled at Jim Field and Ed Green and Jerry Lewis.



"Can I buy this on easy terms—say, $5,000 down and $500 a week?"

JOHN KAUNUS

"Somebody blow a quittin' whistle for you mavericks? Get away from that hooch and head for the job."

"Hold the deal!" Buck Monahan interrupted. "These men are on my pay roll."

Slim led with his left and slashed up with a right to Monahan's chin.

"And these . . . wallops . . . are on your mug, you fat louse!" Slim buried a fast right in Buck Monahan's paunch.

The Gamble Oil man swung down on Slim's head with a whisky bottle. Dazed for a moment, Slim batted his eyes and lashed into his adversary.

Thirty seconds later, with Monahan crumpled against the footrail of the bar, "Listen, Slim, git tame!" Jim Field suggested.

"Yeah, calm down, boy, the fight's over," Jerry Lewis added. "Look at Buck! He couldn't have stopped you with a shotgun!"

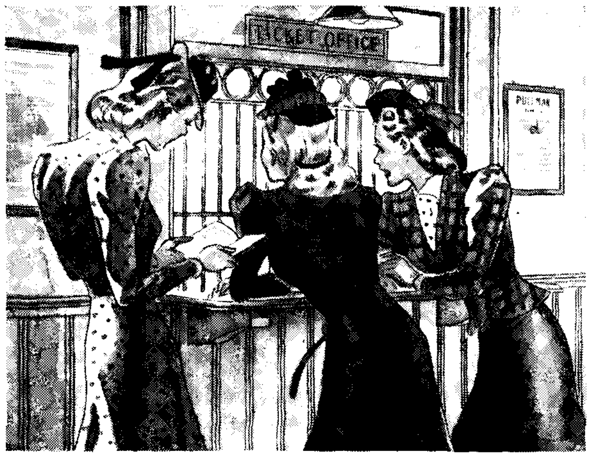
"Can the chatter," Slim panted. "You three birds get on the job and get to work." He picked some slivers of glass out of his coat collar. "I smell swell to talk to a banker!" And then, to his three men: "You hitting the trail, or do I have to kick you to the job?"

"Looks like some of Buck's men waitin' for you outside," Ed Green advised. "Maybe we better stick with you till the smoke clears away."

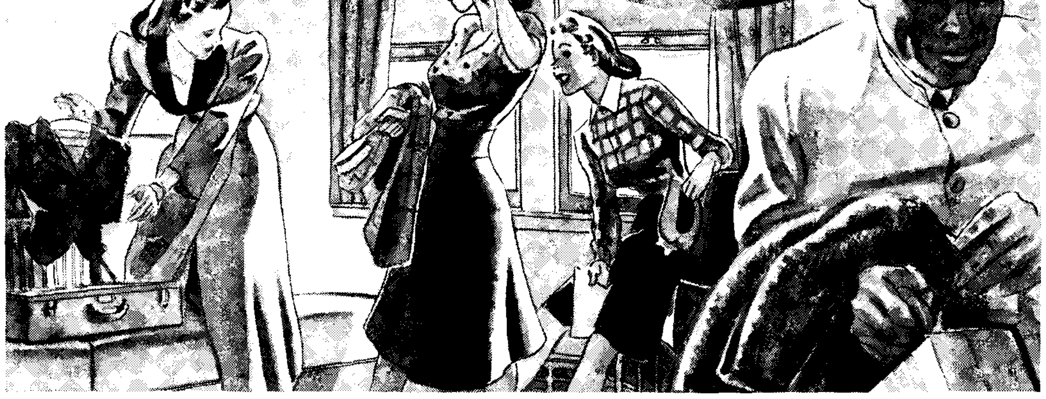
On the sidewalk, facing a quartet of

"..It turned out we were 3 Smart Girls to travel this way!"

"When we were making plans for going back East to college," writes Miss Nancy Wolcott, of Winnetka, Illinois, "my two friends and I decided it would be loads of fun to travel together in a drawing room—*if we could manage the expense* . .

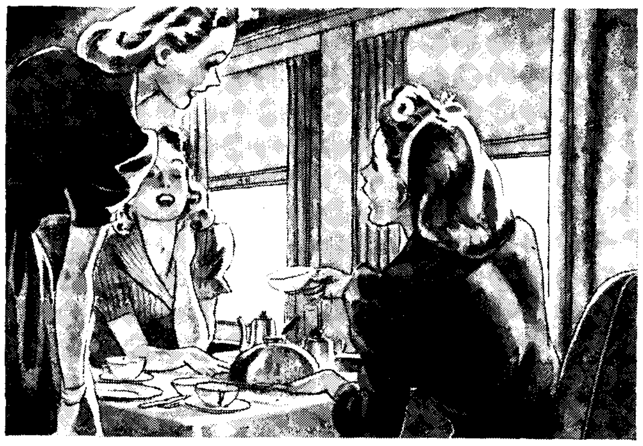


"IMAGINE MY SURPRISE when I inquired at the station and found out it would cost but very little more for the three of us to have a drawing room than to buy three separate lower berths! I never dreamed it could be so inexpensive!

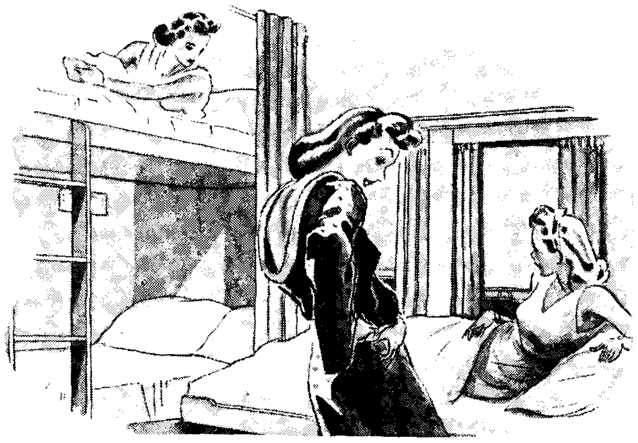


"I KNEW we could look forward to a marvelously comfortable trip as soon as we were settled in our room.* It was so spacious and home-like! And with all our luggage, you can imagine what a blessing the big wardrobe was!

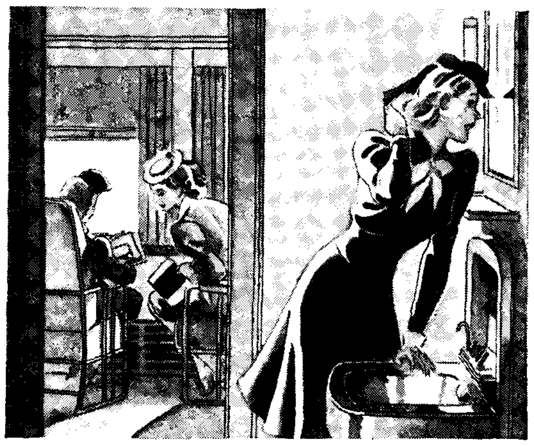
*(This latest type of drawing room now available on certain Eastern and Western lines.)



"IT WAS SUCH FUN lounging around, we decided to have dinner served right in the room. Our porter put up a table for us. It was delightfully informal and comfortable to sit there eating, as the miles slipped by!



"WE ALL AGREED that our rooms at college would be tame after this! And the sleeping couldn't compare, either—what with those soft mattresses and pillows, and the air-conditioning! In fact, we were beginning to get spoiled by all this convenience!



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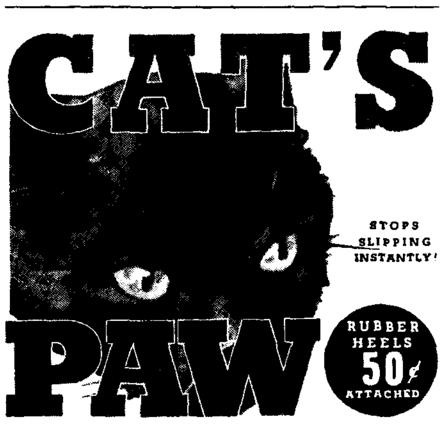

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the Gamble drillers, "You'll find your big boy coiled around a spittoon inside," Slim announced.

He turned his back on the Gamble gang and headed for the bank. To his three men, who hung close beside him, "Do I have to tell you again to head for the job? I'm all right. Tell Spike I'll be down with the freight money in twenty minutes."

ON THE wharf, after he had paid the freight bill on his equipment, Slim went on board the Harley Abel. He found Captain Patch Bingham back in the engine room of the little stern-wheeler. "What about the barge?" Slim asked. "She draws a foot more than your boat."

"Son, don't you worry none. We'll run the crossings okay. How soon you figger your men will have your cargo loaded?"

"We'll work a night shift," Slim answered. "We'll be all set by midnight."

"Midnight it is. When both hands come straight up on the clock, we'll give her the gong. Git you to Sibley Bend come daylight!"

The town of Sibley on the east bank of a bend in Gumbo River consisted of Colonel Sibley's big house, his plantation cabins and a dozen nondescript Negro shacks that clustered around a general store operated by Colonel Sibley's overseer. The Harley Abel lay against the bank for an hour while her two deckhands and a volunteer crew of shore-bound rousters slouched aboard with cordwood enough to keep her boilers hot on her voyage westward through the tributaries of Gumbo River.

In the roustabout crew of field hands and river rats, Captain Patch spotted an old acquaintance. The master of the Harley Abel was observing the scene at the time with the surveyor, Elmer Gleason, from the pilothouse of the little craft. The two had been discussing the swamp topography west of Sibley. Suddenly, "There's the boy you need!" Captain Patch exclaimed. "Old Duckfoot Frost. He knows the swamp country west of here twice as good as you and me put together. He lives mighty deep into it."

"What's he doin' down here?" Gleason asked.

"Probably come down with a load of fish for Sibley's niggers. If you want to talk to him, I'll have his skiff hauled up on deck and ride him back."

Elmer Gleason realized in a moment that he was on the spot. There seemed to be no escape, however. "Git him aboard," he agreed. "I'll talk to him."

A MOMENT later, summoned to the pilothouse, old Duckfoot Frost dragged a tattered old hat from his woolly white hair and bowed to Captain Bingham and Elmer Gleason. "White folks, howdy. Cap'n Patch, it sho is noble to see you lookin' so particular."

"*You goin' back into the cane?*" Captain Patch asked.

"Cap'n, that's what us aims to do. Got me some mushrat traps set out an' I aims to plow de wave just as unanimous as de Lawd lets me."

"Have some of them niggers haul your skiff on deck, and I'll give you a ride," Captain Bingham said. "Mr. Gleason here wants to talk to you about the swamp country."

"Cap'n, suh, I sho will. Mistuh Gleason, suh, Ise yours to command. De swamp country, I knows it like a mule knows Sunday. All de way from Cady Crick to de Big Crawfish."

Gleason smiled uneasily at Duckfoot. "Son, you cover a lot of country, don't you?"

"Yas suh. I been around some in my time," Duckfoot admitted. "Ain't as agile now like I was, but I still gets around mighty spry."

For Elmer Gleason, old Duckfoot Frost had got around spryly enough to have become an embarrassing problem. "Got to git rid of this nigger and git rid of him quick," the surveyor decided.

He walked out of the pilothouse and down to the main deck of the Harley Abel. He lay in wait for Duckfoot, leaning against the boiler housing. When the old Negro came hobbling down from the pilothouse, Gleason spoke a low, imperative command: "Boy, come here!"

"Ise a-comin'."

Face to face with Duckfoot, the surveyor scowled a mighty mysterious scowl at his black companion. "Boy, your luck is gittin' mighty raveled out," he warned. "You know what those white men on that iron barge aim to do to you?"

"No suh; but *I* knows you is my friend."

"Listen, boy. Git away before they git ready to do it."

"Yas suh! Do whut?"

"Burn you up! You know they're comin' up here after oil. Git away before those white men git you. . . . Here, here's ten dollars. Git ashore, git into your skiff and git out of sight. You'll be safe as soon as we leave."

For an hour after the Harley Abel and its tow left, Duckfoot remained in hiding. It took another half-hour for the ten-dollar bill that Gleason had given him to overcome the surveyor's warning. "Dis old greenback gwine dip mighty deep into de gin jug at Cunnel Sibley's store. Gwine hit dem sourdeen fishes mighty heavy. Gwine previde a mighty noble ruckus wid dem field hands before it gits wore down to de last nickel."

STEAMING west from Sibley Bend, Slim had a brief talk with Elmer Gleason: "Any section corners in the swamp around our location?"

"You might find a blazed tree now and then," the surveyor explained, "but it's like lookin' for a needle in a haystack. Nix. You don't have to worry about any of that. *I* know the swamp."

Slim had plenty of other things to worry about. He dismissed the survey problem from his mind. He spent an hour with Spike Bromfield, Shorty Caldwell and Red Carman, outlining the next moves in the complex program of drilling Swamp Angel No. 1.

"As soon as we get located, we sink the barge and burn a hole through her with the torch. We'll erect the derrick *on the deck, midships, and to hell with* Buck Monahan's pile-driver! We carry our mud in the hold of the barge."

"What about fuel?" Spike asked. "You've only got enough to keep the rig runnin' four days."

"Captain Bingham and his Harley Abel will take care of that. Our main grief is getting a string of tools headed for China before Buck and his Gamble gang beat us to it. No rest for the weary after that surveyor punk spots us on our location."

Westward from Sibley Bend, the jungle of swamp oaks and cypress, unbroken save for occasional patches of cane, thickened.

Somewhere along the course, roughly ten miles west of Sibley Bend, Captain Bingham and Elmer Gleason had a brief but heated argument in the pilothouse of the Harley Abel.

"You ain't got no call to tell me nothin' no time about this country!" Captain Bingham protested, in a hesitant voice. "I know where I'm at."

"So do I," Elmer Gleason said emphatically. "You're lost! You're lost seven ways from Sunday. You saw that lightnin'-slashed tree, didn't you?"

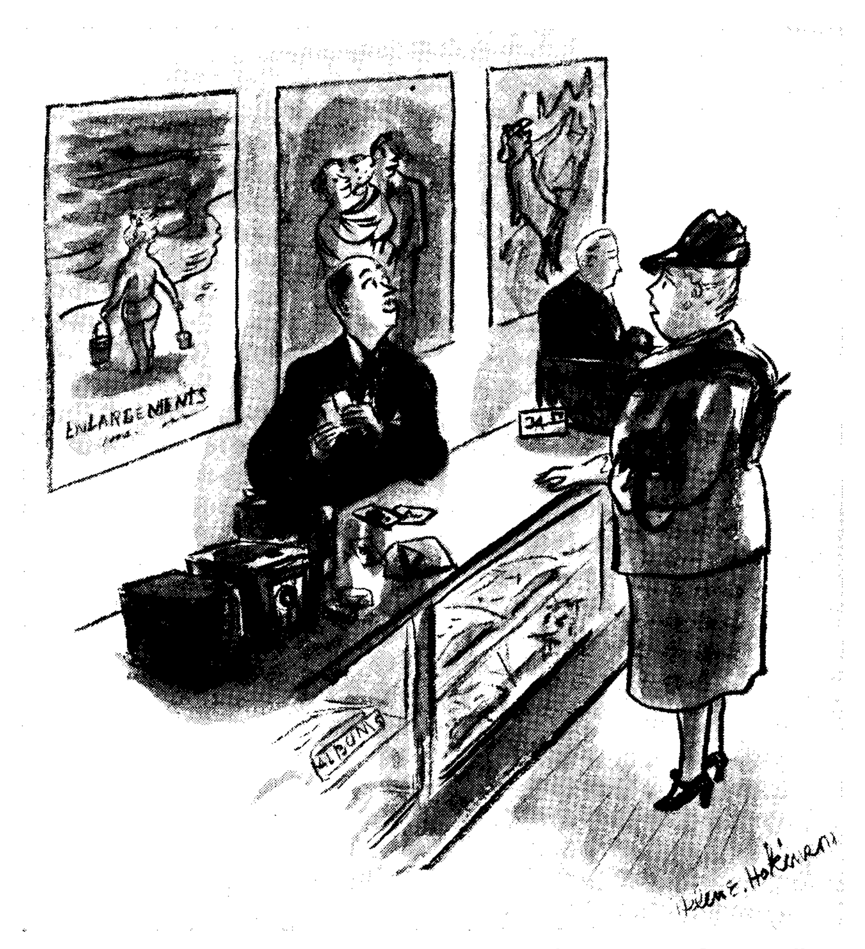
"Well, yes, I guess I did."

"You saw the cane patch where Turtle Creek comes into Mud River, didn't you?"

"That's what you said it was," Captain Bingham conceded.

"All right, then, you damned old fool! Pull that wheel over and head her to the left."

Captain Bingham swung the Harley Abel to the left under a slow bell. The little steamboat and its tow edged into the sinister shadows of the swamp. Presently, calling down from the pilothouse to Slim Franklin, "We're over the line of Section Three," Elmer Gleason an-



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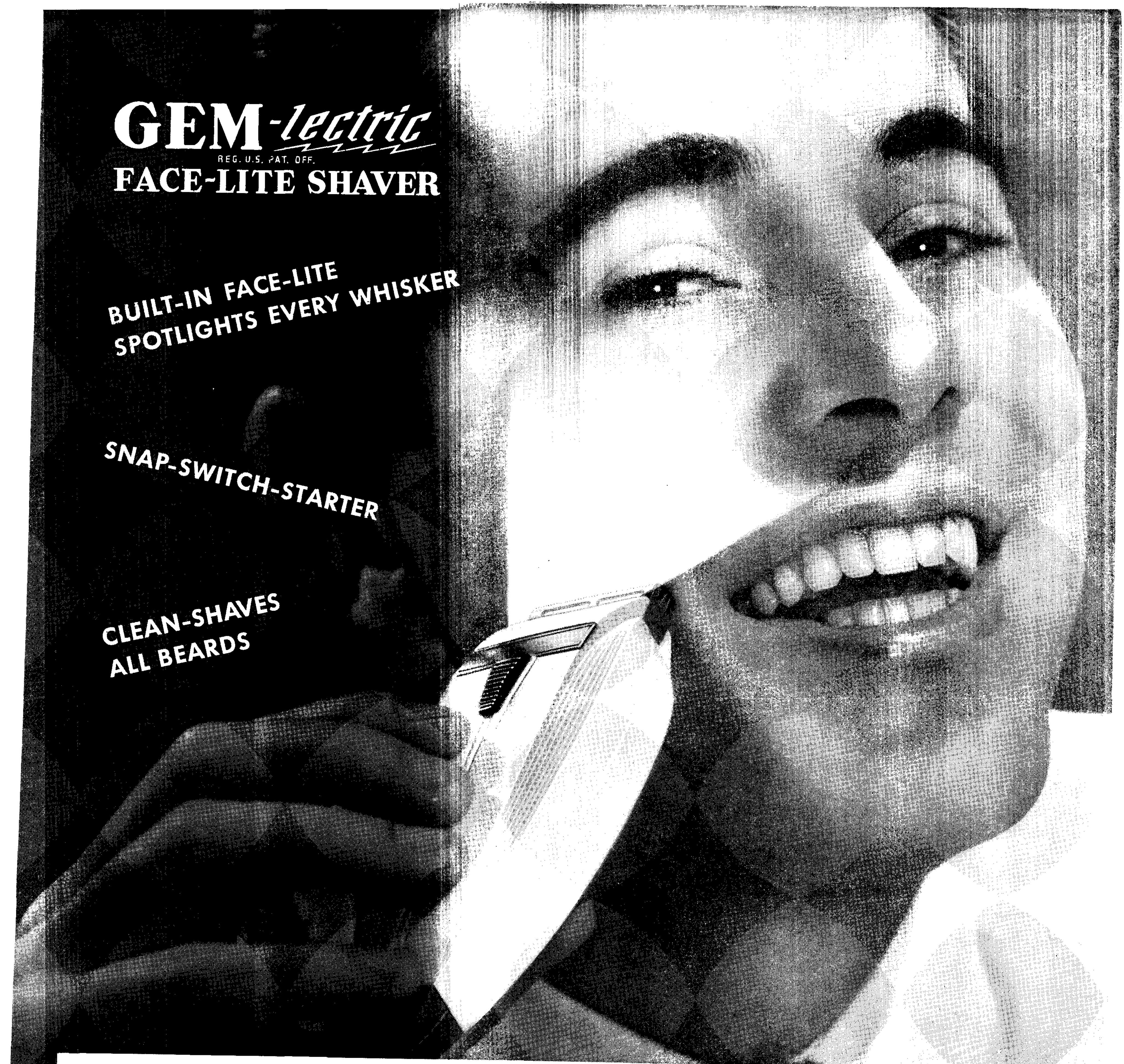

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nounced. "Do you want to go farther ahead?"

"Spot us as close as you can on the line between Three and Four," Slim directed.

There was five-foot water in the swamp where Captain Bingham, at Elmer Gleason's direction, clanged a stopping bell down into the engine room.

"Here she is," Gleason announced, addressing Slim. "You're close to the line between Three and Four. I'd be much obliged if you'd give Cap his orders to take me back to Bayland right away. I'm mighty busy down there. I've got a lot of work to do."

In Bayland, one of Elmer Gleason's first jobs was to report to Buck Monahan that Slim and his crew had been spotted on the Gamble lease.

"I swung south and spotted the outfit on your property. They're tied up more than a mile south of Mud River."

"Good work!" Buck Monahan commented. "Our company never forgets a favor, and you sure done us a big favor when you sidetracked Slim!"

OLD Duckfoot's ruckus with his brethren at Sibley had not only been gratifying while it lasted, but it had paid a more enduring dividend of pleasures to come. Somewhere in the general flood of talk he had revealed his fear of the intruding white men on the iron barge. He had reaped a bountiful crop of ridicule for his investment of fear. A fat mulatto set him right:

"Look at me, boy. How come I git heavy like I is? I tells you. I et wid some oil boys down in Texas. Starts in as flunky in de kitchen weighin' less dan a sack of feathers. Et wid dem men workin' on dat oil well an' finished up heavier dan a prize hog. Dey eats noble all de time. Don't worry none about three meals a day! Dem boys eats every six hours, day an' night, and when dey gits through eatin' dey's enough left to feed de average camp meetin'."

Duckfoot changed his mind about Slim and his crew late in the afternoon. He left Sibley in his skiff and rowed steadily until the black night flagged him down.

At morning, he heard the bass-voiced hoot owl somewhere to the south. "Must be a hoot owl," Duckfoot decided. "Got to be a hoot owl—no cat varmint gwine to be down where at dey ain't no land no place to set on."

The bass-voiced hoot owl sounded off again. Duckfoot's eyes widened, and then he laughed out loud at his own ignorance. "I be dogged! Ise sho gettin' dumb. Dat ain't no cat varmint. Ol' Cap'n Patch wid his steamboat."

Duckfoot forgot his trotline. "Good-by, fish. Don't crave me no pan fish now. Mighty soon git my stomach swelled up wid fust-class, boughten groceries. Oil boys, here us comes!"

By the time Duckfoot had reached the spot where Slim and his outfit were located, Captain Patch Bingham and the Harley Abel, with Elmer Gleason aboard, were four miles east, headed for Sibley Bend and Bayland.

Duckfoot sighted the barge. "Come along, skiff. Us edges in gentle and says a howdydo to dem white folks."

The skiff moved along until it was alongside the steel barge. "Howdy, white folks, howdy!"

Duckfoot's reception, starting cold from zero, warmed up presently to a point that left him bulging comfortably with an oversized cargo of gratifying groceries.

Passing the time of day with him, during a momentary lull in the tumult of activity on the deck of the barge, "What do you know, boy? Where you from?" Slim asked.

"Don't know nothin'," Duckfoot confessed. "Just come down through de swamp from Mud River, an' Ise aimin' to linger twel you chases me back."

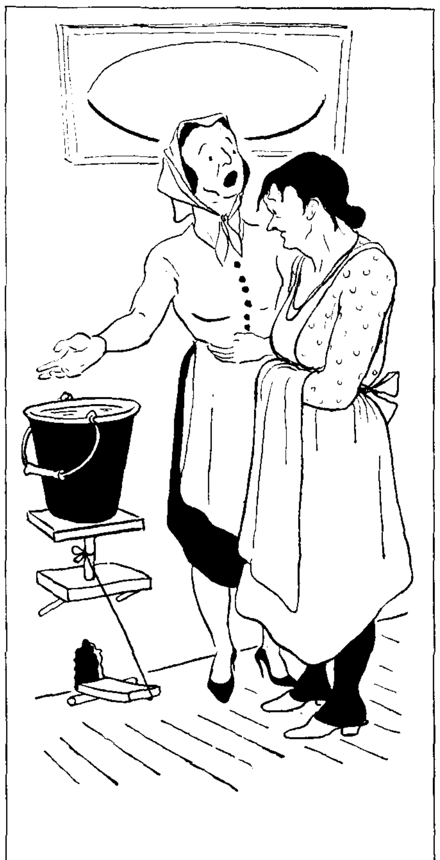
Slim's eyes narrowed. The smile left his face. "*Down* from Mud River? What do you mean, *down?* . . . Which way is Mud River from here?"

"'Bout a mile north," Duckfoot declared. "'Bout a mile north, where it always is been since de Lawd made heaven an' earth."

A quick thought of Buck Monahan flashed through Slim's mind. For ways that are dark, the heathen Chinee and Buck Monahan. . . . To Duckfoot Frost: "Listen, boy, do you know this swamp country?"

"White folks, us sho does. I knows it from Cady Crick to de Big Crawfish, all de way through Little Sow Slough, Moss River, Big Sow, Gator Slough, Bull Brake, Mud River, Cane Patch, Turkle Crick—where us is at right dis minute—Owl Trees, Mussel Slough and back to de Big Crawfish."

Slim considered this for a moment, and then: "Boy, you wait right here on this job until Captain Patch gets back on his steamboat! You and me and Captain Patch are going to study a little geography. Get back to the cookhouse and tell Chowboy to put you to work."



"Man or mouse, no one is safe from John's practical jokes!"

IRVING ROIR

SPUDDING in on Swamp Angel No. 1, logging through the Beaumont clay, the sands of the Citronelle, the well was a little gentleman until, a mile down, a bed of heaving gray shale slowed up the job for three shifts.

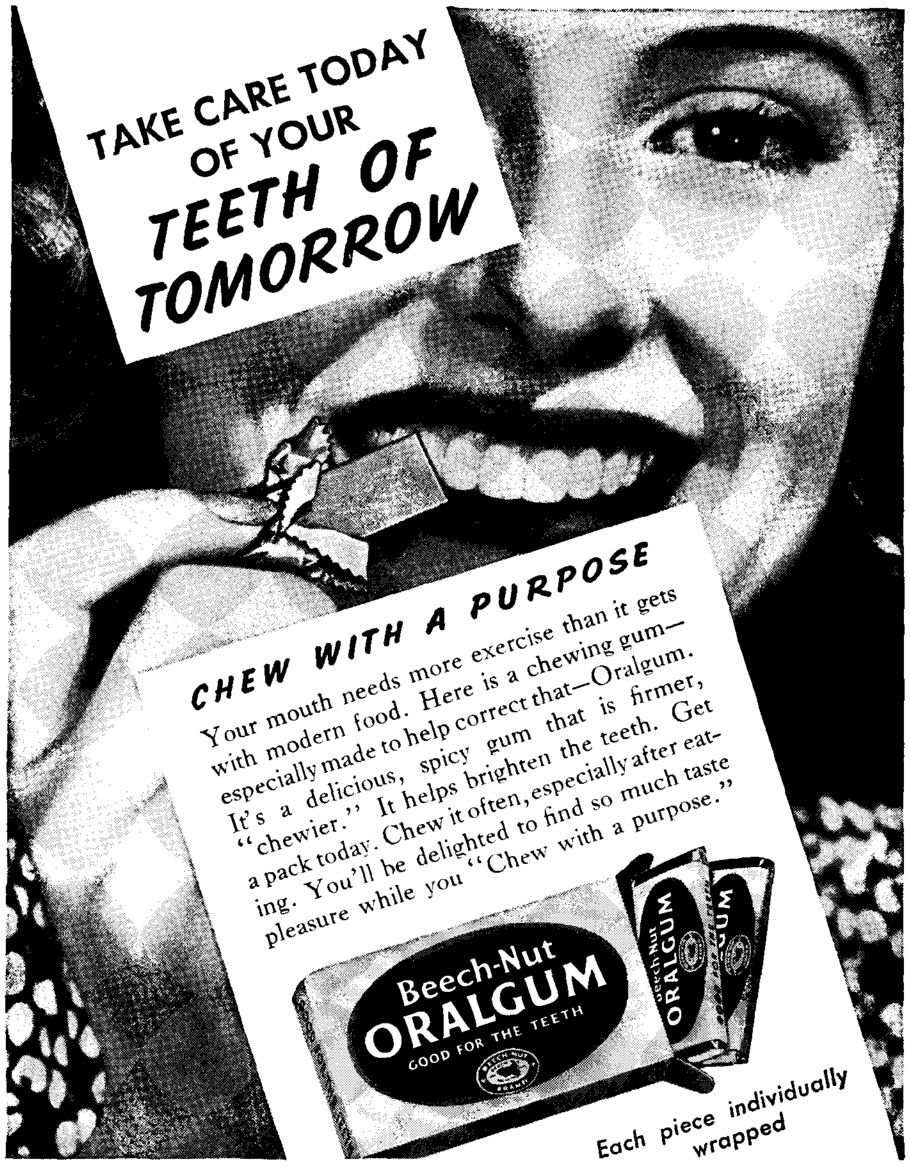
At sixty-eight hundred feet, on the morning of the seventeenth day of actual drilling, there was a show of oil in the mud-laden fluid from the well.

"Stand by to grab her when she comes!" Slim ordered. "No more cigarettes for a while."

Swamp Angel No. 1 came in with a roar.

"Twenty thousand barrels a day after she tames down—boy, that's hittin' the jackpot!" Spike Bromfield exulted, after the well was under control. "I bet this makes Buck Monahan and that Gamble outfit swallow their back teeth."

Slim looked at Spike for a moment without replying; then, "I wish Cap Bingham would get back here with his steamboat," he said. "I've got to get a



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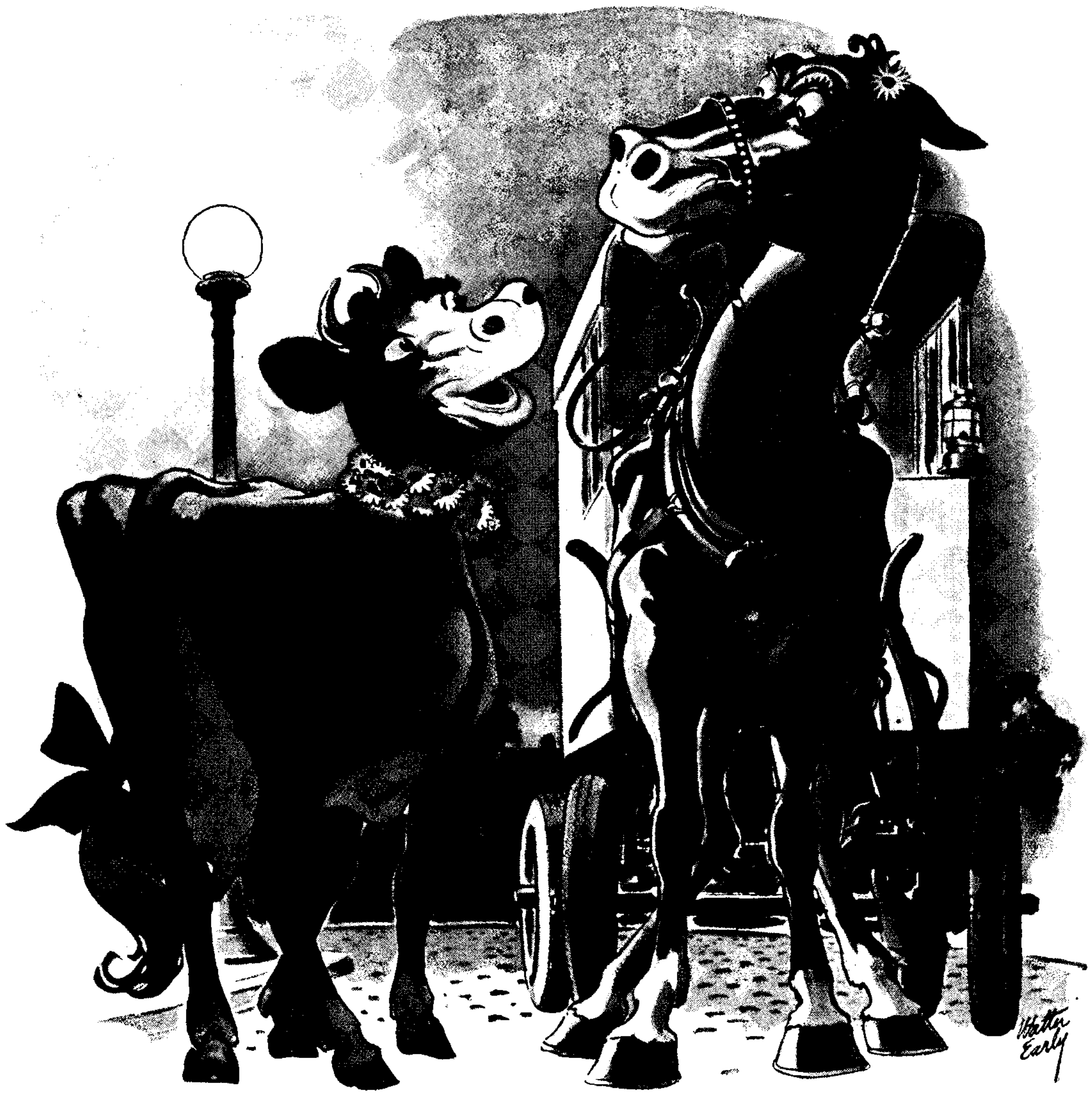
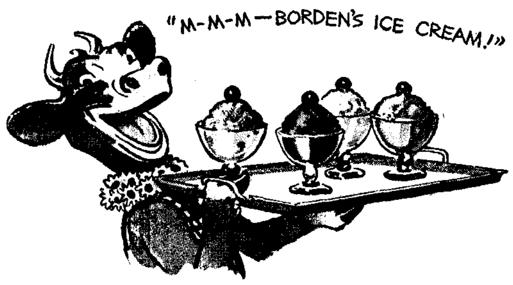


"Hank—You don't know the half of it!"

"I LIKE THAT!" snorted Hank, the Milk-wagon Horse, indignantly. "After all my years plugging away in the milk business—you have the nerve to tell me I don't know the half of it!" He switched his tail angrily.

"But, my dear fellow," mooed Elsie, the Borden Cow, "you *don't*. You've done your particular job beautifully—seeing to it that every day heaven knows how many homes start off with plenty of fine, fresh *Borden's Milk*. But you're in a *rut*."

"A rut!" sniffed Hank. "And, what is it *you're* in?"


"M-M-M—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!"

"I," answered Elsie, "am in on the ground floor. You've got to admit most everything that's Borden starts with *me*. That's why I know there's a great deal more to this business of ours than meets the eye in one of your milk bottles. Take *Borden's Ice Cream* . . ."

"Neigh!" neighed Hank, "I'll take oats."

"Fortunately, most folks prefer Borden's Ice Cream," Elsie explained patiently. "For it's made from the marvelous milk and cream that Borden scientists and experts help me to make so rich and good. Naturally, the ice cream turns out especially rich and good, too.

"My original milk and the extra careful way Borden handles it," added Elsie, "also account for the fresh,

"FRESH, NATURAL-TASTING BORDEN'S EVAPORATED!"
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

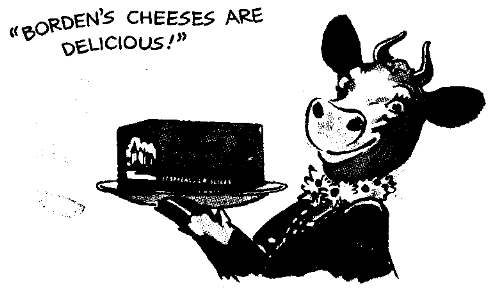
natural flavor that *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* contributes to cream soups and mashed potatoes—and it's so wholesome that many, many doctors prescribe it for infant feeding, too."

"BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS MAGIC!"
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
MAGIC MILK
SWEETENED CONDENSED

"Canned milk!" whinnied Hank in astonishment. "Is *that* getting popular?"

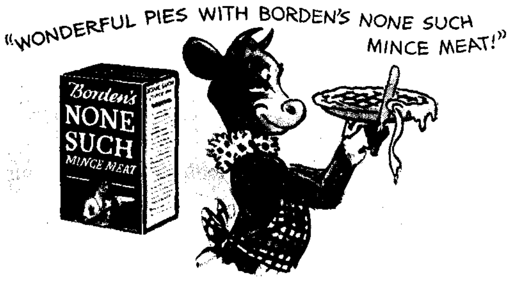
"Of course, Hank!" exclaimed Elsie. "Up-to-date people enjoy my milk in *lots* of different ways. In *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*, for instance, they've found a *magic* form of milk that helps them make delicious cookies and candies and cake frostings in almost *no* time. And lots of folks think there's nothing nicer than cutting a thick, tempting slice of . . ."

"Of *your milk*, I suppose!" scoffed Hank, giving her the horse laugh.


"BORDEN'S CHEESES ARE DELICIOUS!"

"Yes," agreed Elsie, "—of my milk . . . after it has become one of the many *Borden's Fine Cheese Foods*. Why, just take the case of *Borden's Chateau*. Chateau has the grand flavor that comes only from costly aged cheese. Heaps of folks have tried to copy Chateau. But Borden alone knows the secret of making it."

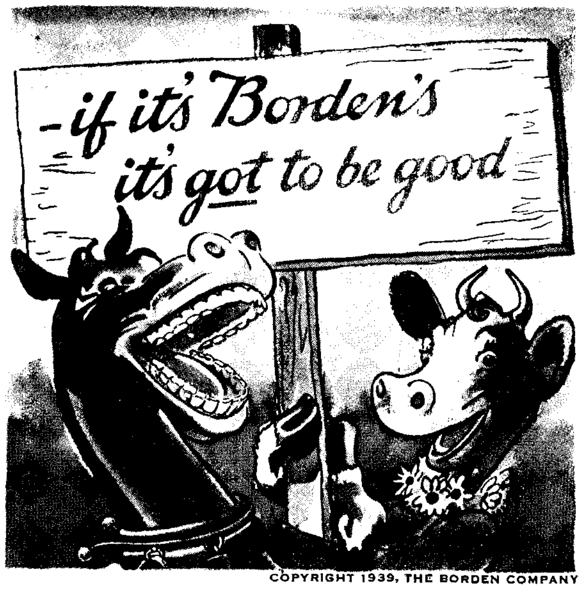
"Harrumph!" said Hank grudgingly. "Maybe there *is* more to this Borden business than a fellow can see when he's hitched to a milk wagon. But I suppose this all goes to prove that *you're* the whole show."


"WONDERFUL PIES WITH BORDEN'S NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT!"
Borden's
NONE
SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"No, Hank," Elsie mooed gently, "no more than *you* are. Borden's extra special care . . . the never-ending watchfulness of Borden scientists . . . the unfailing skill of Borden experts . . . *these* are really the whole show. That's why even a Borden food that *isn't* made from milk is just as good as it's possible to be. Like *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*—the most wonderfully spicy mince meat that ever plumped out the flaky crust of a perfect mince pie!

"Just you remember that about *any* Borden food, Hank," concluded Elsie, "and feel proud with me that today folks everywhere are learning . . . *'if it's Borden's it's GOT to be good!'* "

More than 27,500 Borden employees work in behalf of 47,000 owner stockholders, to provide the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home.


-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

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Never before such cozy, toe-wiggling comfort! . . . When you take your first delicious stretch on this New Beautyrest mattress, you'll realize that here indeed is a comfort you've never enjoyed before! How glorious it feels just to lie there . . . every tired muscle whispering rest, rest, *rest*. You float off to sleep . . . relaxed as a baby . . . on truly the world's most comfortable mattress. *Yes, even more comfortable than any former Beautyrest.*

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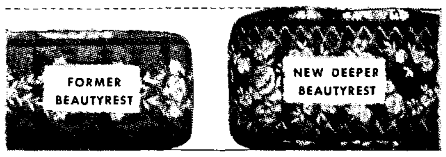

837 reasons for Beautyrest's "luxury comfort!" Beautyrest has 837 springs—each is in its own cloth pocket. Each is separated from the other—*works independently*. No matter which way you lie . . . the different parts of your body get exactly the *right* amount of "give." Ordinary mattresses with springs tied together by wire pull out of shape—forming uncomfortable slopes and hollows.

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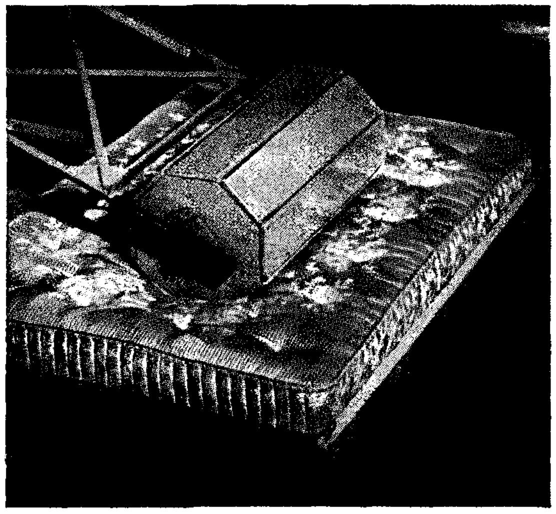

New Beautyrest lasts 3 times longer! Ten different types of mattresses, from $19.75 to $39.50, were crushed and mauled by a 200-lb. roller at the United States Testing Co., Inc., Hoboken, N. J. After 489,000 poundings, the New Beautyrest was still in sound sleeping condition. No other mattress stood up even one third as long! That's why the "luxury comfort" of Beautyrest is guaranteed for 10 years' service, although under normal use it should last far longer.

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wire out from Bayland to Sundown King, telling him he's the proud pappy of a new million-dollar baby."

The plan for relaying the good news to Sundown was halted abruptly with the arrival of Captain Bingham and the Harley Abel. The little steamboat carried a distinguished passenger list. First of all, with his blood pressure rising visibly as the steamboat edged in toward the barge, fuming on the forward deck, stood Sundown King himself. Beside him, coldly exultant, was Bailey Canfield, general manager of the Gamble Oil Company. Back of Canfield, smiling his scorn of Slim, stood Buck Monahan.

SUNDOWN KING, crimson with anger, leaped to the deck of the barge. He walked toward his victim. Facing Slim where all could see and hear, "You're fired!" he exploded.

Slim looked at his boss for a moment, and then, evenly, "Throw that cigar overboard," he said to Sundown King. "There's no smoking on this job."

Sundown's jaw dropped. Speechless he stared wide-eyed at Slim.

"Over the side with that cigar," Slim repeated. "This is an oil job."

Ten feet in the background, old Duckfoot rolled his eyes in pleasant anticipation of the gratifying ruckus that impended. Then he retreated toward the cookhouse.

The oily element in Sundown King's character floated to the top of his sulphuric soul. "You hit oil?"

"She'll run twenty thousand barrels a day," Slim said.

Sundown groaned. "Holy old high-pressure Jonah that sunk Noah's Ark! You blow out the Payday well; you burn up Napoleon! You drill a twenty-thousand-barrel gold mine on another outfit's property! You've cost me half a million bucks! You're fired—but what's the pressure on the casing head?"

"Twenty-six hundred," Slim said.

A grim smile twisted the corners of Sundown's mouth. He turned to Bailey Canfield and Buck Monahan. "Merry Christmas," he said. "I guess you win."

Buck Monahan plastered his face with a derisive smile. He looked at Slim. "How do you like it, punk?"

Slim ignored this. Quietly to Sundown King: "Have you sold out to Canfield and the Gamble gang? This well, I mean?"

"No!" Sundown answered. "Cut the chatter. Get off the job before I throw you off!"

Slim's jaw hardened. "Hold the deal, you sawed-off old sourpuss!" he said. "Swamp Angel is still your well!" He called to the master of the Harley Abel. "Captain Patch, come here!" More loudly, he summoned Duckfoot Frost.

To the old Negro, limping cautiously out of his sanctuary: "Nobody's going to hurt you. Come here and talk to this man." To the boss of Paradise Oil, "We're not on the Gamble lease," he said. "We're on your property. Captain Patch, tell them where we are."

Captain Patch enjoyed his big moment. "I almost busted tryin' not to tell you on the way up, Mr. King. This here oil well is settin' north of Mud River on your property. I admit that dirty skunk of an Elmer Gleason swung me south into Turtle Creek, but, thank the Lord, old Duckfoot set us right before it was too late!"

Slim raised his hand. "Duckfoot, tell your story," he commanded.

In the center of the stage, "White folks, I knows dis swamp all de way from Cady Crick down, and—"

"Tell Mr. King where we are right now!" Slim said.

"Right now us is half a mile west of my cabin in de cane patch, where Ise lived for de last thutty years. De cabin is on de north bank of Mud River, and dis old iron barge is right plumb on de north bank of Mud River like my cabin. Dat's where us is. Cunnel Slim told me he wanted to—"

"Wait a minute!" Slim interrupted. "Tell the rest of it."

"Yas, suh, Cunnel Slim. I knowed dey was somethin' dognacious goin' on in dis oil business when dat ornery snake of a survivor man give me dat ten-dollar bill to hide away down at Sibley."

"Yep," Captain Bingham interposed. "That's where Gleason started side-trackin' me."

"I knows Mud River and everything up an' down from it like I knows de inside of my cabin," Duckfoot concluded. "Us is on de north bank of Mud River, an' anybody what says us is on Turkle Crick is lost worse dan de infant Moses in de bulrushes."

Slim scowled at Sundown King. "That's straight dope," he said evenly. "Gleason spotted us on the Gamble lease, but we moved north to Mud River—after Duckfoot set us right. This is your well.... Good luck, and goodby."

Something in Slim's quiet voice carried a conviction of truth. "Hold on there!" Sundown protested. "You're not fired! You've got to stick around and—"

"Just a minute!" Bailey Canfield interrupted. "Just a minute! It's your well, Sundown! I admit we're licked on this bet—but you're plain crazy in the head if you think Slim has to stick around with a one-horse outfit like Paradise Oil. He's an ace-high driller, and he's got a white-collar job with me at twice the dough you paid him!"

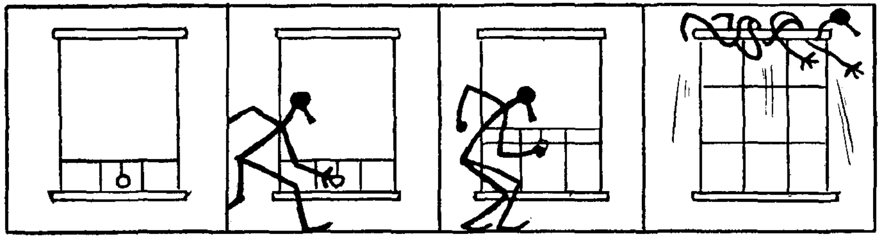
SUNDOWN scowled at Bailey Canfield. "Cut it out!" he barked. He turned and held out his hand to Slim. "Boy, Paradise Oil needs a field superintendent and you're elected! How about it?"

Canfield made a last play. "Tell him what he can do with his super's job, Slim!" he advised. "Sink it in his next gasser and touch a match to it!"

Slim shook his head wearily at Canfield. Facing Sundown King, "I'll tell you what you can do with the super's job," he said, smiling slowly at the excited boss of Paradise Oil. "You can sign me up! I'll stick—but some place along the line, just for luck, we've got to spot old Duckfoot on the pay roll."

Sundown King favored Bailey Canfield with a grimace of derision. To Slim, "Boy, you're the boss!" he said delightedly. "Festoon old Duckfoot with a string of diamonds if you want to. That's the least we can do for our million-dollar mascot!"

HAIRLINE HARRY



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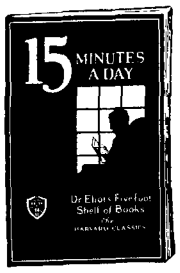

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The World is Like That

Continued from page 21

superficial absurdities—but because of something keen and eager and boyish in his manner, something that showed that to him the world never grew old, and that any moment, any turn of the road might discover to him a fresh kingdom of love and laughter.

He was eight years older than Jocelyn but this morning she felt herself the older. She put down her coffeepot, and he gripped both her hands in his and stood half bending above her, for he was tall, and looking down at her with pain and pleading in his eyes.

"Jocelyn, it's been two weeks! I've not seen you since before Christmas. I had to come! I've been in Portland, you know. I only got down here yesterday, and telephoned the Fordyce house and they said you were here. You're not going to be there any more?"

BUT he did not wait for an answer. He rushed on, too full of his own misery to stop once he had begun.

"All these days," he said, "ever since before Christmas—we had Christmas with Lilian's family—I've been counting the minutes until I could come down again and see you. You've got to talk to me, darling; this is my one chance. You're not going out in this rain?"

"It's not raining now." Jocelyn was conscious of feeling sorry for him. He was unhappy; anyone could see that. And he was growing unhappier every minute, for naturally she could not pretend that she was as excited as he. In fact she could not awaken any emotion in her heart.

"But where are you going?"

She indicated the coffeepot.

"Picnic."

"In this weather?"

"Well, rain's the best time. It's not so hot walking. It's fun."

"But we have to talk!"

Jocelyn spoke gently, sympathetically: "No, we don't have to talk, Kent. We've only to say that we liked each other too much for our own peace of mind for a while, and now it's—it's over."

"Too much for our own peace of mind!" he echoed, angry and aghast.

"It's all like a dream," Jocelyn said, in a tone that was like a dream.

"Like a dream! You can't talk that way! I've broken up my whole life for you. I've told Lilian. Ah, Jocelyn, don't be like this! Don't, dear. Give up your picnic and let me take you somewhere to lunch so we can talk."

"I have to carry the coffeepot; we've all got something," she said feebly. Even to her it sounded inadequate, and the man brushed it impatiently aside.

"*Anyone can carry a coffeepot!*"

"I know; but I couldn't let my uncle down," Jocelyn reasoned, dutifully. Making excuses to get away from Kent! It all became more and more unreal. She who had hungered so to see him, to have him telephone, stop in at the office, send her some word or sign that he thought of her, to be wishing that this interview was over, that he would go!

He looked at her a moment, puzzled. Then he said quite gently:

"What changed you, Jocelyn?"

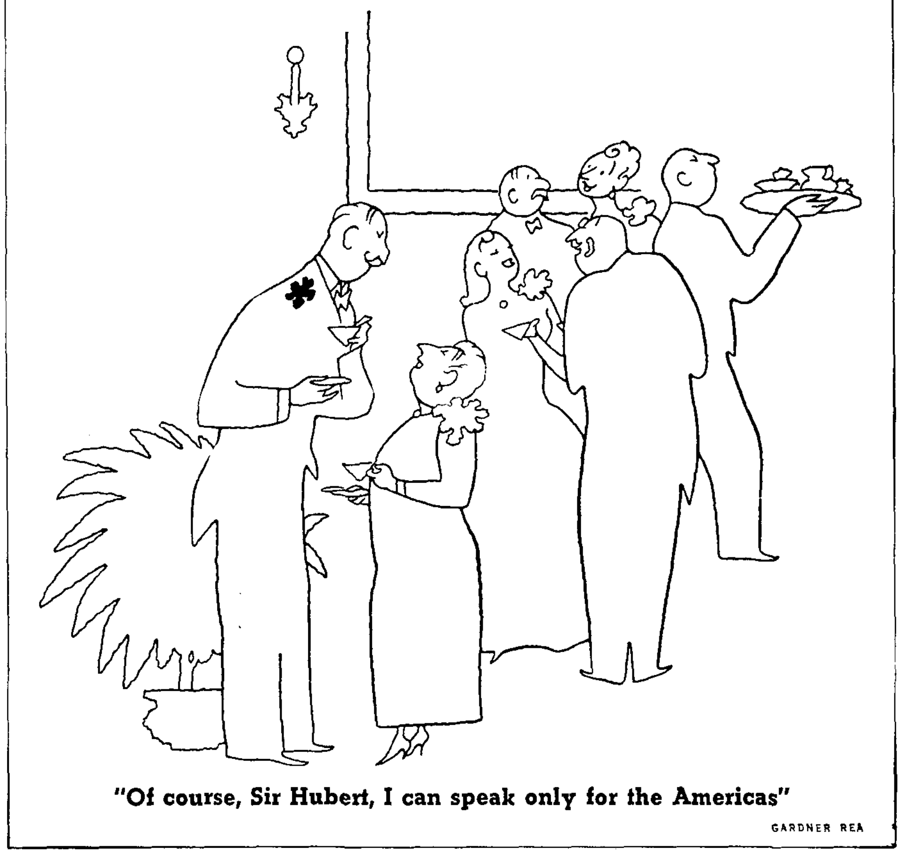
"Why—why—" she began stammeringly, and stopped. When she spoke it was in a lower tone, and slowly, as if she were formulating her idea for herself as well as for him. "Don't things sometimes change that way?" she asked simply. "That afternoon, before Thanksgiving, you know, when I went over to Covey's house, I was tired—I was *tired* of wanting to see you. My heart was—just *tired*. I'd hoped so long, waiting for telephones or for you to come in; I'd wanted you so horribly. And then suddenly, that night over at the cabin, it just—wasn't there. There was a blank. It had burned itself out, as I suppose it always does if it isn't right."

"How d'you mean 'if it isn't right'?"

"Well, that it wasn't. Not with us. If it can be an engagement and kitchen showers and a wedding and all that, it leads—don't you think so?—to a different kind of feeling. But ours wouldn't have."

He took both her hands, and drew them up to his chest, and their eyes were close together.

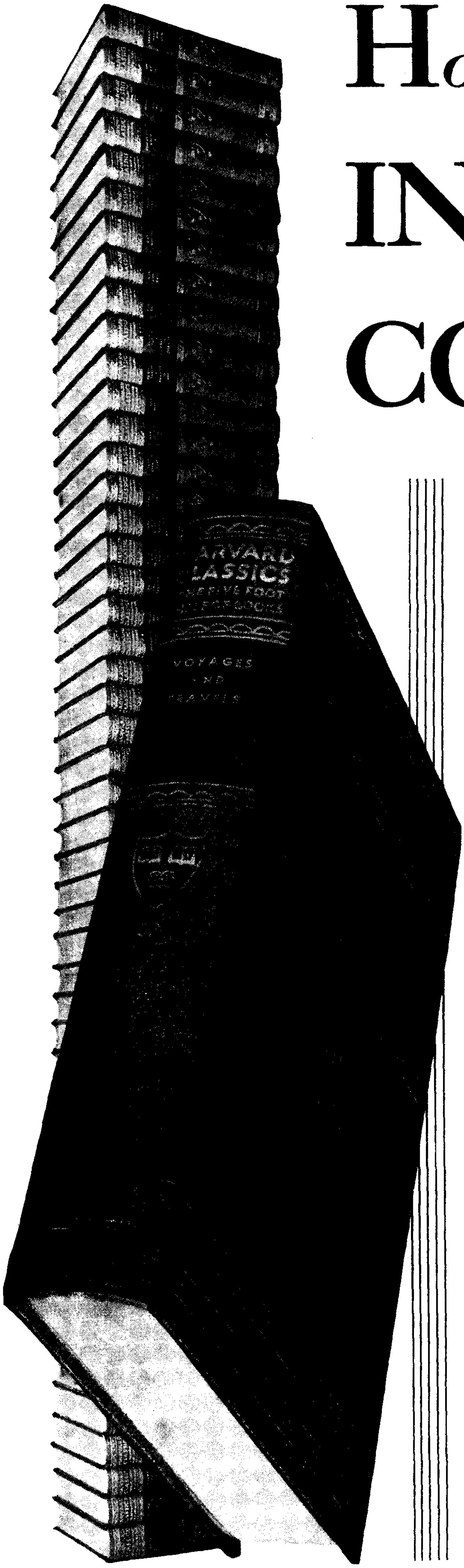
"Joy," he said gravely, almost re-



"Of course, Sir Hubert, I can speak only for the Americas"

GARDNER REA

How to get rid of an INFERIORITY COMPLEX



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proachfully, "if you'd stayed that night, if you'd had the courage to give yourself to me that night, to trust me, it would all be straightened out now, it would all be so simple. Lilian thinks we were lovers; nothing I can say will make her believe anything else. She says that if you will write her, saying that we belong to each other, she'll make no further objections to a divorce."

Jocelyn's head went up proudly; she freed her hands.

"Lilian says that!"

"She said that before I came away."

"Well, I like her nerve!" Jocelyn ejaculated forcefully and inelegantly, too stunned to choose her words.

"But, darling, she knows how we care for each other."

"But—but—" She came to a full stop, remembering those days when she and Kent had shared all but the ultimate intimacy, had been lovers in thought and soul, had longed to break down the last barrier and challenge the whole censorious world as to their right to happiness. "One wonders what use Lilian would hope to make of such a letter," she said scornfully.

"No use at all, of course! Except perhaps to convince her family that there was real reason to divorce me. And what do we care about her family! We'll be off somewhere, Brittany maybe, or Spain. I'll be painting; we'll have a couple of sunburned, barelegged little boys."

Jocelyn had walked to the window, and was looking out upon the bare garden and the dripping shrubs, and between the low, gnarled limbs of the crouching oaks down the hill the troubled gray waters of the bay.

"You just said, Kent," she began presently, turning her head a little to glance at him as he stood close behind her, "that quite suddenly, that night at Covey's, everything seemed to change and become clear to you. Why can't you believe that everything seemed to change and become clear to me, too? Up to that time you'd been liking me—oh, loving me, I know that! But other things had seemed equally important, other things had had to be balanced against it. I'd been just the other way. I'd loved you so that nothing else seemed to matter.

"Well, that night we changed places. Don't ask me why. I don't know why. I'd been frantic to see you all day, telephoning Una and Red, going up there, not knowing what to do. You were going away on Monday and I felt as if I had to see you or die.

"But then when I did see you," Jocelyn went on, "everything went flat. I thought, 'How silly I am to want this man, nice as he is, fascinating as he is, when he belongs to another woman, and all sorts of humiliating and—and uncomfortable things stand between us!' If Red and Una had been at the cabin, as I thought they were, we would have had the evening together, and perhaps I might have thought, 'He's being nice to me again!' and perhaps it would all have been different. But being there alone with you, knowing that that evening decided everything, one way or another, had a—well, a funny effect on me. I wanted to decide it one way, and I ran away from it."

THERE was a long silence. Then Kent asked, clearing his throat:

"Is there anyone else?"

"No," Jocelyn said quickly. But her color rushed up.

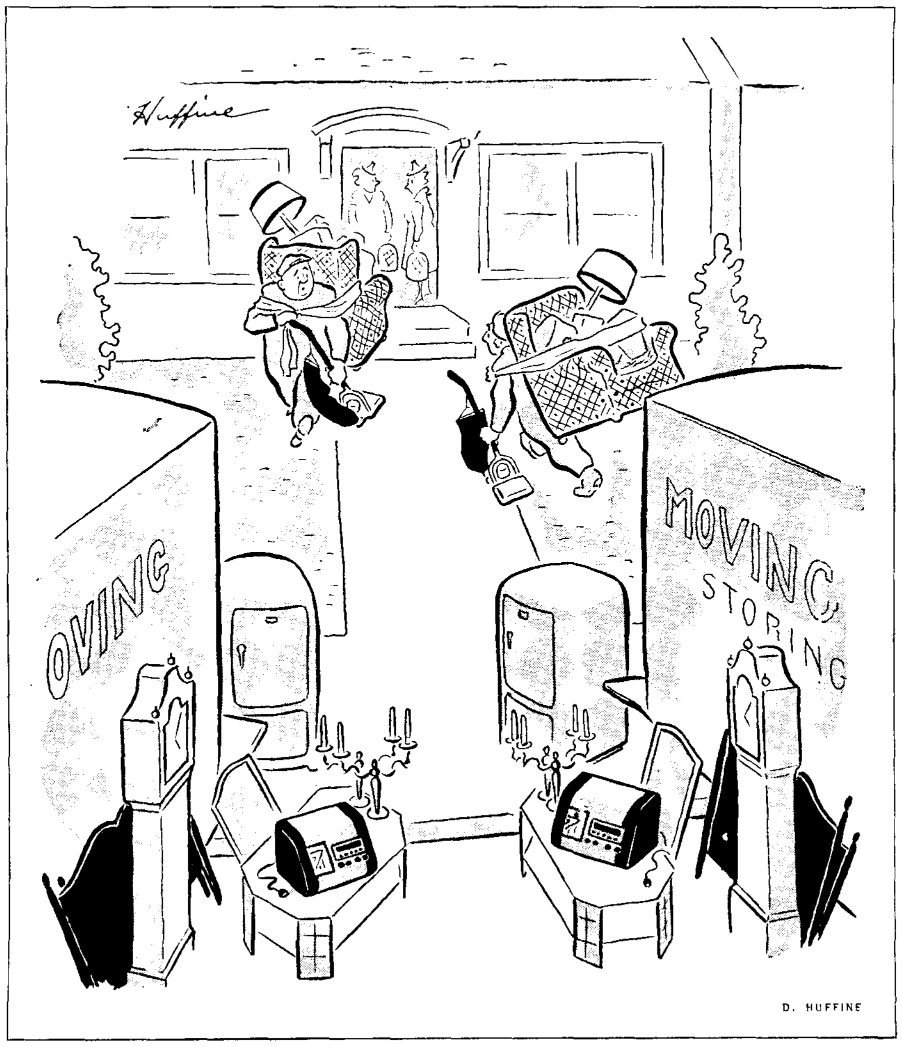
"Then I am going to get my divorce," he said firmly, "and follow you wherever you are, and win you back again."

"Kent, I do ask you not to do that! You know how it is when a thing *stops*."

"It will come back. I thought it had stopped, too, when I talked to you that first day before Thanksgiving. It hadn't stopped. It was just that I was confused; I didn't know how to work it out. But when you came to me that night in the dark, Joy—"

"Jocelyn!" shouted a dozen voices somewhere out of sight toward the rear of the house. "Come on! We're starting!"

"I have to go," she said. "You



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wouldn't want to go along? It may be wettish."

"No: I'll not go along. When can I see you again?" he asked shortly, deeply hurt.

"Do you go back to Portland?"

"I have to, of course. Tonight."

"How's the work going there?"

"Very well."

"And are you and Lilian—?" She stopped, not knowing how to go on.

"We're not living together, if that's what you mean. I have a brother there, and I'm living with him. He's not married. But we keep the surface smooth for her family's sake. Her father's a bishop, you know. She's staying with her family, and I'm practically living at the office until I get things broken in. I see her. I was there for Christmas dinner."

"She wants you back, Kent."

"Does that matter?" he asked fiercely.

"Jocelyn!" came an augmented scream from the picnickers.

"I have to go," she said again. There was no other word between them. They exchanged a look that was placating on her part and savage on his. Kent picked up his hat and raincoat and was gone. Jocelyn, after a moment in which she stood perfectly still, with her heart sick and her pulses throbbing nervously, took her coffeepot and went out to join the others.

They were milling about by this time in a state of wild impatience. The moment she appeared an advance guard was off up through the narrow strip of orchard, across the muddy road and into the meadow that stretched upward toward the long, straggling windbreak of eucalyptus trees that staggered across the hill. The sun had broken uncertainly through the slowly moving battalions of the clouds and shone brilliantly upon wet branches and sodden earth. The air, for the moment, was suffocatingly hot.

Rejoicing in this temporary truce, the party struggled upward, its drabbled appearance enhanced by the various unshapely and cumbersome bundles it bore. The doctor strode well among the foremost walkers, his topee pushed back, his shoulders straightened, his gray hair blown by an occasional puff of warm wind.

WHEN they reached the ridge they stood panting, gasping, looking back in triumph from the heights they had scaled. The hill fell away below them to the roofs and treetops of the town, hanging precariously upon a hundred steeps. Framing all was the bay, flowing about Angel Island and Belvedere, on past Alcatraz to the ports and piers of San Francisco.

Clouds were massing again now; a tremor of wind ran over the world, and as they started the downward slope to the ocean a soft, warm rain began to fall freely into their faces. But this only raised the spirits of the party to wilder levels. They leaped and ran and shouted in the pure sweet envelopment of the rain, and took the downhill miles almost at a run.

Then they were at the old Portuguese farmhouse, and under the shelter of a cowshed, scented richly with manure and hay and wetness, were entering upon the usual debate. Stay here and build a fire, where there were water and milk and protection, or go on, and take a chance that two miles farther at the beach it wouldn't be raining or the tide would be low enough for them to camp in the cave?

As usual, the latter policy won; they bought milk and filled their water cans, and set off afresh, along the line of eucalyptus that had carpeted the ground with wet leaves and that scented the air with intoxicating balm. And presently they could smell and hear the ocean, breathe the sweet cleanness of salty air, hear the rush and gurgle of waves among rocks.

New madness now seized everyone, and they were off like a pack of hunters, mounting the high, barred gate in a flight, taking the last half mile in a brisk ten minutes, flinging themselves and their bundles on the sands, laughing, screaming, chattering like the gulls that flew in disturbed circles above them.

For a while everyone lay panting, or crawled about contented to mark the wet strand with bits of driftwood, bore tracks for flea races or spread coral seaweed in fan designs on smooth planes of sand. Then, suddenly, hunger seized everyone at once, and while the men went in every direction for firewood, the girls expertly built a support for the grill, got their coffee started, opened up boxes containing an incredible number of strings of red sausages and a corresponding number of buns.

THE sausages popped and sizzled on a hot grill, the buns were toasted and buttered, mustard was passed to lunchers whose mouths were too full for a "thank you," coffee went in boiling dark-gold streams into the tin cups.

"Oh, Lord, this is good!" said the party, in true thanksgiving, as it feasted, and for some time there was no other attempt at conversation.

They were halfway through the meal, and beginning to feel that they might at some remote time be satisfied, when a man's figure emerged from the eucalyptus at the ranch, scaled the gate and was advancing rapidly toward their party. Up to this time they had had the beach all to themselves. They regarded him with suspicion, dislike and surprise, except Jocelyn who had a horrible fear that it might be Kent, come down to be near her, and sulk and be silent and annoy her uncle, who was rather strict upon the subject of love affairs with married men.

But as he came nearer she saw that it was not Kent. It was Philip Fordyce.

All the blood in her body rushed to Jocelyn's face, or at least that was the sensation she had, and she knew that as the others heard her ejaculate his name they saw her color.

But she had no time to study their reactions. She put down her bun as she recognized the newcomer, wiped her greasy mouth with a paper napkin and went to meet him.

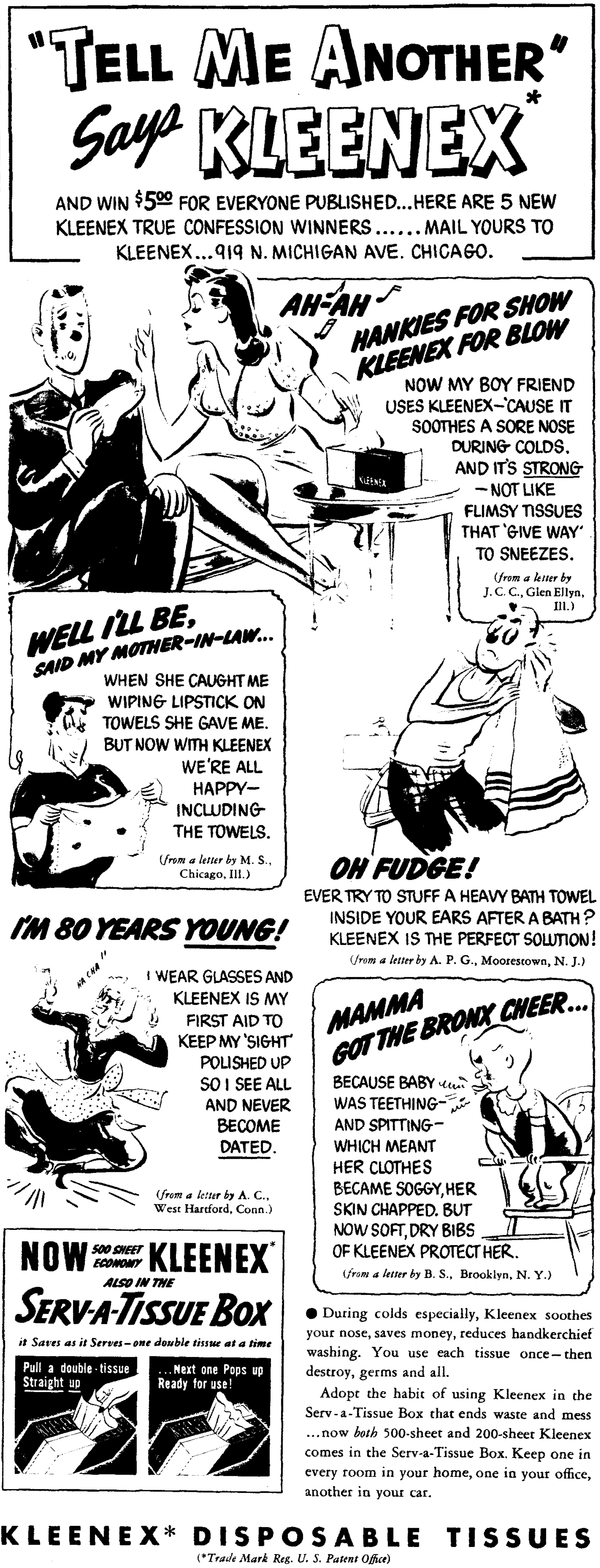
"What on earth—you couldn't have just—" she stammered, as they turned to come back to the fire.

"No; I didn't just chance it," he said laughing, out of breath, quite ready to sit down on a convenient rock and panting as they all had been panting an hour earlier. "I came over to the Sausalito house, and Mrs. Partridge told me how to get here. Up through the orchard, and over the road and to the top of the hill, and then straight down the old wagon road to the ranch. And at the ranch I asked. I needed a walk, I knew I couldn't get in any golf anyway, so I came after you."

"Uncle Bart, do you know Mr. Fordyce?" Jocelyn said. She introduced the others, even while Jane was putting a hot bun and a sausage into Philip's hand, and Bam was discovering by nods and shakes and raised eyebrows whether he liked sugar and cream in his coffee. He ate ravenously as the chatter and laughter began again, and presently said fervently that never in his life had he tasted such food.

"We all say that!" said Jossy. When the cleaning-up scramble began, Jocelyn was pleased to see that her uncle and Philip had fallen into a serious conversation upon state politics, and pleased again to hear her uncle's earnest: "You are absolutely right, sir. You are absolutely right!"

Later they all went exploring and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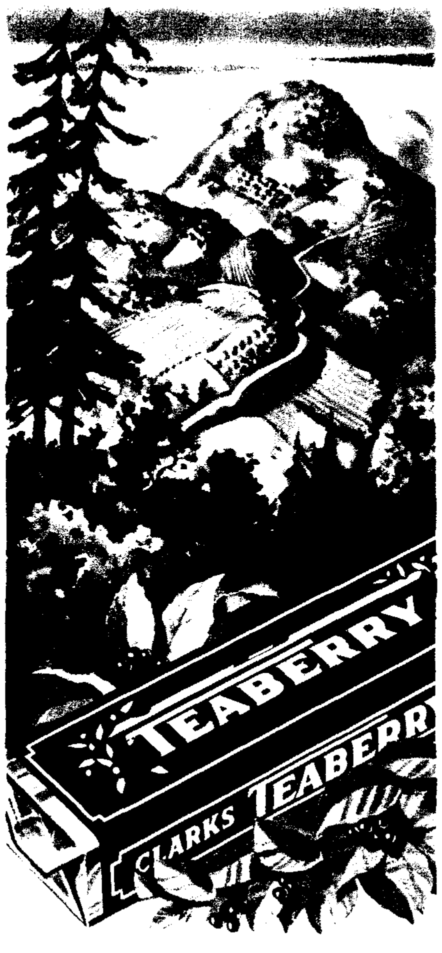

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wading and adventuring along the beach, through the cave, over the rocks and cliffs. Jocelyn, who had been rather silent, perhaps instinctively trying not to betray the wild confusion that reigned in her heart, found herself with Philip, and asked him if he had ever been on a picnic like this one before.

"But this is the way all picnics ought to be. Just weenies and coffee and molasses taffy."

"The taffy was an afterthought. Uncle Bart often used to bring us chocolate bars when we were little, and we felt that we ought to have something sweet along, even though this was really an impromptu walk. Everyone originally intended to do something else this morning; the girls were going to a lunch at Ross, but something went wrong with the car, and they didn't have it fixed, and Jane and Jossy and the boys were going to town to a concert, only Charlie left the tickets in his office and couldn't get in, and so Aunt Nell said why not picnic? She had the weenies anyway, so we just got buns and Bam and Peaches made the candy this morning. Nothing else, naturally, with fourteen of us and two babies in the house," Jocelyn finished with fine irony, "was going on at the time in the kitchen."

He laughed joyously.

"Are you much with these people? I think they're perfectly marvelous."

"More since Mother died than I was before. Aunt Nell is my father's sister, and she said something about Mother years ago that Mother never forgave. Women," Jocelyn explained with an apologetic smile, "used to be like that. I don't know what it was. But I think it was that my mother looked so delicate that if she ever had a baby it would be a paper doll! Isn't it funny to remember a thing like that? Mother was very gentle, too, usually very kind to everyone. But she thought Aunt Nell had too many babies, and lived in too sloppy a manner, and she used to say that Uncle Bart would have been a very successful doctor if he hadn't had so many children to support. Oh, they were civil enough, she and Aunt Nell, but they didn't really like each other."

"And isn't he successful, this fine old doctor?"

"Uncle Bart? Oh, yes; he has a fine practice and all that. But six girls and a boy, you know, and all their schooling and shoes and trips and two weddings in the past two years, and one more this year, and maybe Sissy too. All that has kept things rather scarce."

"IT'S just the family I would have liked. It's just the way I'd like to live," he said steadily. Jocelyn, pacing beside him on the smooth sand just above the tide line, turned to give him a surprised glance.

"You?" she asked, amazed.

"Yes. And I think every man," Philip answered seriously. "I think men like things much more simple than women suppose they do. They get sick of having rooms decorated and commenting upon new clothes. They like walking over hills with girls who kiss them and tease them. And love them," he added in an undertone. "Well!" he interrupted himself in a different voice, "what I came down here to say to you is that we want you back."

Jocelyn's heart leaped. She looked at him with light welling in her eyes; she was not to be exiled, after all.

"Yep," he said. "You saw the paper this morning?"

"The paper!" she echoed, fearfully.

"Oh, yes," Philip said resignedly. "Another story on Norma. Didn't anyone see the paper?"

"They don't come up until late, and we were *all buzzing around*. No." Jocelyn was actually pale. "I didn't see anything," she said.

"She says herself she needs you; we all seem to need you," Philip went on. "Everyone agrees on it. We've had a bad time with Norma since you went away. The school telephoned the second morning, at about ten, that she was gone. Miss Sanderson, in her thorough, old-fashioned way, had taken away Norma's purse, and Norma had very simply started to walk home."

"Good heavens!" Jocelyn exclaimed, "she oughtn't to do that!"

"We notified the police; we thought it might be a kidnaping. Of course there was no question of keeping it quiet. My mother got quite hysterical, and began telephoning all her friends to ask if the child was there. The police scoured the roads; I came down from the office; we had Pinkerton's on the job, and Norma walked in. She'd had two lifts; anybody could have picked her up. She'd twisted her ankle badly, she's got it in a bandage, so it was no question of her going back. Miss Sanderson came back, furious and crying of course, and my mother didn't do much to quiet things down, and in the middle of it Norma said she'd give me her solemn word to behave and to study if Miss Britton would come back."

Jocelyn laughed.

"Is there the slightest possibility that she means it?"

"Yes; I think there is. I had a talk with her this morning and she seemed very serious. She seemed tired, as well she might, and sick of the whole thing. She's got to stay in bed for several days and amuse herself, and it'll be a good thing for her. You'll come back?"

HE SAID the last phrase suddenly, turning toward Jocelyn. The girl answered him doubtfully, after a perceptible hesitation.

"If you think I'm any good. I'm good at some things," Jocelyn admitted, "but I don't feel that I made much of a success of Norma."

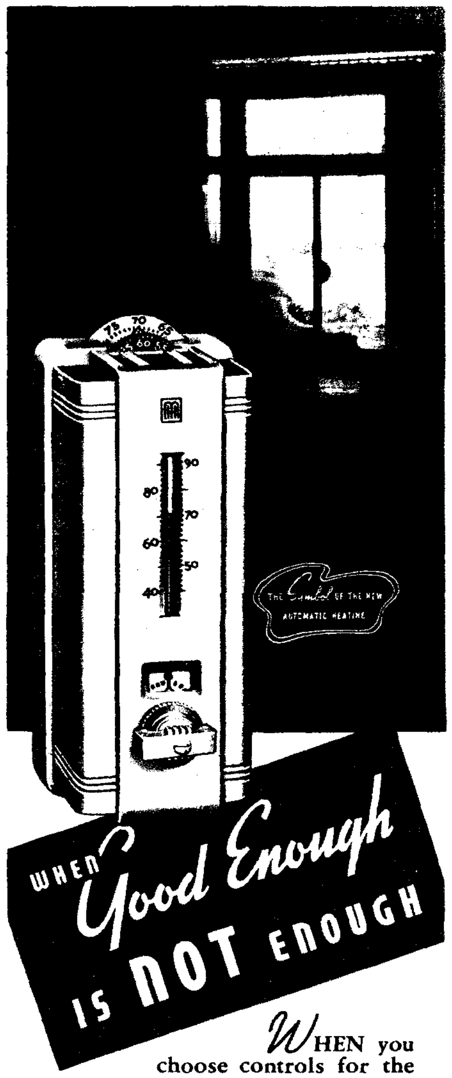
"We've *none* of us made much of a success of Norma," her father said sadly. "And yet there's no reason why she shouldn't be just like other girls."

"Oh, I think there is," Jocelyn said, surprised. "Her not having her mother. Her being passed about from hand to hand. And then of course, the money. It's very hard not to have that affect people, affect their attitude toward her. It affects me," she added honestly, after a moment's thought and with a little ashamed laugh, "it fascinates me. There's a sort of thrill about it, like royalty, or any high position—the President, or a maharaja or something like that. It's made her different; her whole attitude toward life is different from that of anyone who ever has to think about money."

"It shouldn't be," said her father.

"But it is. She can't think of herself except as she is, with anything and everything she wants in the world hers to buy."

"That shouldn't make her unhappy. We all love her. Her grandfather simply adored her. The night she was born I think was the happiest of the old man's life. He would have liked Janet—my wife—to have a houseful of children. He gave Norma a check before she was twenty-four hours old that made me realize that my baby was going to be richer than I ever could be. He kept chuckling and saying that there would be a boy with his name in a year or two and that he meant to take care of them all. But before Norma was two, as it turned out, her mother had asked for her freedom. He tried to make the best of that, poor old Lockey! I think he hoped Janet would go on having children, anyway. But she never had another. So it *all came to Norma in the end*. And it seems as if there must be some way—there must be some way of making these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next five or six years happy ones for her, and starting her off into a sensible marriage with some decent fellow who'll take care of the money and of her."

"I suppose men will be after her in no time at all," Jocelyn said thoughtfully.

"Her mother wrote my mother that they were already. Well, we can only do our best. And you will come back? It won't be so hard from now on. She's had her lesson. She'll go right ahead with her studies—there won't be so many parties anyway, with most of the boys going off to college. How d'you feel about it?"

"I'd be glad to try again," Jocelyn said simply.

"Is tomorrow too soon?"

"Monday? No; if you like I'll come down Monday."

"I'll send for you. Eleven? He'll be here at eleven, after he takes me into town." It was the touch of luxury again; the easy solution of any problem that money and service and possessions could effect. She could not help liking it. She could not help being glad that her fortunes were again to be linked with those of the Fordyces. Jocelyn thought of Philip's mother, of Miss Sanderson, of Norma, and her spirits rose with fresh courage for the fresh attack. She would be at home again in the big extravagant house; this time she would not fail.

They wandered back to the others, to find that the old doctor had just issued marching orders. There must be no more lingering on the beach. It was presently going to rain again, and they might all catch cold if they walked home in wet clothes in a wind.

The lighter picnic paraphernalia was gathered; the group started up the long slope, more slowly now, for everyone was tired and sleepy and the day was bleakly unfriendly. But eventually they did reach the ridge again, and, as was customary, broke into loud singing as they went down through the meadow and across their own orchard, and so into the laundry.

Here a wild scene took place, as muddy garments were discarded and decisions as to bath turns were made. Aunt Nell reported on the babies—Tim had taken his bottle like a little soldier, and everything was well. A royal Sunday supper was in course of preparation; hot baths were soon running; laughter and voices echoed all over the house.

In the confusion Philip slipped away. He and Jocelyn and the old doctor had been together as they climbed the hill; he had been urged to stay for an unpretentious supper. But he explained that his car was at the door; the man had been waiting a long time, and within twenty minutes he could be at his club where there was always a change of clothes. He confirmed the arrangement that would take Jocelyn to Hill Acres on the following day, and was gone.

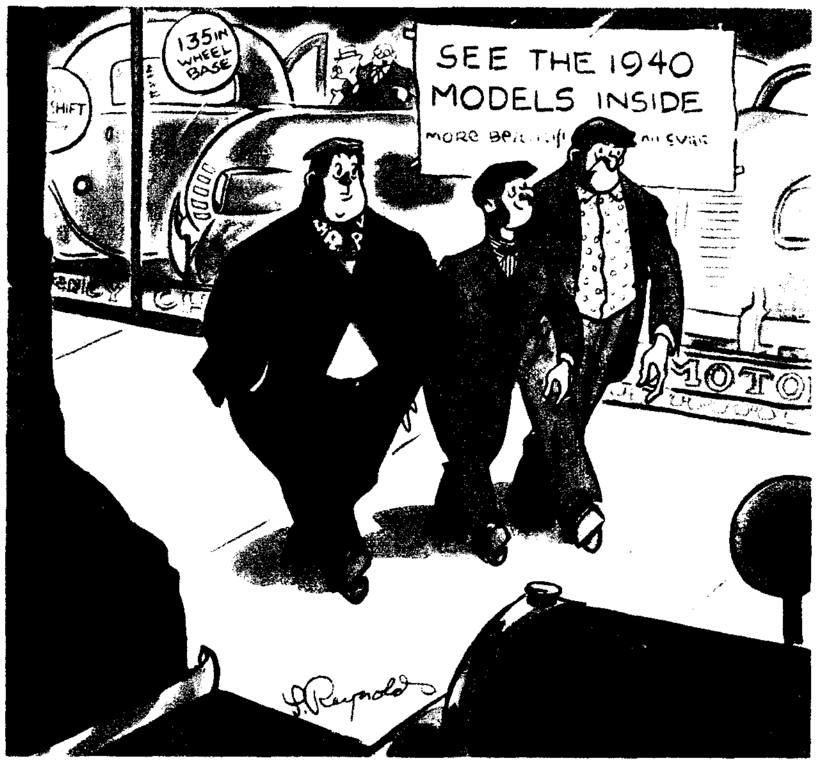
But he left something behind him: a glow in Jocelyn's heart, a sense of restored self-respect that warmed her veins like wine. She had been rather discreet in relating to the family the events of her stay at the Fordyces'; she had felt hurt and humiliated over the ending of the adventure and had not been anxious to speak of it.

But now she could allude to it without reluctance, telling them at the same time that she was wanted again. They all protested; they did not want Jocelyn to go. But her heart was already straining toward the scene to which she was going; she did not know exactly what the situation would be, but she knew it would be thrilling and unexpected.

IT WAS just noon when she went into Norma's room the next day, to find the girl exquisite in a cascade of billowy chiffons and laces, and Charles van der Lipp playing a marble game with her. Norma was banked in pillows on the wide couch; a light taffeta rug was drawn over her knees; Mattress was moving unostentatiously about the big room; there were flowers everywhere, winter sunshine streamed through the windows and a wood fire blazed in the white grate, reflections in the white tiles showing a hundred other little fires.

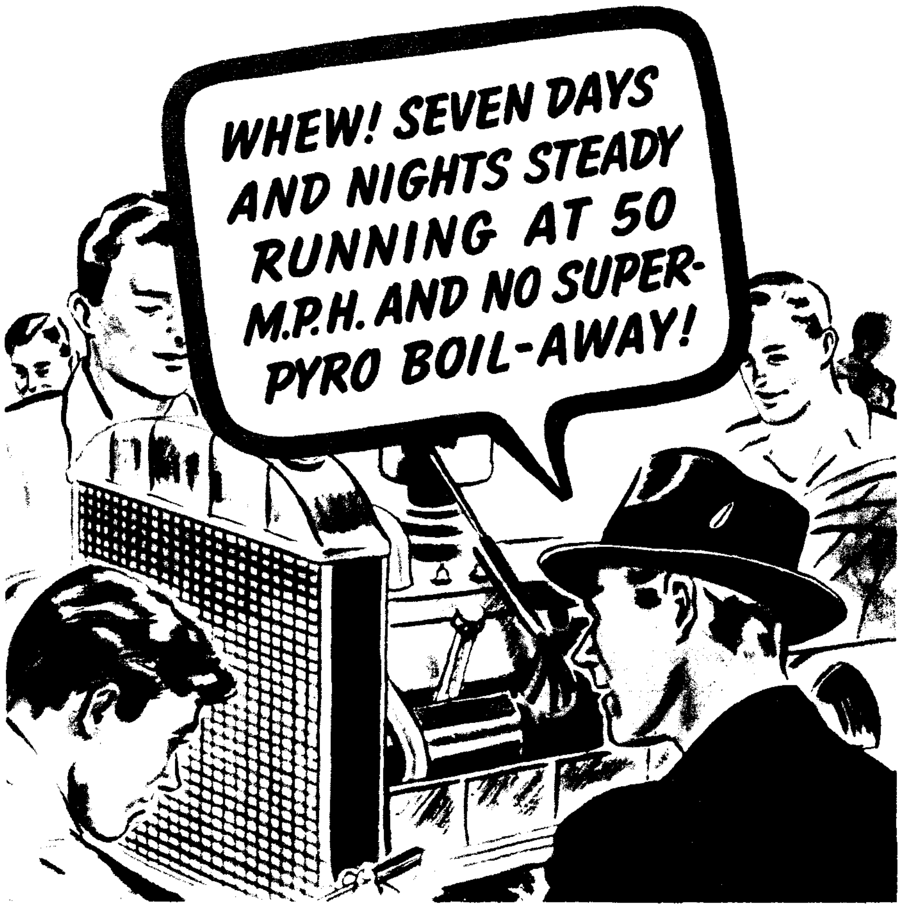
Norma had been laughing with the exaggerated loudness that was characteristic of some of her moods; she sobered instantly when she saw Jocelyn, a somewhat doubtful look came into her eyes, and she said lifelessly: "Oh, hello."

"Hello," Jocelyn said amiably. She had thought out in advance that her approach to Norma must be all casual friendliness, completely devoid of anything like reproach or questioning. "Norma," she added immediately, after



"Butch is going to get a 1940 model—as soon as they start parking 'em on th' streets!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS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Buick (60)	1¼ gals.—cost $1.25	1¼ gals.—over $3.00
Chevrolet (6)	1¼ " " 1.25	1¼ " " 3.00
Ford (V-8, 60)	1¼ " " 1.25	1¼ " " 3.00
Oldsmobile (8)	2 " " 2.00	2 " " 5.00
Plymouth (6)	1¼ " " 1.25	1¼ " " 3.00

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REFRESHES YOUR MOUTH! TRY IT!
ADAMS
CLOVE
CHEWING GUM
A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

a nod to Charles, "Lena tells me there's a puppy downstairs. Do you want him to come up now?"

"Oh, has he come?" shrieked Norma. "I thought he wasn't coming until tomorrow! Oh, get him, get him! The darling!"

"Looka what you've done!" Charles protested aggrievedly, as the marbles went all over the floor. "I was winning, too!"

"I know you were!" Norma giggled, at her silliest. Jocelyn went to get the puppy, wondering if, after all, there was anything in this spoiled child worth developing.

The puppy was engaging as only a tiny Sealyham can be. His little bearded solemn face was watchful and yet innocent, suspicious and yet eager for friendship. Just to watch him walk solemnly sniffing about the rug was enough to enchant them all, and when he decided that Norma was his predestined mistress, snuggled his little muzzle contentedly into the crook of her arm, went peacefully to sleep with his small legs stretched out to their full length behind him, Jocelyn saw a look in the younger girl's face that she had never seen there before, and felt that her question of a few minutes earlier was answered in the affirmative.

"WHERE'S Sandy?" Norma demanded, as soon as she and Jocelyn were alone.

"Is she here?" Jocelyn asked, unpleasantly surprised.

"Is she here! She's wild," Norma said carelessly. "Wadda pooda pooda pooda," she murmured above the dog's unconscious little tangled head. "She *thinks* I let her down. I'd promised not to pull anything too fancy—you're paralyzing my arm, fella," the girl went on, only half attentive to what she was saying to Jocelyn. "I'd said that I'd stay put. But when she didn't believe me, and sneaked my purse away, that was a little too hot! I started to walk home, but I thought they'd lend me money at any gas station, you know, when they knew who I was. But I didn't have the nerve after the first try—the man just grinned politely and said that he was the Duke of Windsor, but that their instructions were never to cash checks or give credit. So I walked on, and I'd have made it, too, seventeen miles or whatever it is, if I hadn't wrenched my damn' leg!"

"So now you're going to be a good girl for a while?" Jocelyn asked, sitting down on the foot of the bed.

"Maybe," said Norma, with a wicked smile.

"No; seriously. Seriously, you hurt only yourself with this sort of nonsense, Norma. To have the papers constantly reporting what you do, and all of it so silly, won't help you at all. Your father wants you to grow to be a fine woman, gentle and cultivated and self-controlled, and every time there is one of these breaks it—it sets you back."

"Do you suppose I *could* grow to be anything *else* than a fine woman?" Norma asked with her childish, shallow air of pride.

"Of course you could. Money isn't any protection against your—well, making a fool of yourself," Jocelyn answered, smiling.

Norma scowled, still with her arm bent protectingly about the puppy.

"My mother sets me a swell example," she said bitterly.

"But even your mother," Jocelyn reminded her adroitly, "hasn't the responsibility that you have. You are a much richer woman than your mother, Norma. People know about you, and they want to look up to you, admire you. They want to feel that you are one of the rich women of the world who set a good example."

This view of her importance pleased Norma, and she brooded upon it with thoughtful eyes fixed on space.

"I'm a natural louse," she confessed at last.

"I don't think you are at all. I've never seen any signs of it. Just—just impulsiveness and recklessness. You do too many things without thinking."

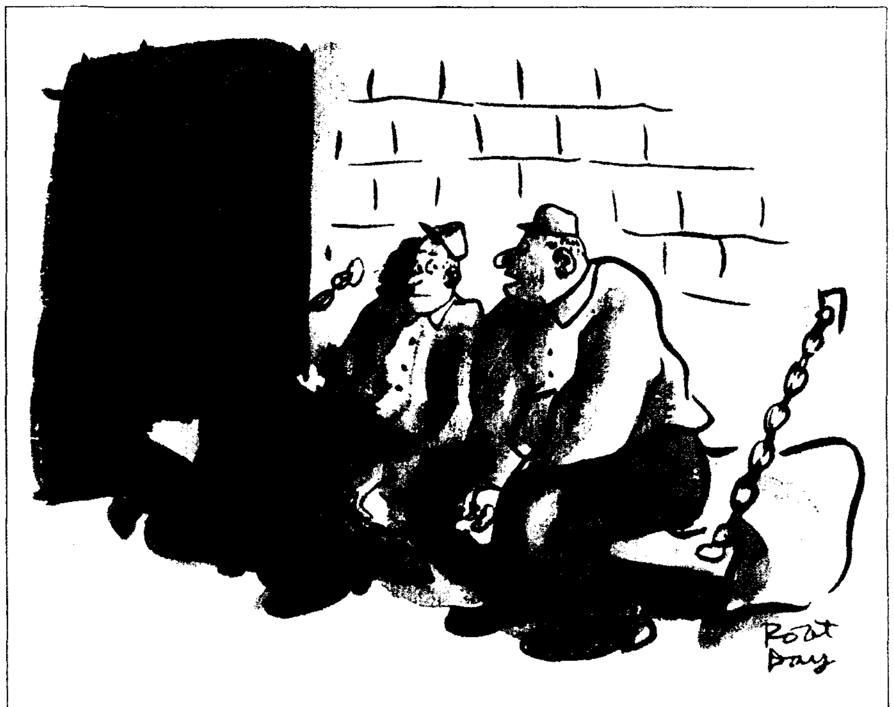
"I suppose if I lighted a cigarette I'd wake him. No, I'm a louse," Norma repeated. "The only reason I asked Dad to see if you wouldn't come back was to make Sandy wild. She hates you."

"I'm sorry that was the only reason," Jocelyn commented mildly.

"Oh, well, it wasn't the only reason," the girl said hastily. She laughed loudly, in embarrassment. "I didn't mean that. But you should have seen Sandy's face when I said—they were all yelling at me, of course, and I was crying and my ankle hurt like hell, and I said that you had had a good influence over me and that I'd do anything they wanted if you'd only come back. Sandy looked ready to burst."

"That wasn't very kind."

"I know. But why should you always be kind? It sounds silly to me."



"Twenty-eight years from now we'll laugh at all this" ROBERT DAY

"Well, here's your lunch," said Jocelyn. "And now you'll have to disturb this little gentleman. Wake up, puppy."

Norma caught at her hand as she lifted the puppy from the bed.

"Look, honestly," the girl said awkwardly, "I wanted you terribly to come back. We'll have a lot of fun. And I'll work with my languages and everything."

"I know you will."

"MRS. FORDYCE *would like to see* you in her room, Miss Britton," the maid said, steadying the tray as she set it before Norma.

"I won't eat this if I can't have a cocktail," said Norma. "The doctor said I could. I told Granny I wanted a cocktail."

"I know what you want," Jocelyn said, in an undertone.

"What did you say? You said you knew what I wanted? How do you mean?" Norma demanded.

"What you want is a good spanking," Jocelyn said. "A cocktail with luncheon! Go ahead and eat now, and I'll be back in a little while and see if there's anything to do."

Norma looked at her for a moment with a clouded face; then she laughed.

"Nobody ever spanked me in my life," she said.

"It's quite evident!" Jocelyn returned. They were both laughing now, but Jocelyn's face sobered as she crossed the hall, and was admitted by Annette to Mrs. Fordyce's room.

She found the mistress of the house lying upon a couch, with every evidence of a nervous crisis about her. On a tray were two empty cocktail glasses; on a crystal saucer were the stubs of a dozen cigarettes, heavily marked with lip red; more cigarettes, unsmoked, monogrammed with a neat "Bert," were waiting, and also in view were salts, a glass of water and a headache tablet on a plate, an electric foot warmer, the telephone and a dark green sleep shield.

"Miss Britton, I'm glad you're here. We're all desperate; I've not slept for two nights. Phil told you, I suppose, what's been going on; I don't know what on earth we're going to do," said Mrs. Fordyce, in a monotonous chant. "I wish he'd marry Jane Kimberley; she'd jump over a church to get him. We'd at least have someone here who belonged here, great friend of Janet's too, and the child likes her—"

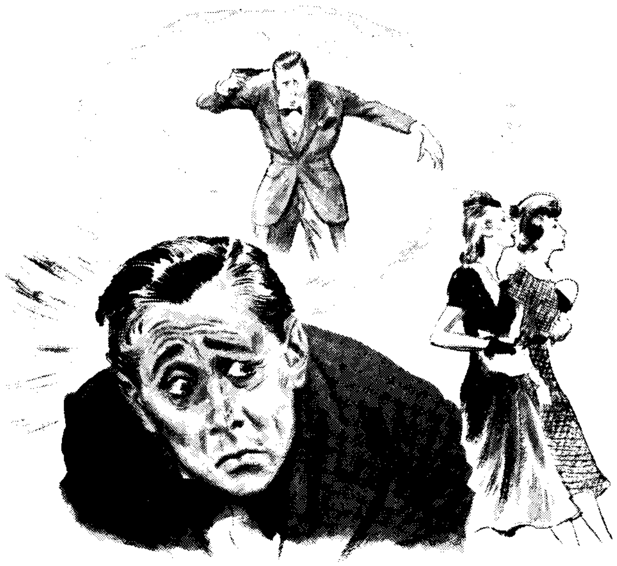
"It's been pretty strenuous, counting the New Year's party and everything else," Jocelyn conceded, breaking in at the first pause, sitting down by the bed.

"Miss Britton, you don't know! We've had eleven wires from Janet; they're all there—each one wilder than the last. She wants to know why anyone else was ever with Norma except Sandy, and she says that unless Sandy has full charge of her she'll begin court proceedings to overthrow the judge's decision of fourteen years ago, and try to obtain guardianship of the child; she says she's coming out *here*, and I *don't know what* all. We tried bribing Sandy to go, doubling her pension—nothing would work! Janet trusts Sandy, she knows that Sandy is a perfect jailer and never gives a girl a ghost of a chance—you can depend upon Sandy always to think the worst and get ready for it—I will say that—"

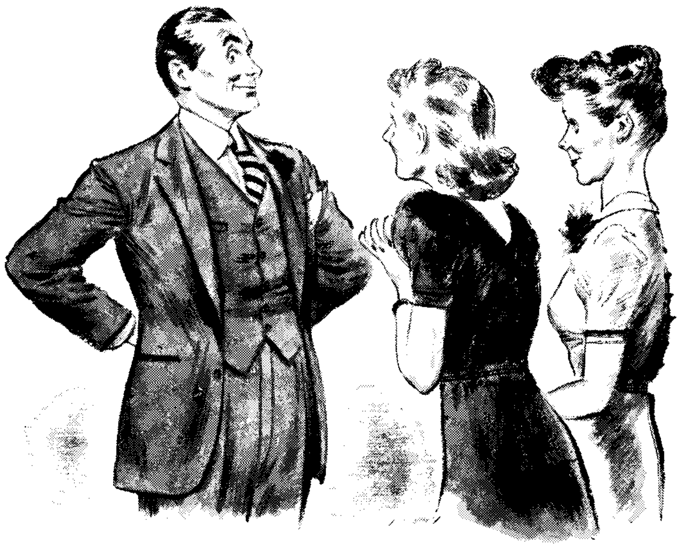
"But she ran away from Miss Sanderson when they were at school, didn't she?"

"Janet doesn't count that. She blames it against the school. You can read her telegram there. The consequence was—my heart is really killing me," said Mrs. Fordyce. "Put your hand here, feel that jump? Two doctors have told me that the instant that started again I was a dead woman. The consequence was," she resumed, "that here we all were with Norma on our hands, and she's got to

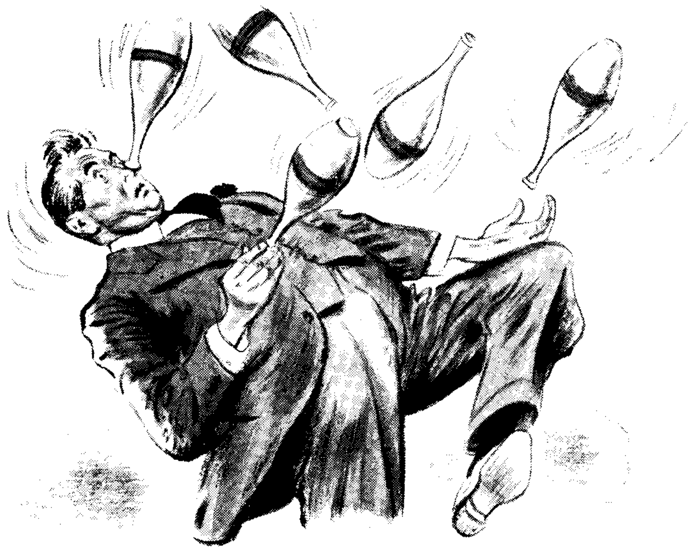
Is your new suit really new?



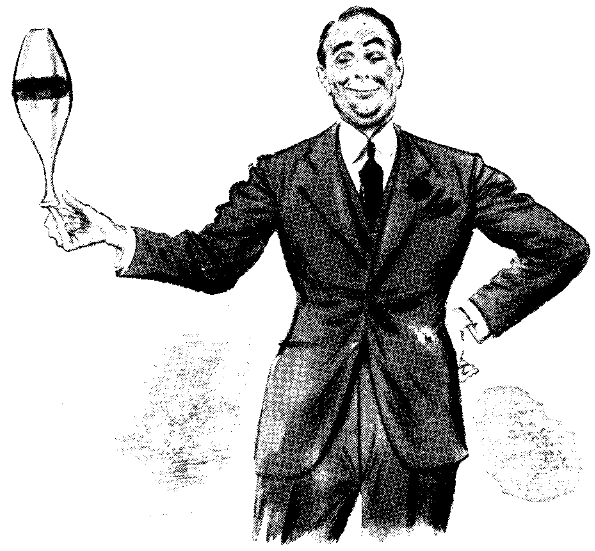
1. Look at the new Fall suits. Are the pants closed with old-fashioned fastenings? You know—the kind that often come open by accident—put you out on a "social limb"?



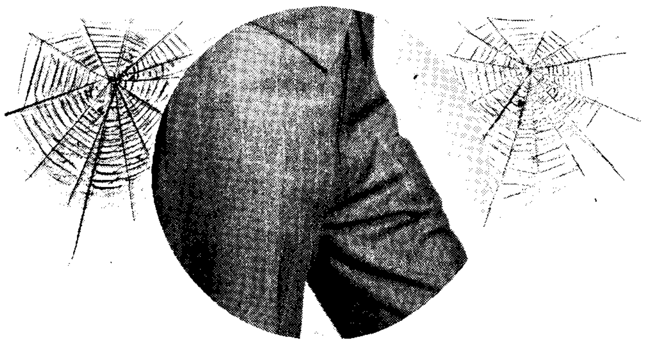
2. Not on your life. Today, you get the modern Talon slide fastener. Now you can *know* your trousers are properly closed. For the Talon fastener *locks* securely at the top.



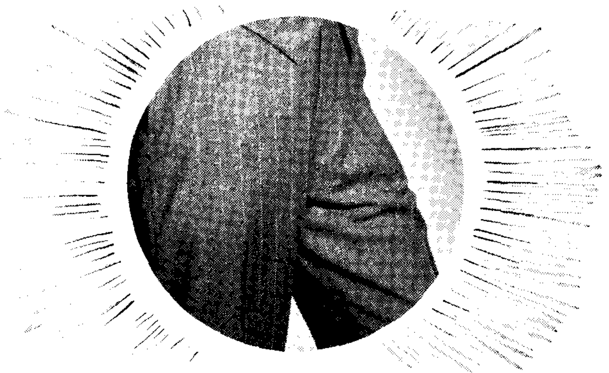
1. When you climb into your next new suit, will you have to juggle *five* clumsy fastenings to close the pants?



2. Not if the suit's *really* new. For then it will have the Talon slide fastener. Quick. Easy. More sensible.



1. Are you going to accept a suit that may gap conspicuously at the *one* place where you want to be inconspicuous?



2. Certainly not! Today the old style "ruffle fly" is taboo. See that *your* next suit has the seam-smooth Talon fastener!

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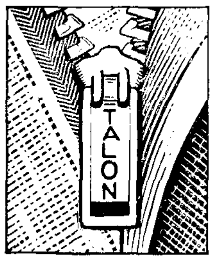

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It's Smart to Call for PABST BLUE RIBBON

live, you know; we can't put her into a box for six or seven years; and poor Phil looking simply *haggard,* and Sandy like a marble image saying that she only wanted to do her duty by Norma and the countess, and Norma in floods of tears saying that if Miss Britton would only come back she'd do anything. It's my conviction that she said that to annoy Sandy, who looked daggers at her—"

"She admitted that much," Jocelyn said, smiling. "But this is a pitiful situation," she added, more gravely. "I want—like all the rest of you, somehow to get *at* Norma, somehow to understand what she is thinking, what her own idea of her future is. If this goes on, at twenty she'll be not only well-known, she'll be notorious. And nobody'll ever attempt then to understand her, or put a generous construction on what she does. Being dragged about this way, seeing so much of life that is—is sensational, being able to buy anything she wants; it's all bad for her, it's demoralizing her."

"Exactly!" said her grandmother triumphantly. "And this is where she belongs, in this quiet, simple place, where all her father's old friends are. She certainly shouldn't be turned over to her mother, at her age!"

Jocelyn hardly had time to analyze her own amazement at several phrases of this statement, for the old lady was proceeding calmly:

"Now, we've had to pacify Sandy, or she'll report to Janet, and there'll be trouble. So she's the—well, the formal governess, and she'll go with Norma down to school now and then, and keep a sort of eye on her. And you'll be the companion, someone for Norma to play with. Can you—do you think you can manage that?"

Jocelyn felt a strong sudden resentment. This was the last arrangement in the world to which she would voluntarily have given consent. She was about to say with dignity that she felt it better to withdraw until both Norma's grandmother and her father felt that another readjustment should be tried, when Mrs. Fordyce quite unconsciously produced the argument that decided her definitely and instantly for the experiment.

"Sandy, to tell you the truth," said Norma's grandmother, "has an idea that you're not very deeply interested in Norma. After all, you were in Phil's office, you know, and as Sandy says, these office friendships! Sandy is perfectly confident that you'll not stay under that arrangement, that Norma can't have two governesses, and, as Sandy says, the child will very quickly find herself too busy and too taken up with her friends to worry about it any longer. I'm telling you this quite frankly, because I want you to understand that whatever happens we can't make Sandy angry, because she's in constant touch with Norma's mother."

When Jocelyn spoke it was smoothly and sweetly; she had risen as if understanding that the interview was over.

"Mr. Fordyce is going to Washington on Wednesday," she said. "Perhaps since there have been so many changes and so much confusion, it would be better to leave it as it is. I'll see Miss Sanderson now, and I'm sure we can come to an understanding."

PHILIP FORDYCE returned from Washington five weeks later. He came somewhat doubtfully, somewhat curiously, into his mother's room on the afternoon of his arrival, to find her dressing, and his daughter idling in a big chair.

Norma jumped up to greet him, and he held her at arm's length and looked at her with great satisfaction.

"Well, Seventeen-years-old," he said, "I hear good things of you."

"I'm an angel," Norma reported complacently.

"She really has been good?" Philip asked, kissing his mother.

"Very good," said his mother unenthusiastically.

"I told you so," Norma said. "It's Jocelyn."

"Jocelyn, is it?" The man smiled. "I brought her a little present from New York," he said.

"You shouldn't have," Mrs. Fordyce said. "Heavens, Annette! You're putting eyebrows on me," she added forcefully, "you're not operating on my brain!"

"And what'd you bring me, Daddy!"

"Everything in sight. I picked out a nice senator for you, but he had a wife."

"I wouldn't marry a senator and live in Washington and have to be tactful," Norma declared. "We're having a party tonight, Dad. Friday night. Jocelyn lets me have a party every Friday night if I'm up in lessons. We have fun! Pencil games. We nearly go crazy."

"All that sounds very normal," Philip said, hardly believing his ears. "How's Sandy?"

"Awful. Jocelyn will tell you. But there hasn't—been—*one* thing she could report to Mother!"

"Look here, are you behaving yourself to spite Sandy or to please Granny and me?"

"To spite Sandy!" Norma answered joyfully. "We don't have dinner with you tonight, Dad; we have it in the old billiard room Friday nights, and we sing. It's fun!"

She presently went off to dress, and Philip followed suit. His mother had informed him that the Randalls and Jane Kimberley were coming to dinner, after which they would play bridge, and it occurred to him that by being ready a little early he might see Jocelyn for a few minutes, and get her report upon the state of affairs.

Descending to the library at seven he sent Lorenz to summon her. But upon entering the room he discovered that he was not to see Jocelyn alone. Jane Kimberley, graceful, gentle, with touches of pure silver banding her dark hair, rose to meet him as he came across to the hearth, and held out a welcoming hand. She was dressed for dinner; diamond clips sparkled on the emerald-green velvet of her gown; she had fine brown eyes and tonight as she smiled at him they wore their most affectionate expression.

"Home again, Phil."

"It feels good, too. I'm hoping to stay here for a while now. I hear everything's going well."

"Everything goes well when you're back," Jane said. "My dear, dear old boy!"

She put her hands on his shoulders as she spoke, and Philip quite naturally put his arms about her and kissed the upturned face.

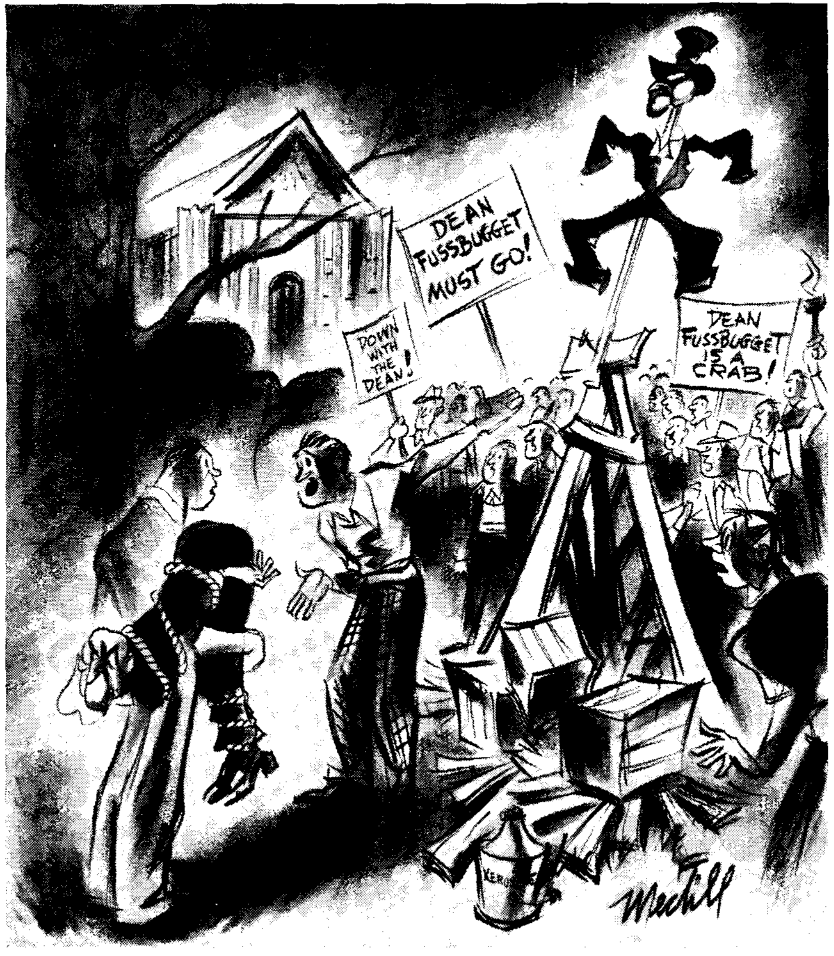
JOCELYN had come flying downstairs at his request. She had known he was expected tonight or tomorrow night; he was never very definite about his comings and goings. But the whole house felt differently for his mere presence, and as she and Norma had arranged the last details for the Friday night party her heart had been singing. He was home again, and she would have a good report to make him of her trust.

She was halfway down the last broad shallow flight of stairs when she saw, as if it were a little scene from a play, the two figures in the library; the tall woman with her dark silver-streaked head close to his shoulder; the tall man with his arms about her.

Jocelyn stood stricken for an endless minute. Then she turned and fled up the stairs as if followed by furies. She went blindly, dazedly, to her own room, and stood there panting, with one hand to her cheek.

The room went around slowly, more slowly. In the quiet and emptiness of it Jocelyn spoke aloud: "So that's what keeps you here! So that's what you're thinking about, Jocelyn Britton? You idiot! You *idiot!* Well, now you know! Now at least you know!"

(To be continued next week)


DEAN FUSSBUGGET MUST GO!
DOWN WITH THE DEAN!
DEAN FUSSBUGGET IS A CRAB!
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"But we're going to burn the dean in effigy—not alive!" MEDILL

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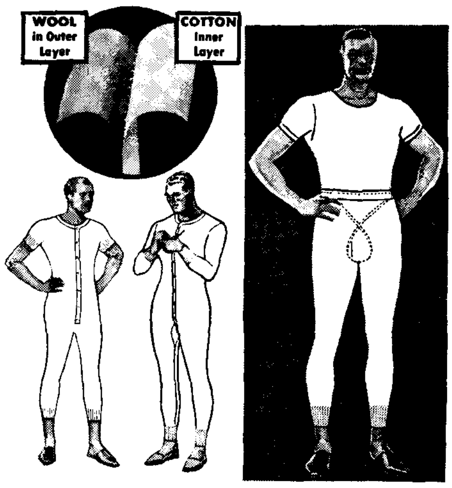

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ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

We Will Meet Again

Continued from page 22

There was agony in every line of his face and both hands clutched at his throat. He stumbled close to Big George.

"'Fore God," he gasped, "I ain't done . . ."

Peter Kincaid tried to shout as the Negro brushed Big George's outflung hand. The faint words died on his lips. The two men were together! He saw the bright blade rise and fall, and rise again—no longer bright. And then he was plunging away from a wall that seemed to move at his back.

There was a queer moment when nothing worked. His lungs burned; his legs were heavy. He was conscious of the shout behind him—Timberline's probably—and of Po-Po's slow fall. And then he was going up, as a charging guard goes up, and the full driving weight of his body hit Big George at the waist.

The breath went out of Big George in a groaning sigh and he went over and back. Peter Kincaid had Big George's knife wrist in both hands. Big George struck down with his free hand, and numbness flowed like water over Peter Kincaid's shoulder. There was pain in his side, too, constant, jolting pain.

Grimly he clung to the sweating wrist. Grimly. . . . Pain ate in his lungs, burned his eyes. And then the whirling darkness swept him up. Spinning darkness, torn by roaring flashes of sound. . . .

PETER KINCAID was aware of the quiet first. It was not a real silence, for voices still rang in the big room, but the mob no longer howled and the prison siren had stopped its ugly screaming.

He lay still behind closed eyes. The voices seemed dim and faraway. He couldn't distinguish the words. He didn't try. The dull taste of blood was in his mouth; his raw throat ached.

The legs were there when he opened his eyes. Two sets of them—one booted in shining black, one clad in guard's khaki. Peter Kincaid pushed out a cautious hand.

The black boots moved. "Stay there!" a harsh voice growled. "Want your hair parted with a sap?"

Peter Kincaid got slowly to his knees. An unsmiling guard looked at him. "You're a sucker if I ever saw one," he said. "What'd you plow into a guy with a knife for?"

The state trooper said, "Yeah? What for?"

The breath was cold in Peter Kincaid's throat. He was looking not at the guard but at the figure sprawled near the worktable. Somehow he knew what had happened to Big George even before he saw the dusty red stain that spread darkly around the lumpish shoulders. He knew—for only the dead can have that look of utter stillness.

Five feet away a deputy warden was bending over Po-Po Morrison. He rose. His thin face was thoughtful above the gas mask that hung about his neck.

"He never knew what hit him," he said soberly. "He's one black boy who'll do no more singing."

THE "line-up" gong did not ring the next morning. No meals were served that day, though each man was given three slices of bread and a cup of black coffee. The cell block was wrapped in sullen quiet.

Timberline O'Hara grinned at Peter. "How's to make me a cigarette?" he asked. He wore no shirt and the wide bandage shone white against the brown of his skin. Pain had cut deep lines about his mouth. He was pale.

"Sure," said Peter, "but you ought to be in the hospital. That arm is . . ."

"There's no room, Pete."

And he studied Peter Kincaid for a long time before he spoke again: "You didn't hear the guards come in, huh?"

"I didn't hear anything."

"They were right on your heels," Timberline said. "Four screws an' a batch of state troopers. That damn' knife'd my arm to the wall an' I couldn't move. You dove away from the door just's it opened. One of the screws knocked you kicking an' yelled at Big George to drop the knife. He didn't drop it, an' three of them let him have it."

Peter Kincaid said, "I know."

A guard came then, thumping his leaded stick along the bars. "The warden wants you guys," he said thinly. "Come out of there."

Timberline whispered, "This is where we catch it."

And he was right. They were taken—with five others—to the warden's office; they stood before his shining desk and heard him say, ". . . Guilty of inciting riot. . . . You lose all good time, all privileges. Thirty days in the hole. . . ."

MAX SANDSTROM waved the waiter away. He put both hands flat upon the table—good hands, square and brown and beautifully kept—and looked at Paula Kincaid.

"We can talk now," he said.

"It's about Peter, Mr. Sandstrom."

"My name is Max. My friends call me that."

She wore blue, a smoky, becoming blue. The candle flame struck dancing glints from the shining black of her hair; the white forelock was silver in the soft light. Her mouth had a strained look. Her eyes were tired.

Max Sandstrom said, "You want to talk about Peter, and so I talk about names. I'm an ass, Paula."

"Pete's name was in the paper today."

"I saw it," said Sandstrom. "I called the warden."

Color came into Paula's cheeks. "I talked to a lawyer this noon," she said in a quick, breathless voice. "He told me Peter is no longer eligible for parole, that he'll have to serve all his sentence."

"I'm afraid he's right, Paula."

Paula's clenched hand went to her lips.

"You mean—it's hopeless?"

"Just about. . . . You'd do anything to help, wouldn't you?"

"Of course."

"All men have a price." Sandstrom's voice was gentle and low. "The men on the parole board are no different than any others. They're human; they can be bought. I can force Peter's parole through—buy it—but it will be expensive, in more ways than one."

PAULA'S eyes widened. "Bribery?"

"How else? Politics is a rotten game in this state, Paula. There are four men to buy—they'll be cheap at ten thousand each."

"We'd be years repaying you."

"If money were the only thing at stake Peter would have been free long ago." Max Sandstrom leaned forward. "I'm a businessman, but I'm also a politician—first, last and always.

"Peter's case is important now; it's a political issue. The district attorney and I are old enemies. He wants to be the next governor. That's why he double-crossed me at Peter's trial. He knows how badly I want Peter released; how far I'll go to have him released. He knows, too, that he has to wreck my organization to win the election. He's using any means that come to hand. Do you follow me?"

Paula said, "I think so."

"All right. Before the riot, I had it fixed so Peter would be pardoned right after election. I could do this by working through the governor. The governor is my man; the parole board is more the district attorney's than mine. There'd have been unpleasant publicity. The district attorney might have even started a recall movement, but nothing much could have come of it.

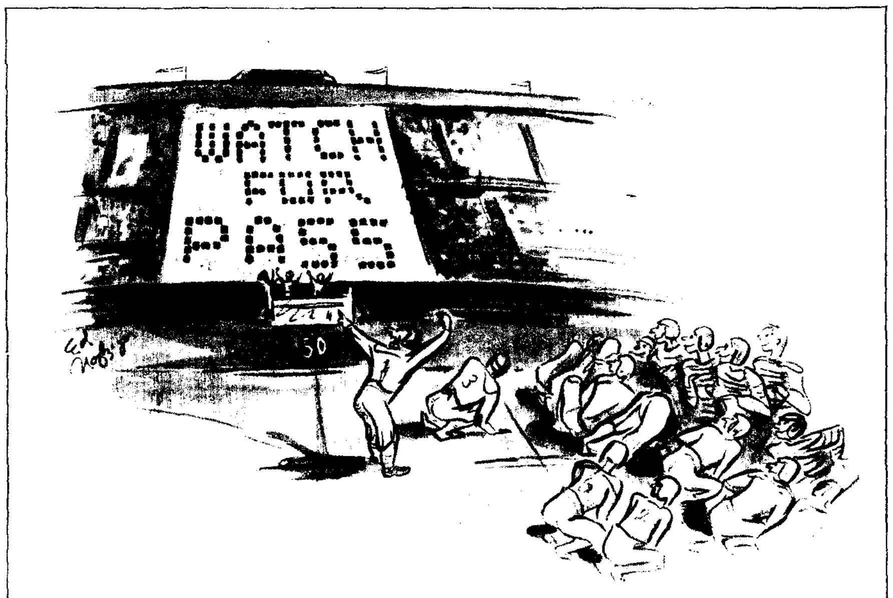
"The riot changed all that. The governor's afraid. He knows he'll be dead—politically—if he signs Peter's pardon. I can't push him. That means I've got to work through men I can't trust. They'll take the bribe; they'll free Peter—but at what cost?"

"I'm afraid I don't quite see—"

"I can't control the papers—they'll shout bloody murder. The district attorney will sharpen his ax." Max Sandstrom's head was tipped; his mouth was thin. "He'll try to prove I bought Peter's freedom. He may do it!"

"And then?" asked Paula.

Sandstrom's hand moved out, flatly. "Everything I have is at stake. Money, position, power—I can lose them all in one grand smash. I can go to prison!" He made a square fist of his hand. "You see, Paula. It boils down to this: I'd have to risk everything I've got to free Peter. That's a big price. I can't do it



"Hey, there, no coaching from the side lines!" ED NOFZIGER

"My ears turned RED when I gave my SCALP the FINGERNAIL TEST"

"SO YOU WRITE DANDRUFF ADS!" I said to the blonde in the strapless evening dress. "You . . . a lady with no visible means of support!"

"Go on, laugh!" she said, "I'll bet your scalp won't even pass the Fingernail Test!"

WITHOUT THINKING, I scratched my head . . . boy, was my scalp gummy! My ears turned red.

"HOW DO I GET THIS WAY?" I asked my barber next day, "when you wash my hair every other week?" Joe looked pained. "How can shampoos keep your hair free of dandruff when you gum it up with grease every day? If you'd try this 3-Action Wildroot-with-Oil . . ."

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WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

for him. I will do it for you—but there's a string attached!"

For a moment Paula did not speak. She was cold, suddenly, frightened. But she must hear Max Sandstrom out.

"Yes?" she whispered. "Yes, Max . . . ?"

"I'm in love with you, Paula. I want you."

Paula said, "You're blunt enough."

"I'm not much for words, Paula. I had to say it that way."

The smooth line of Paula's lips broke on pain. "I am Peter's wife," she said. "I couldn't do . . . this thing and go on being his wife. I couldn't!"

"You misunderstand, Paula. I don't want you that way." Max Sandstrom lifted one hand and let it fall. "There are divorce courts, Paula."

Somehow, Paula held her voice steady. "I think," she said slowly, "I know exactly what you mean—"

THANKSGIVING was just another day in prison. There was turkey—a sliver of meat for each man—and the warden talked. The guards passed out cigarettes. Timberline said, "Tailor-made. This tastes better than the warden's speech."

Christmas was cut from the same shoddy cloth. The slow days stalked away. Then it was midnight and the sound of distant whistles awoke the cell block, and a thousand men shouted the old year away.

"Here it is," said Timberline. "Another year."

"You," said Peter thinly, "can send it back."

Stanley Kincaid came on a Friday—the first visiting day. Even that had changed, for there were six guards on the prisoner's side of "the fence" instead of three. The wire mesh had been strengthened. The guard who admitted Peter put a restraining hand upon his arm. "You got just ten minutes," he said. "Better talk fast."

Stanley Kincaid said, "Hello, son."

"Dad! I'm glad to see you."

They faced each other, and Peter thought: "He's old—old beyond his years. And I've done this to him."

Stanley Kincaid said, "Paula couldn't come today, son, but she asked me to tell you she'd be here next time."

"What did you find out?" asked Peter.

"It was Joe Hicks who sent Freddy Bascom to prison." There was no strength in Stanley Kincaid's voice. "The district attorney had a statement—dated two days before Hicks' death—in which Hicks swore he'd seen Freddy Bascom leave the Rosemont Grocery just after the robbery. That was enough to convict Freddy."

A bleak smile pulled at Peter's lips. "What else did you learn, Dad?"

"Max Sandstrom hasn't bought a square inch of land since you were sent here. He hasn't added so much as a single plank to any factory of his."

Peter said, "I knew it! Max Sandstrom planned no expansion—that was a lie he invented so he could offer me a job. He wanted me to drop my criminal practice, Dad; he wanted me out of the Bascom case."

"It's possible Sandstrom changed his mind about the expansion, Pete. Times aren't good."

Peter Kincaid said, "You know he lied!"

"Yes," said his father, "and I know why he lied. Franklin Calhoun was murdered the day of the robbery!"

"I'm a fool to have forgotten that."

"They've never arrested anyone for Calhoun's murder." There was a dry steadiness about Stanley Kincaid's voice, as though he went on only because he knew he must. "I have a friend who let me read the reports of the detectives who worked on the case. It was pretty well established that Sandstrom stood to gain by Calhoun's death. Further, it was proved that Sandstrom and Calhoun had fought, violently, and that Calhoun had sworn he'd send Sandstrom to prison."

Peter Kincaid said, "What time was Calhoun killed?"

"Shortly before two o'clock—within *five minutes of the time the Rosemont* store was robbed."

A muscle jerked high on Peter's cheek. "Joe Hicks was Sandstrom's man. He did Sandstrom's dirty little jobs. He *killed* Calhoun! D'you see, Dad? The murder and the robbery occured at the same time. *Hicks swore he saw Bascom rob the store to prove he was miles from the murder!*"

"There was another witness, Pete. A man named Schmidt also testified against Bascom. We tried to find Schmidt, but couldn't."

"Witnesses have been bought before," said Peter. "Hicks and Sandstrom could have hired a dozen. Look. Joe Hicks murdered Calhoun at two o'clock. He built a perfect alibi by swearing he witnessed the robbery; he entered that alibi into court record. That's why I was offered three thousand to drop the Bascom case. Bascom wasn't important—Joe Hicks' alibi was!"

And then, suddenly, Peter Kincaid's face went stiff. "Hicks was killed trying to save his alibi. I hit him and he died! Does that mean anything to you?"

"It did," said Stanley Kincaid, and his was an old man's voice. "I had the same idea. I thought Hicks had killed Calhoun—I still do. But we can prove nothing, Peter. The trail ends with Hicks, it will always end there. . . ." Stanley Kincaid got slowly to his feet.

Peter Kincaid said, "Thanks, Dad. You tried."

"I'll go now," answered his father.

THROUGH the next long week Peter Kincaid planned the thing he would say when Paula came again. He picked the words; shaped each careful sentence. "Calhoun is dead, and Hicks was Sandstrom's weapon. Facts, you see. Thus it was, and thus it must be. . . ."

But the guard said, "Ten minutes," and Paula looked up at him and brushed the white forelock back in the old, old way.

"You've come," Peter said. "Let me look at you."

And the other words were gone. This was not the time or place. Bitterness is born where there are walls and bars, and, knowing that, Paula would discount his accusations. Sandstrom seemed less important now. Another day would do as well.

Paula said, "You're thinner, Pete."

"*Old Ugly!*" His palm was pressed hard against the wire. He could feel the flesh of her fingers, the warmth of them. "That white forelock haunts me. I dream about it at night."

"Do I mean so much, Pete?"

He said, "Paula—" and something in him gave way. He heard his voice run on—low and oddly husky—and dreams became words. . . .

"AT NIGHT I play 'Remember,'" he said. "It's a silly game but it helps. Sometimes we're kids again, and it's the night you told me the stars were diamonds in the sky and you'd get me one if I gave you a boost.

"And sometimes we walk in Ryan's Lane. The wind has piled the leaves in the fence corners, and you stir them with a stick and a white rabbit goes bouncing away. The old man gives us apples, and then we climb the hill to the water tower. And sometimes it's winter and the snow is good and we ski on Tricorn Hill. . . ."

Paula said, "Pete, I—"

"Foolish?" he said. "Yes, but a good way to pass the nights. I like to remember the way we walked in the rain and . . ."

"Pete, stop!" Paula whispered. "You must!"

Peter Kincaid brushed at his lips with the back of one unsteady hand. There was something close to fear in Paula's voice. A shadowed, troubled something that got to Peter, coldly, as he waited for her to speak.

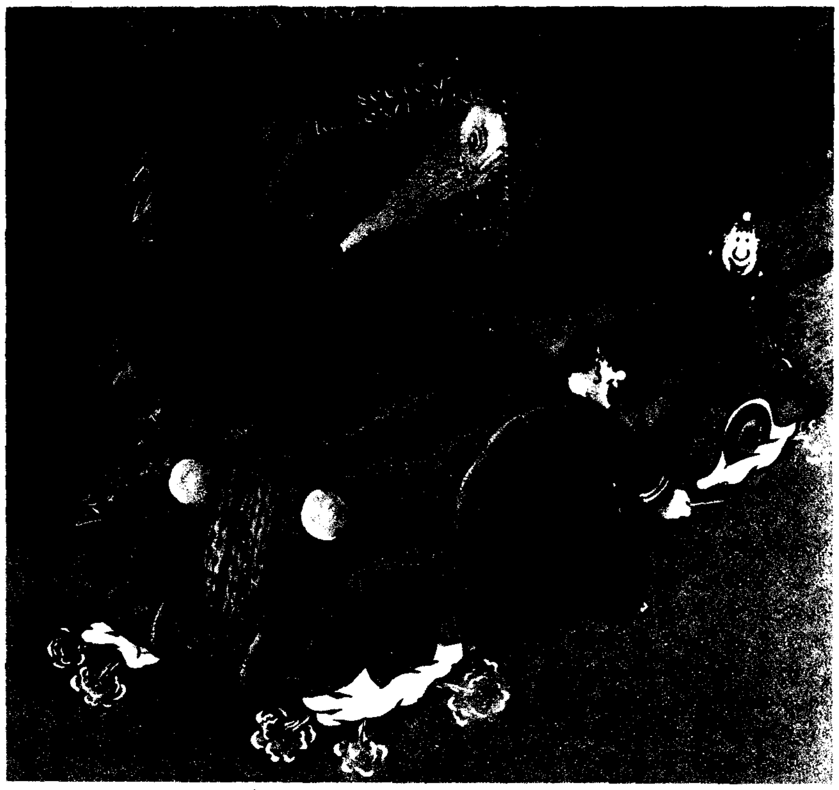
"I hate myself for this," she said. "I'm going to hurt . . . you." She held herself stiffly and there was hot color in her cheeks. "I could have come last visiting day, Pete. I lied to your father."

"So what?" The steadiness of Peter's voice was as false as his smile. "Why get worked up over a thing as small as that?"

"I was afraid to come."

"Afraid?"

"I'm taking your suggestion and I



"Oh, boy! I can hardly wait to see their faces!" JAY IRVING

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hadn't the courage to tell you." Paula bent her head, and the faint words came at the end of her breath. "I'm divorcing you. . . ."

Raggedly, Peter said, "Divorce? But why—?"

"It's best, Pete. A quick break; a clean one."

Peter Kincaid flinched. His mouth turned down; his hands were white on the table edge. The silence drew bright and thin.

"You came to tell me this," he said finally. "Did you have to let me make a fool of myself?"

"I tried to stop you."

A shadow fell between them as Peter leaned forward. The guard's hand caught his shoulder, and the guard said: "Time's up, guy."

Peter Kincaid tried to smile as he got to his feet. "I'm the guy who suggested divorce," he said jerkily. "Maybe it's best, Paula. I'll see you around. I—"

Paula lifted one hand, but didn't speak. And when Peter looked back from the door he saw her there—slim and small and very pale. He found breath then, and cursed the guard who pushed him along the corridor.

PETER KINCAID said, "You sent for me, sir?"

Deputy Warden Hill looked up. "A guard brought you here," he said. "I'd think that was answer enough."

He was big, this deputy warden, solidly big. The convicts called him "Bloody Mike" and said he was the toughest gun bull ever to make the front office. He looked it, but for his gentle eyes. Two persons—guard and chaplain—might have been combined to make this one, and the strain of being at once hard and kind had left its mark upon his face. He was old with it, tired with it.

"I hear your wife's left you," he said.

Peter Kincaid's expression did not change. He knew how swift the prison grapevine could be, how efficient. He held his silence—the stubborn silence of a man gone hard.

The deputy warden tipped his chair back. "We had a kid here not so long ago who was a lot like you—a kid named Johnny Nash. He did a year for robbery. Kid stuff, but his father disowned him and his girl married another man. Johnny blamed us—the system, the law, the cops.

"Johnny served his time and went out, but he didn't stay long. They brought him back—for murder—and we hung Johnny last month. I don't want that to happen to you."

"What does all this mean?"

"You get your cap," the deputy warden said harshly. "You're a trusty and in a month you'll have every privilege an inmate can have. I'll do everything I can to get you out of here. And if you cross me"—his tone was savage and jarring—"I'll wring your neck with my bare hands. Now—get out!"

"But why—" Peter Kincaid began.

There was no chance to say more, for the guard came then, but through the afternoon Peter wondered why the deputy warden had taken this sudden interest in him. He asked Timberline O'Hara about it that night.

"Why worry?" Timberline asked. "You're a trusty. Play it straight an' you'll be out in a month or two."

"Yes," said Peter, "and then—"

Timberline O'Hara came off his bunk. "I'm the sucker that got you this break," he said. "Bloody Mike knows I'm goin' over the wall first chance, but he listens when I talk 'cause he knows I tell it straight. Paula left you an' you're sick inside. So I ask Mike how many guys like me he wants in this joint an' he says, 'One is too many.' So I told him to give you a cap or there'd be two. So now you start talkin' about the hell you're goin' to raise when you get out. You ought to know you can't beat this racket, Pete. They'll be haulin' you back here—to the rope!"

Peter Kincaid laughed. "So that's it. Well, you and Bloody Mike can stop worrying. I'll get Sandstrom all right—but not with a gun. I'll get him my way. The legal way!"

"Maybe," said Timberline. "Maybe."

Peter Kincaid worked in the kitchen for a month. He grew lean there. He never talked. And then he was put outside the wall.

The days hurried away. Flowers bloomed and died under his hands. The summer sun burned the hills a dry and dusty brown. The leaves fell and were raked and burned.

The parole board met three times, and each time passed over Peter's name. Others went out, and Peter knew it was not his record that kept him in prison. But he waited on, grimly, and there was something desperate in his determination to "take it easy—"

He was given an office job then, and assigned quarters in the trusties' cell block. He packed—the day the transfer came through—making a long, slow job of it. And when he'd finished he turned to Timberline O'Hara.

"I think I'd rather stay here," he said.

Timberline smiled. "So long, guy."

"I'll be around," said Peter. "I'll see you . . ." He stopped then, pulling in a deep breath. "I get it. Your ladder's done."

"A week ago."

"Think you'll make it?"

"I might," said Timberline. "The odds are as good as they'll ever be. We'll have foggy nights soon."

Thickly, Peter Kincaid said, "You're a fool to try."

The grin that tugged at Timberline's lips was as dry as dust. He nodded in slow agreement. "And don't forget it, Pete—don't *ever* forget it!"

PETER KINCAID could see the fog from the window of the trusties' cell block. It had come with the afternoon—a thin, smoky mist—deepening with the early dark, thickening until it lay as a gray blanket over the yard.

The south wall was a vague bulk, broken at either end by the upthrust shadow of a gun tower. South Wall! Timberline O'Hara would go that way, for the river lay beyond, the swamps, the thick woods. And so Peter Kincaid watched that wall, held at the window by the memory of Timberline's laughing eyes. . . .

There were lights out there, a dozen or more, and each wore a kind of misty halo. There were guards. He thought of them as guns—Springfield rifles, fully loaded and in competent hands.

A guard walked the wall top now. Peter Kincaid saw him as he passed beneath the lights, a blurred form without real shape that seemed to swim in the mist.

And then it happened. An urgent shout rang through the yard. A dozen throats took up that shout. Peter's breath caught, and in the space of a single heartbeat the yard was alive with sound. The prison siren awoke and roared upward to a shrill high note, held endlessly on and on. Searchlights blinked to life. Guards appeared and vanished in the fog.

Peter Kincaid swore, and the sound was soft and desperate. He searched for Timberline as frantically as did the guards. But he did not want to find him—he was sick with the fear he would.

A searchlight faltered on the south wall, stopped there, and instantly all the others joined it. The beams were oddly like grim, white fingers pointing accusingly at the small figure trapped in the pitiless glare.

A moment more and Timberline would

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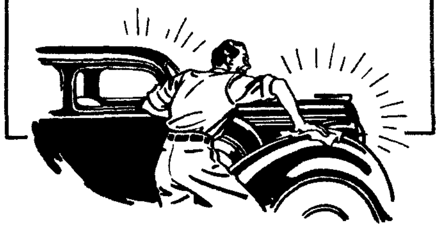

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have made it. He was that close to the top. He paused now, and looked down. Then he climbed again. His movements were swift beyond conception, coolly swift and unafraid.

A low moan broke from Peter's throat. Somewhere near, a man would be kneeling, a gunstock pressed hard against his cheek. His eye would be cold and bright—a precise instrument for the judgment of distance, the smooth adjustment of sights, the exact placement of a bead on a pair of moving shoulders. His finger would be curling, without haste, around the trigger; squeezing off with a steady pull. . . .

The report was brittle and sharp. Peter Kincaid flinched and closed his eyes. There was something so final in the sound. The siren dropped to silence; the guards stopped shouting. And the quiet pulled Peter's eyes back to the circle of light.

Timberline had stopped. His legs were tangled somehow, in the ladder rungs. His head was bent as if in disappointment, and not in pain. He did not cry out. One hand went slowly up to touch the wall top and then dropped back. Timberline had lost—there was something pitiful in that, something valiant, too.

Timberline swayed backward. His hand came free and he fell, tumbling swiftly down into darkness . . . into oblivion. . . .

YOU can grow numb with waiting. Something inside you dies, and you forget what month it is, what day. You measure time from events—a month ago Timberline was killed; a year ago Paula got her divorce. Disappointment loses its sting, for you've been anesthetized by a hundred other disappointments. You expect failure. It's success that leaves you dazed.

It hit Peter Kincaid that way. He didn't know whether to curse or laugh. He did sit down, it was that or fall; and there was a jumpy catch in his throat that made his voice sound high and a little silly.

"Would you repeat that?" he asked.

Deputy Warden Hill said, "Your parole went through, Kincaid. You're a free man. . . ."

Max Sandstrom and Paula were alone in the second-floor study at Twin Hills. Morning sunlight spilled into the room. The diamond Paula wore on her left hand looked very big, very bright. The other ring—the wedding ring—was bright too, with the cold blaze of matchless stones.

"It's over," Max Sandstrom said. "You're Paula Sandstrom now."

Paula said, "Yes. It is over."

And it was. A wedding takes so little time, so few words.

Max Sandstrom smiled. "Wine?" he asked, and turned to the table which held a fat quart of champagne set deep in a silver ice bucket. "I ordered the best money could buy. I wanted the best when we drank to the years ahead."

"Do you value everything by its cost, Max?"

"It's one way." He was still smiling when he brought her a slim glass. "To the bride, the lovely bride."

The wine was cold on Paula's lips.

"Silver and midnight blue. The sun does that, you know. It makes silver of the white band in your hair."

"Sterling," said Paula. "It would have to be."

Slowly Max Sandstrom placed his glass upon the table.

"This is the second time you've mentioned money," he said finally. "You are trying to say something definite. What is it, Paula?"

Paula did not meet his eyes. "I didn't expect this . . . side-show wedding. Two orchestras, enough guests to fill a stadium—" She lifted her left hand. "This ring is a good example. Why did it have to be so big, Max? It means no more because it is."

"My taste is bad, eh?"

"You make it difficult, Max. We have different ideas about display. I feel I'm wearing something made of thousand-dollar bills. I can't enjoy that."

He came to stand beside her. The clean crispness of him was a studied thing—made up of good linen, well-kept hands, and tailoring correct to the quarter inch.

He cupped his hand under her chin, tipping her face to the light. "Lovely Paula," he said. She stiffened at his touch; turned as he bent to kiss her. His lips brushed her cheek.

"Please, Max. Not now."

The red flush of anger was in his face. "I thought it normal for a man to kiss his wife. But . . . you're upset, of course." An edged softness came into his voice. "Shall we join our guests?"

Paula said, "I must change first."

"I'll go down now. I'll expect you soon."

Soft carpets floored the upper hall, made a path of deep blue against the lighter blue of the shadows. Distant music, blurring with the drone of many voices and the rumble of laughter, followed Paula to her room. She closed the door and shut away all sound; she turned to find Marion Cantrill standing close by.

"Mrs. Sandstrom," Marion murmured. "Do come in."

Paula said, "Why are you here?"

"I'm the skeleton." The shadow of a smile pulled at Marion's lips. "Every feast needs at least one skeleton."

"That's not funny."

"Are you afraid of me?" asked Marion Cantrill. "You needn't be, you know. I'm not the type to throw acid or use a gun. I've just come . . . to look."

Paula said, "You've done that. Will you go now?"

The icy smoothness of Marion Cantrill was gone. Her smile was ugly in its falseness.

"Tell me," she said. "Are you in love with Max?"

Paula's lips were tightly drawn together. "You can't do this to me," she whispered. "I won't let you!"

"Peter Kincaid is free—because you married Max!"

Paula said, "No!"

"You're lying," said Marion gently. "You're one kind of person and Max is another—oil and water—and the two never mix of their own accord. Max was mine before he was yours. I know him as you never will. I know, for example, that he wanted you from the first time he ever saw you."

Paula said, "Will you go, please!"

Marion Cantrill inclined her head. "Max Sandstrom sent Peter Kincaid to prison." She touched Paula's arm. "Listen. The district attorney belongs to Max, body and soul. So does the judge who sentenced Peter Kincaid. Both of them were at dinner, here, the night before the arraignment. I was at that dinner. I heard them arrange every detail. Peter Kincaid had no chance at all. Few do—against Max!"

PAULA said, "Why tell me this now? Why not before—the wedding?"

Slowly, Marion Cantrill lifted one hand. A wedge of shadow lay across her cheek; her eyes were old. "I'm not sure why I'm telling you now. Conscience—that's a silly word. I—"

"Am I intruding?" a soft voice asked.

Marion turned quickly. A low gasp escaped her lips. Max Sandstrom was leaning back against the closed door; his hands were pressed hard against the white wood, brown fingers splayed. Woodenly, he looked at them, waiting.

(To be continued next week)

HITS THE SPOT on HAMBURGER

A·1 SAUCE

"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES . . . AND AT HOME TOO"

STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Collier's, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 2nd, 1939. State of New York, County of New York,—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. E. Winger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Collier's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and treasurer are: Publisher, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Treasurer, A. E. Winger, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Stockholders Owning 1% or More of Stock: Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, Easton, Md.; Beech Corporation, Jersey City, N. J.; Publication Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; W. Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is—— (This information is required from daily publications only.) A. E. Winger, Treasurer. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1939. (Seal.) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30, 1941.)

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The Game's Gone Cold

Continued from page 20

system coaches opposed it. One of them said, "Pop and his gang are up to something with that pass rule."

I admit there has been plenty of bickering and engineering behind football rule-making in the past, but now is the time to lay all this aside for the good of the game. Because the game has reached a stalemate where pure defense has completely overshadowed the offense, I suggest that the rule-makers leave petty politics and prejudice out of it and consider my five proposed rule changes. Any one of them would mark a forward step. And adoption of all five would make the grid sport a game demanding smarter coaching, more alert and speedy play as contrasted to beef and brawn, and would make each game more thrilling by placing emphasis on scoring.

"The Old Game's Good Enough"

There has been a peculiarly hostile attitude toward every change in the rule book since 1882, when the teams were cut from fifteen to eleven men. I can reach into my scrapbook and quote from an article in the New York Herald of October 15, 1906, the season after the forward pass had been introduced. In this article Fielding (Hurry Up) Yost of Michigan, later to coach some of the greatest forward-pass teams the game has known, said: "The old game's good enough for me. Why do they want to change the rules? The forward pass is practically a useless play for a big game. Michigan will not use it."

I must admit that I, also, was opposed to the forward pass. But like Yost and other objectors at the time I used it to good advantage. A few of us remember that the injection of the forward pass in football for the 1906 season actually saved the game. So widespread was the antagonism toward the brutal, unscientific mass play in 1905 that the fate of the game hung in the balance. Many college presidents either banned football as a sport or threatened to do so unless something was done immediately. And it was then the rules committee rushed to the rescue by ruling out mass formations, prohibiting hurdling, injecting the forward pass and more open play and adopting several other rules to make the game safer.

Today I think football stands on another threshold; not as critical a one, but one that needs the attention of the game's better minds. The sport, grown cold with added emphasis on defense, needs a hypodermic. The formula, to my notion, would be to put the offense back in the game.

An average football team has fifty or so plays. They must be learned and each player is drilled to handle his assignment against certain typical defenses, meaning the standard six- or seven-man lines. But when a trick defense is thrown against a team the attack naturally loses its smoothness and mode of operation. When plays are shown in newsreels the movie-goers are charmed by the perfection of plays and beautiful runs. But the cutting room makes the game look good, eliminating the tug-of-war plays and bringing to the screen only the best offensive maneuvers. They don't show the hundreds of messed up plays that go to make up the games the cameramen have covered.

Shifting defenses take most of the kick out of an offense. I was one of the first to use an unorthodox defense and as a result my team almost beat a superior eleven—one of the best of all time—in a Rose Bowl classic. It was in the 1925 Pasadena affair when Stanford outplayed the famed Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, although finally losing, 27 to 10, on two intercepted passes by Elmer Layden and a dropped punt by the Stanford safety man.

Before we played Knute Rockne's fabulous aggregation I searched around for a plausible defense to stop a team that had gone through a hard schedule undefeated. One of my former players at Pitt, Tiny Hewitt, sent me snapshots of the Notre Dame team against Army, and I noticed how the Irish ends, operating on the Rockne principle of one man against the tackle, were smashing the Army tackle out of each play. So in the Rose Bowl game I pulled the tackle back on the side while Notre Dame shifted. It was a typical five-man defensive line and the Irish ends were at a loss on their normal assignments. We stopped the Four Horsemen's running attack cold, but made enough mistakes on our own part to see Rockne's wide-awake organization capitalize on the breaks and pull the game out of the fire. After the game Rock strolled to the center of the field and exclaimed, "Pop, you surely stopped us with that doggone clever defense of yours."

Defensive maneuvers in the past few years have gone completely berserk. It has reached the point where offensive linesmen hardly know what to do next. They restrict the offense to a minimum of seven men on the line of scrimmage, but the rules put no limitation on defense, except to keep them onside.

Many of our leading coaches favor a standardized defense. It wouldn't in any way detract from the game or from team strength, but it would stimulate attack. Furthermore, the rule would be enforceable. I make that added point because the rule changes in the past five or six years not only stifle offenses but they leave too much to the imagination of the officials.

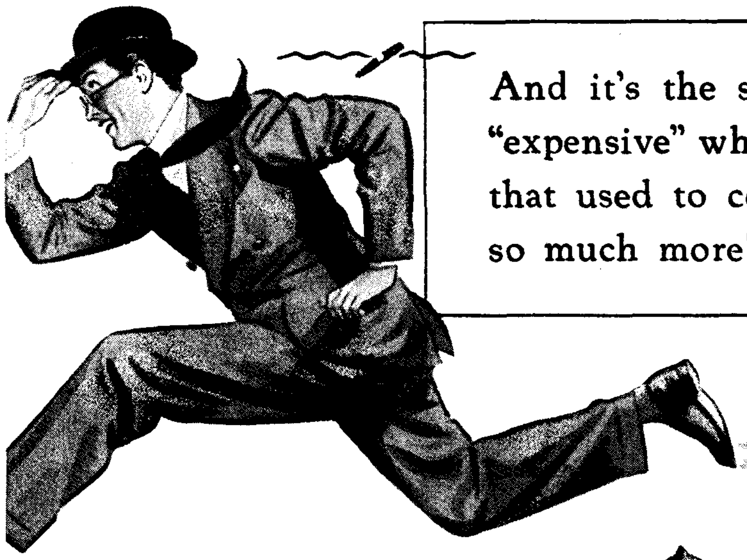
There is that story, apocryphal perhaps, but not so far above some of the things that pass through spectators' minds—of the fellow who took his girl to a football game for the first time. It was one of those games where penalties and whistle-blowing played an important part, and along about midway in the contest the girl tugged at her escort's sleeve and asked, "Tell me, when is the man in the white pants going to stop blowing that horn and carry the ball himself for a while?"

Why a Second-Half Kick-off?

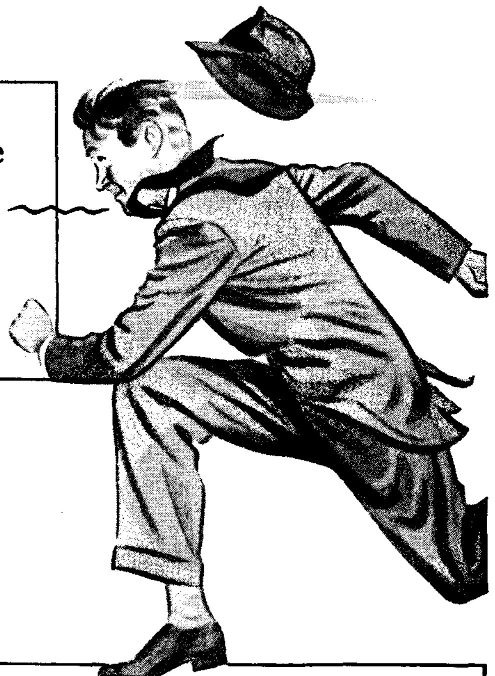
The second-half kickoff, while an integral part of the game since its start, stands out as a silly rule when under analysis. The kickoff really makes two games of it. Aside from the scores already made, the teams start from scratch again in the third quarter. How many times during a season do you find a team playing the clock as the half-time intermission draws near? Certainly many offensive drives are ruined by a half-time gun that starts play all over again after the rest period.

You have seen, for instance, time and again teams put on a march to the opponent's ten-yard line or closer only to find the seconds growing short. The result is a couple of hopeful quick passes, probably not designed for the setup and only used as a frantic resort to beat the clock. Supposing you were to resume play in the third quarter at the spot where the ball was at the end of the second period, wouldn't there be more interest in what was going to happen when the teams emerged from the dress-

Man! Oh, Man!...They've reduced Paul Jones to a *popular price!*



And it's the same "expensive" whiskey that used to cost so much more!



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FILE PROOF NO. 216

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Walks many miles per day in store selling shoes. Suffered chronic shoulder pain reaching for shoe boxes. Invariably fell asleep after dinner. Now, after taking Knox Gelatine regularly, says shoulder "tremendously eased." Feels so much peppier—"doing twice as much business." Less tired at end of strenuous day than formerly was after easy day. Group of salesmen, constantly standing or walking, equally enthusiastic about benefits of Knox Gelatine feedings.

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ing room? Supposing the ball was on the ten-yard line and a team behind 7 to 0? Wouldn't there be a lot of conjecture and argument over what each team would do after the fifteen-minute intermission? There is only one logical answer. A team that has carried the ball down the field shouldn't lose it by a gun when the game still has thirty minutes to run.

On the matter of safety, there is no question but that the kickoff, while pretty to watch, is still one of the most dangerous plays in football. The rules committee, a few years ago, under pressure after the death of Cadet Sheridan in an Army-Yale game, attempted to eliminate a certain amount of the hazard of mass formations on the kickoff return by altering the spacing of men on the team receiving the kickoff. But nevertheless, the kickoff still remains the most dangerous part of the game. Most of the serious injuries are piled up on the kickoff. As a sheer safety design, elimination of an unnecessary kickoff should be welcomed.

My suggestion that there be a rule governing the coverage of punts and protection for the safety man would lessen danger of injury to a man who is in no position to protect himself. And in addition it would make the kicking game a more thrilling one to watch. Dazzling punt returns are one of the most exciting things in football. Some of the game's greatest players built reputations on their ability to ram a punt down the other team's throat, so to speak.

Coaches take advantage of safety men. *I can say this from experience.* The present rule protects the receiver until the ball is caught. But when is the ball caught? Ends are coached to smash the receiver the moment the ball hits his fingers, and at this moment the safety man is in no position to protect himself. He's given the roughest treatment any player ever gets in football.

When my Carlisle Indians played Alonzo Stagg's great Chicago team in 1907, we not only faced a powerful eleven, one that was the pride of the Big Ten, but we were up against one of the game's trickiest broken-field runners. Stagg had a great safety man in Wally Steffen, quarterback successor to the immortal Walter Eckersall. Steffen was one of the slickest runback artists ever seen in football.

Tough on the Safety Man

He wanted to win this game very much. A win over Chicago and Stagg in those days was akin to beating U.S.C., Pitt, Minnesota or Notre Dame today. Before the game I instructed our punter to kick high and forget about distance, and our ends, Gardner and Exendine, two great players, were instructed to hover around Steffen and smack him from both sides *the second he caught* the ball. And they filled their assignments. Gardner and Exendine practically knocked Steffen out of the stadium the first two or three times he caught the ball. He was cautious all day and, chiefly because Chicago couldn't get anywhere with Steffen's great punt-returning, Carlisle won, 18 to 4. Steffen took a terrific and unnecessary beating that day, just as countless other safety men have been "murdered" since, simply because the rules don't actually protect a punt receiver.

A change in the forward-passing rules to allow pass throwing from anywhere behind the scrimmage line would stimulate the aerial game and place a sterner test on defensive maneuvers. Several years before the professional league adopted the rule, Andy Kerr, Dick Hanley *and some of us advocated to the* rules committee that the colleges insert such a rule in the books. But like many other attempts to bolster the waning offense in football, this too was voted down.

This pass rule would enable more variations on handling the ball behind the line. Under the present rule a whirling back can't hand the ball forward or it becomes an illegal forward pass. Thus many deceptive phases of spinning backs can't be used.

The pros don't use the forward pass inside the five-yard zone as much as most people think, but the fact that it is a threat keeps the defense wary, and opens up wide end runs as a passing threat. A sweep off tackle or end with the ball packer posing the ball for a pass is one of the best attacking threats in football. And, without much doubt, one of the prettiest plays to watch.

Anything to stimulate passing rather than stifle it, as some of the rules have in the past, would improve the game. Texas football is popular and packs a wallop because they have gone in for wide-open attacking methods. The trend in the land of the Sammy Baughs and Davey O'Briens has been to put the offense before the defense. The coaches in that sector, not bothered by wet fields, operate on the principle of showering the air with passes.

Change the Rules on Passing

But smashing ends such as Stanford used against Southern Methodist in the Rose Bowl a few years back can throttle a great passing aggregation under the present collegiate rules. However, the adoption of a rule allowing passing from *anywhere behind the scrimmage line* would make the stopping of a strong aerial attack not quite so simple.

Goal kicking at one time was one of the game's integral parts. Many are the names on the gridiron scroll of the place- or drop-kicking heroes. DeWitt, O'Dea, Brickley and Thorpe all won games with educated toes. Think of DeWitt's 55- and 50-yard place kicks for Princeton against Cornell in the 1902 game. Thorpe once kicked four goals from varying distances and at divers angles to beat Harvard singlehanded. O'Dea's 62-yard drop kick for Wisconsin against Northwestern stands as a stupendous feat. But with the goal posts moved back to the end zones in 1927 the kick was practically taken out of the game, and that's a very logical pun, too.

Today it is almost as easy to gamble for a touchdown as it is to kick a goal. Then, too, the present-day goal posts lifted the stimulus from individual place kicking.

I'd like to see the football rules revised so a team must be outplayed, not outlucked. Show me a 3 to 0 or a 7 to 0 game and I'm not sure the best team won, but show me a 20 to 14 or a 27 to 14 game and it's a pretty good bet the strongest eleven collected the most points. *It takes something more than* luck to score three touchdowns, but often a team gets a lucky break and as a result scores once to win from a far better team. This is possible under the present rules which have put elephant chains on offense.

We could learn a lesson from Rugby. The trouble with the old Rugger game is that it's been played practically the same since its founding. But the English idea in sports has been never to change anything. I hope our football game isn't going into any such rut.

I am willing to leave it up to the fans, the millions of whom have made football. Do they want more scoring, wide-open football and a game with plenty of offense? Or do they want a tug of war? If their answer is the latter, then I'm an old codger, an ancient vintage *coach, and my place is beside the fire*place as an old-timer who isn't quite up to modern times.

Ready for Reno

Continued from page 10

By then everybody had gone. The room was a mess of dirty glasses and cigarette butts and papers and bits of food. Bill was dead to the world, sitting up in a chair.

It was Angie who said, "We have to put him to bed." They dragged him into the bedroom, took off his clothes and shoved him between the sheets. Then Angie sat down beside him and put her hand on his forehead. "We love you, Bill," she said. "You hold up our scenery, buy us sandwiches and give us a place to stay. You're our friend." But Bill turned over and sighed in his sleep.

Charlie put his hand on Angie's neck. "I'd take you to the Renton, kid, but I'm afraid they wouldn't let us in at this hour, and without any baggage."

"Or any money," Angie said.

"You're so right," Charlie said. "Of course I've still got that buck."

"That's breakfast, honey. I want a big fifty-cent breakfast."

"Well, come on," he said. "It's getting light. Let's walk."

They walked for two hours. Finally at seven they went into a hamburger joint and got ham and eggs and coffee.

Afterward, with fifteen cents that Angie found in her purse, they bought four morning newspapers and carried them through the now fast-awakening New York streets to Central Park. There, under a leafless tree, they found an empty wooden bench. Then they settled down and slept uncomfortably until eleven o'clock, when a policeman wakened them.

THE night Charlie's second play opened they went to Twenty-One.

They had coffee and brandies and sat absolutely quiet until ten minutes after ten, when Angie looked at her watch and said, "The second act must be about over."

Then Charlie pulled a box out of his pocket and threw it across the table to her. On the inside cover was written in gold: "A pleasant way to spend an evening, smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee and talking to your wife—"

She got up and came around the table and kissed him. Charlie frowned a little and said, "Don't be ostentatious," and Angie, "What do you expect?" She was so excited she forgot about the play.

BUT it was that night they met Mrs. Averill Charlton. She came in with another producer, a friend of Charlie's who had had a big party at the opening.

Charlie and Angie hadn't meant to stay so long, but they were caught by the party; everyone was congratulating them, they had to stay for another drink.

Mrs. Charlton sat down beside Charlie and took him over. And at once. She was one of those suave, wonderfully dressed, incredibly neat women that always look as if they just had a bath.

"But my dear, you're so young," she kept saying. "I thought all producers were old and fat, like Dan." She waved toward her host.

It was a half-hour before they got away. And by that time Mrs. Charlton had made them promise to come to cocktails the next day.

Bill had been home a good twenty minutes before they got to his place. And he wasn't so excited this time.

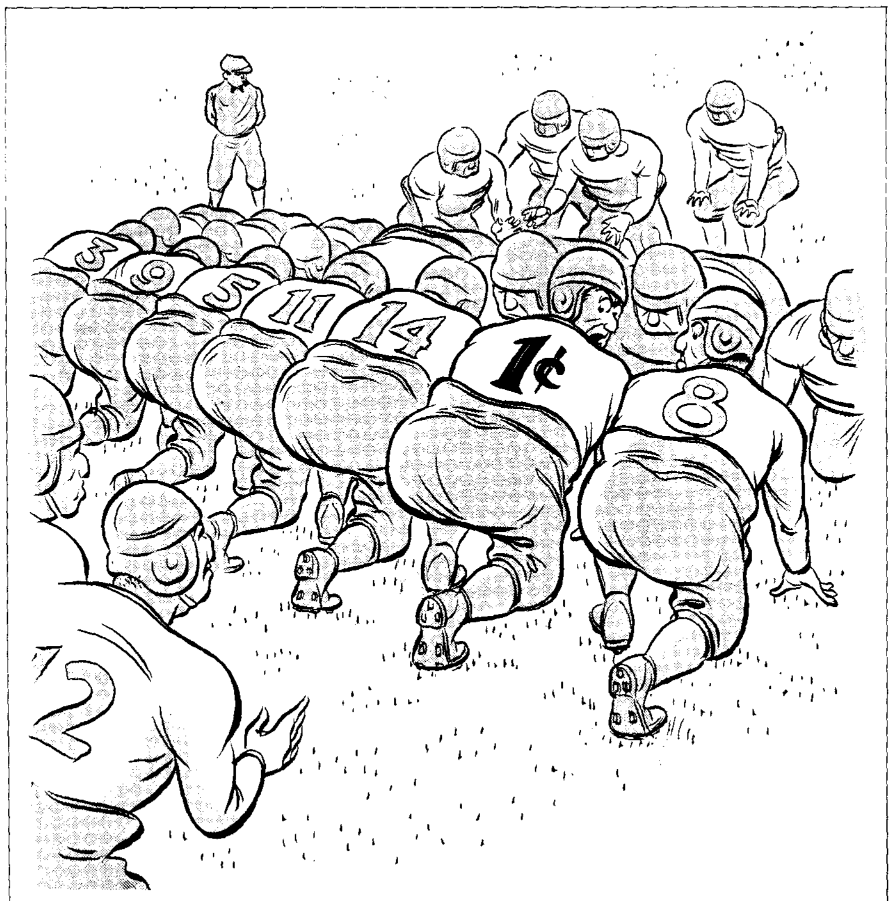
"It went all right," he said. "They liked it. But it's no smash."

Bill was right. When the papers arrived they were all polite, but only one was a rave. You could tell just about what the box office would be. A run of maybe four months, with luck.

When Charlie and Angie were in the taxi riding home, Charlie said, "Well, anyway, we're going to a cocktail party tomorrow."

Angie yawned. "Oh, yes," she said. "I'd almost forgot. At Mrs. Rich Pants."

The big desk was perfect. No ink-



"The coach says I gotta wear it on account of the printer made the error in the programs"

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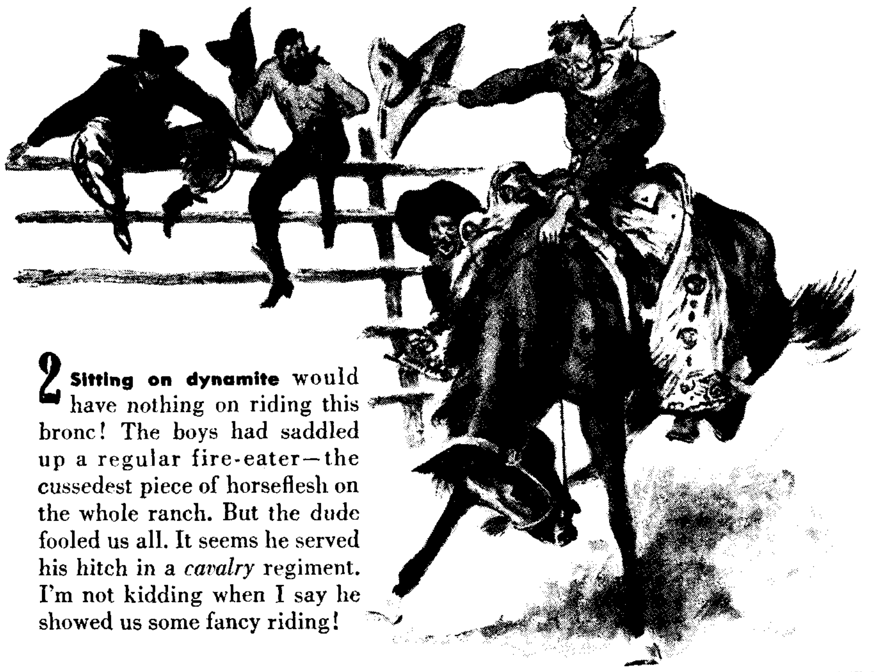
Ride Him Tenderfoot!

1 I felt sorry for the dude when he came out to the corral to ride on his first day at the ranch. He'd bought a fancy Western outfit back East—and was embarrassed when he saw real cowboys didn't dress that way. But I couldn't help snickering as he mounted a tough-looking bronco.



2 Sitting on dynamite would have nothing on riding this bronc! The boys had saddled up a regular fire-eater—the cussedest piece of horseflesh on the whole ranch. But the dude fooled us all. It seems he served his hitch in a *cavalry* regiment. I'm not kidding when I say he showed us some fancy riding!

3 We sure got a kick when he broke that bronc! And when he suggested we Double Our Enjoyment with the whiskey with No Rough Edges. I said:

"You may look like a tenderfoot, but any fellow who can ride as smooth as that—and knows smooth whiskey like TEN HIGH ...well, put 'er there, pardner!"

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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY ☆ STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

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stains on the blotter, the pens clean, the heavy Park Avenue marked paper neatly in its place. Hans always saw to that; the desk looked as if it had never been used.

Angie sat down, pulled out a piece of paper, dipped a pen in the well. This is going to be fun, she thought, writing a letter. Well . . .

"Dear Charlie," she wrote. "I hope you can find everything. I think most of my junk is cleared out, but you know me, if I can't see something in front of my eyes I don't miss it. So send whatever turns up to the hotel. They'll hold it.

"And look, if you move out of here, do whatever you want with all this furniture, etc. I can't use any of it.

"I hope the play was okay tonight. Save me a couple of seats for when I get back, will you?

"Well, Charlie, I don't want to be tedious, but it was fun. I couldn't have liked it more. Goodby. Angie."

She folded her letter and thrust it into an envelope. Then she idly opened the drawers of the desk to see if she had left anything.

She had. In the top left-hand drawer there were two big square tickets. Angie picked them up with a shaking hand. They were for her fur coats in the storage house. Across one was written "Mink;" across the other, "Sable jacket."

Sable jacket. That was a relic of the days when she thought she could compete with the beautiful Mrs. Charlton.

Angie put the tickets in an envelope and addressed it to herself at the hotel. Then she wrote "Hold" in the corner.

Not that I'll ever wear the sable jacket again, she thought, but it might come in handy to pawn. You can't ever tell what's going to happen.

TWO days before that opening Janie Charlton sent Angie and Charlie a note asking them to come and spend those awful four hours at her house. "I know what you must go through," she wrote, "so please come to me. I'll have some people who know nothing about the theater. We'll take your mind off it. . . ."

Angie threw the letter to Charlie and said, "We don't want to do this," but Charlie read it and said, "Why not? It's as good a way as any."

So Angie kept her mouth shut and called up Janie Charlton and said they'd love to come. In those days she did everything Charlie said where Mrs. Charlton was concerned. A jealous wife never got anywhere.

But that afternoon she went over to Fifty-seventh Street and bought herself the most beautiful white satin dress in the world, and the sable jacket. Anyway, she thought, I'm going to look all right.

But she didn't. When they arrived Janie met them in the simplest kind of dinner gown, and most of the other women had on long sleeves. And there was Angie, overdressed from head to foot. Under her breath she cursed. I feel like a chorus girl; I look like a chorus girl, she thought, and everyone knows it.

But Charlie fitted into the big blue-and-gray drawing room perfectly. He was at home; he was talking easily to these people; he was holding his cocktail as if he had been born to this life.

Angie got stuck with a group who had just come back from Aiken. So she was silent. She had never been to Aiken; she didn't care about Aiken; she had never been on a horse in her life and never expected to be. But she had to sit there, watching a smart woman take her husband away.

At the long, gleaming dinner table she sat between two men who hadn't gotten her name. She didn't try to talk; she just sat and thought how sad it was for a man to be saddled with a wife who couldn't keep up with him. Well . . .

When they got back into the drawing room finally, Janie made them play a game. She passed out printed sheets of paper and you had to fill in blank spaces with names of railroads beginning with S, or poets beginning with T.

Angie wasn't any good. She didn't like poetry, and she had certainly never paid the slightest attention to the names of railroads beginning with any letter.

And then in the middle of it, she suddenly caught a glimpse of a clock on a table and said out loud: "The second act must be about over . . ."

And Janie said, "Now my dear, you mustn't bring that up. That's forbidden. I've promised to keep Charlie's mind off . . ."

Angie laid her sheet of questions on the table beside her, and picked up a cigarette.

Someone said, "Are you finished?" Angie shook her head. "I haven't begun."

EVERYONE was quiet for a few more minutes until time was up, then they all began chattering at once and counting up their scores. Angie did some counting, too.

In the confusion, she got up, went into a bedroom and got her sables, slung them under her arm and walked out of the house. She found a taxi at the door, got in, gave Bill's address. When she got to his apartment, she had forty-five minutes to wait in the lobby before he arrived.

When he did come in, the first thing he said was, "Where's Charlie?" Angie said, "With La Belle."

They went up silently in the elevator. Angie wasn't tearful, sitting there in Bill's living room with a glass of straight Scotch in her hand.

"It's about the end, I'm telling you," Angie said.

Bill said, "You're crazy."

"No, I'm not. When you love a guy as much as I love Charlie, you know. He wants Janie. That's the life he's worked for; that's the life he deserves. Now he's figuring out a way to get it. The solution comes in act three."

Then she began to cry. Uncontrollably. Nothing Bill could do would make her stop. "I can't stand it," she said; "I love him. Bill, I love him."

"I know," Bill said. "Listen, honey, you're just upset; this doesn't mean anything. Come on now. Come on . . ."

But it was an hour before she was all right, an hour before she had her face fixed again, before she could talk.

Then suddenly she sat up straight in her chair. "Bill," she said, "the play. How was the play?"

Bill smiled. "Great," he said; "don't worry about that. The play's fine."

LIKE a dagger in her back the telephone bell struck into the stillness of the apartment. Angie turned to stone for a moment, then limp; she got up unsteadily and walked toward the sound.

She had her hat on now. Her bags were in the hall. The letter to Charlie was propped up on the desk. Everything was ready. She had ordered a cab.

She picked up the receiver and sat down. "Hello," she said, and Bill's voice answered her.

Angie smiled. "Now go on," she said, "tell me everything. Did they like it?"

Bill began, in his old careful voice. He told her every detail, every mishap, every cheer of the opening. "You can feel sure about this one. He's going to make a lot of money on this one."

"Good." Angie said.

Then Bill said, "When are you leaving?"

"In about five minutes," Angie said. "The train goes at twelve-twenty."

"Look," Bill said. "I'll be there. By the information booth. I thought," he hesitated, "I thought I'd bring some liquor along and ride with you as far as Harmon. You know . . . you know this is the first opening we haven't—"

"I know, my dear. That would be wonderful. And I wish it could be like old times. But . . . well, tonight I have a date with the state of Nevada." Angie laughed, and then suddenly she stiffened. She was sure she had felt someone moving behind her.

Angie went on talking, fast: "But as soon as I get back we'll have a night. We'll get a steak at Gallegher's and then go on the town. . . . Yes. . . . Have fun. It's been so long since I've had fun. I've been trapped up here like a bird in a cage." She laughed. "I'll see you. By the information booth. Okay. Goodby."

She put down the receiver, picked up a cigarette, lighted it and then turned around. Charlie was sitting in a chair, with her letter in his hand.

"Look," he said. "I don't want any of this furniture either."

"Then sell it," Angie said.

Charlie smiled. "And it was fun, wasn't it?"

Angie got up. "I don't know what you came here for," she said, "but I'm going. I have a train to catch."

Charlie shook his head.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't go."

Angie shrugged.

"Stay here," Charlie said. "Stay with me. I'll take you to the Renton and we'll have a party, the way I promised, long ago."

"What is this?" she said. "A gag?"

"It's no gag. I'm not being funny, Angie," he said. "Take me back."

"What's the matter? Are you scared? Are you afraid your play flopped? Do you want sympathy?"

Charlie looked at her, surprised.

She went on: "Well, you won't get it. Your show's a hit. Bill says so. There's nothing I can do for you. There's nothing you need . . ."

"You're out of your head," Charlie said. "I know about the play. I talked to Bill before you did. I got him to keep you on the phone until I could get here."

Angie sat down, suddenly. "Well then," she said, "what is it?"

"Nothing," Charlie said. "Except that I want you to stay. I've just spent the worst four hours of my life, finding out I can't get along if you're really away from me."

"What about Janie?"

"What about her? I like her. But I couldn't possibly get along with her if I had to see her for two straight weeks. You see . . . I couldn't fight with her the way I can with you. I couldn't hate her the way I can you. I couldn't love her . . ."

"Go on."

"The way I do you."

ANGIE smiled. "Very nice timing." Charlie got up. "Then it's all set?"

"What?"

"You'll stay?"

"Certainly not. I'm going to Reno in twenty-five minutes. And I'm leaving here right now. I have to meet Bill."

"Bill's at the Renton."

"No, he isn't. He's at the information booth at Grand Central."

Charlie got mad. "He's at the Renton. In a suite with a lot of food and liquor and actors. I sent him there."

Angie said, "Well, the lying . . ."

"Now will you come?"

Angie got up. "I'll come," she said, "but only for tonight. Tomorrow I leave, and I'm not kidding."

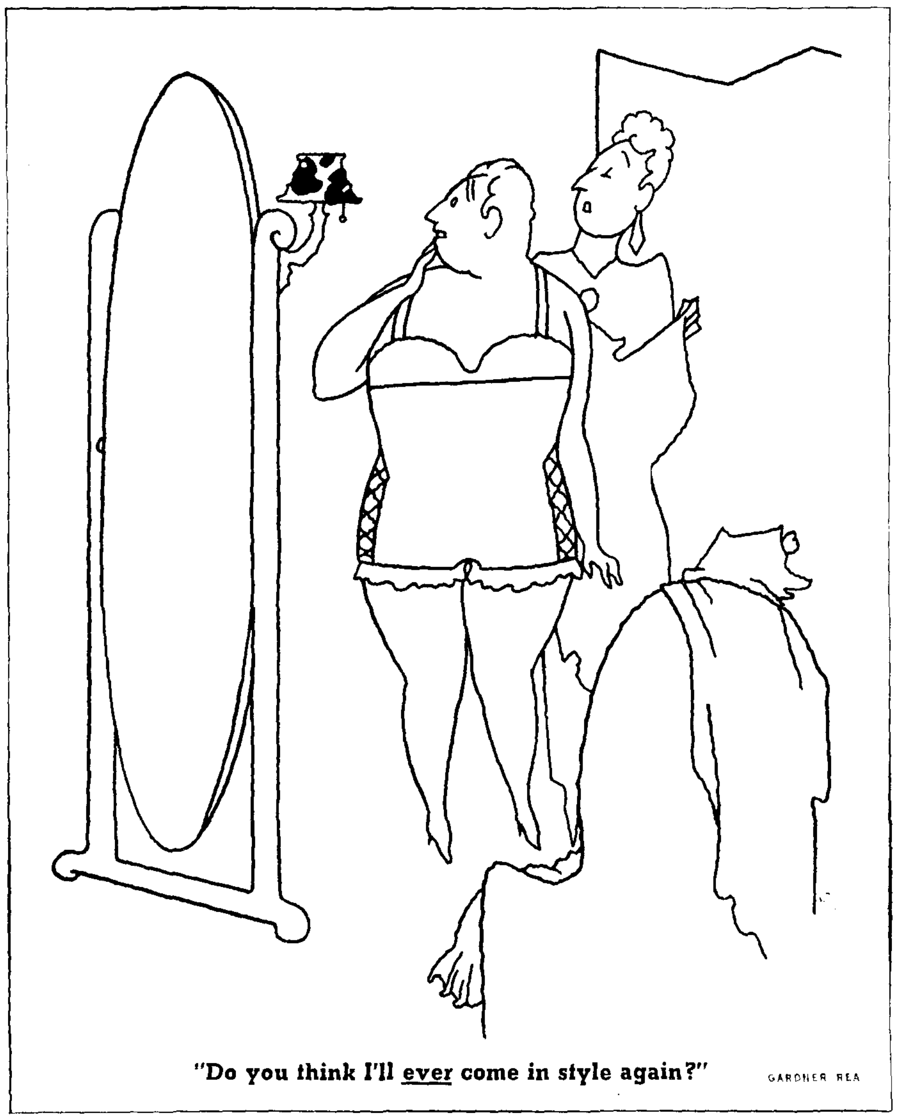
"Well," Charlie said, "we'll see."

He went out to the hallway and picked up Angie's suitcases. "Come on," he said, "stop arguing."

"All right."

Angie picked up her bag and her gloves and then stood for a moment looking around the big silent room.

Not really such a bad place, she thought, if you got used to it.


"Do you think I'll *ever* come in style again?"

GARDNER REA

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SHE'S OFF FOR a round of 18 holes—and doesn't Sally look happy and gay! One reason is, she's just had something perfectly delicious for breakfast—a big bowl of crisp, tempting Post's 40% Bran Flakes. "I eat them every day," she says, "not only because they taste so good—they give me something *extra* besides . . .

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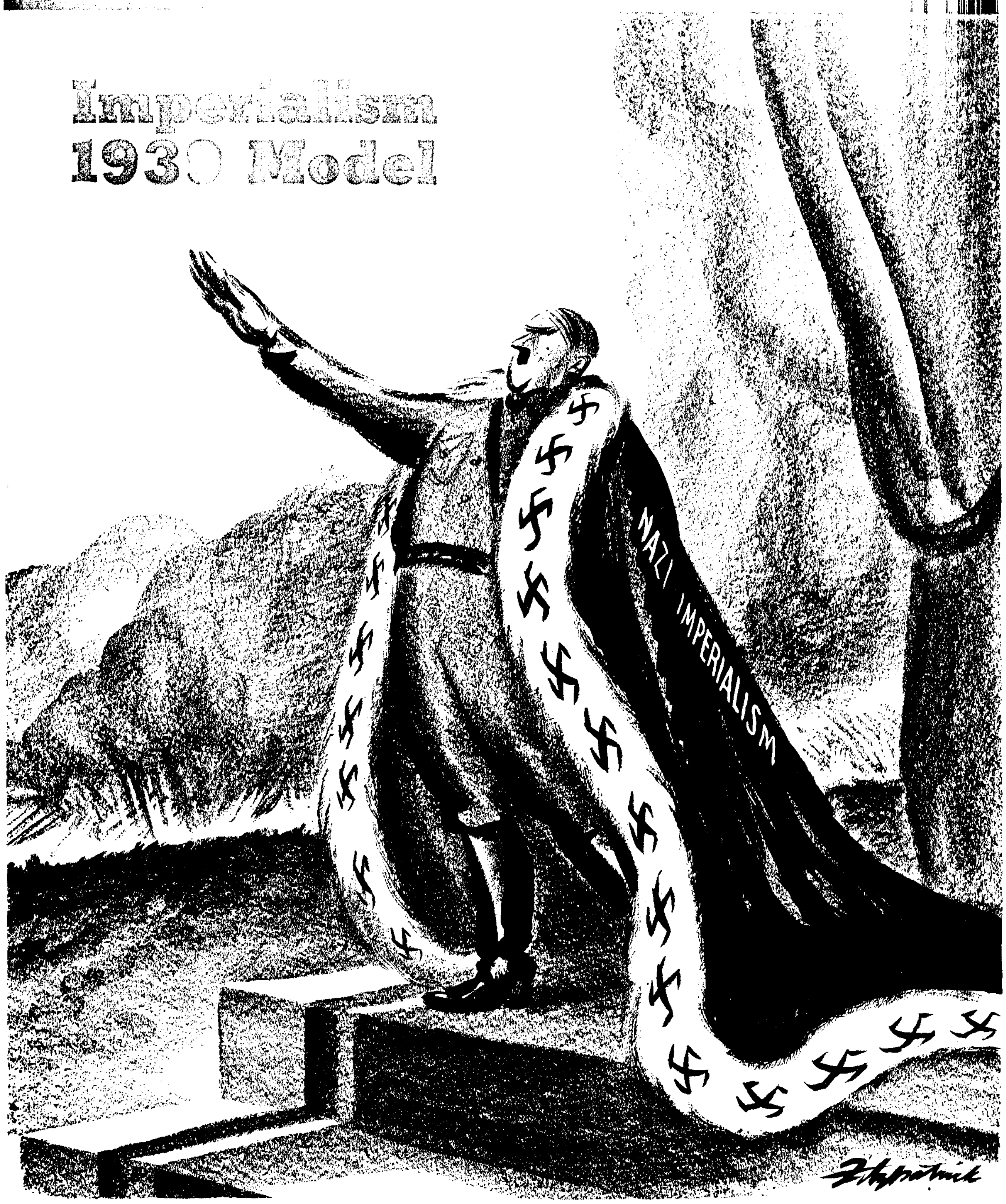
Imperialism 1939 Model



CHANCELLOR ADOLF HITLER gave the order that actually started the guns belching and planes dropping bombs in Europe's second big war in twenty-five years. It was on September 1, 1939, that Mr. Hitler told his merry men to go in and shoot the daylights out of Poland. We don't see how even the most biased historians in future can misplace the immediate, direct blame for this conflict.

But how about the deeper causes of Europe's 1939 explosion? Or, to broaden the question, who or what starts wars nowadays?

You hear occasionally—not as much as you used to—that the "international bankers" are to blame; that these supposed fiends in human form promote wars by foul, behind-the-scenes machinations because they stand to make money out of war no matter who wins or loses the fight.

Other serious thinkers really think big businessmen are the war makers of today, while another school of thought blames the munitions manufacturers.

These assorted personal-devil explanations seem foolish to us, as personal-devil explanations usually are. Bankers make money chiefly out of lending around customers' wealth for the creation of wealth by other customers. War destroys wealth along with human life. All the more enlightened businessmen of our acquaintance deplored the outbreak of the European war from the bottom of their hearts. American explosive makers make most of their money out of selling explosives for peacetime uses, while the munitions factories of Europe are owned or heavily subsidized by the various governments.

The fact is that modern war pays nobody any real, lasting profits; that everybody concerned loses by it sooner or later. Why, then, do we have any wars at all?

It looks to us as if the answer can be found in the way this latest European war got started.

It was begun by Germany, which is a socialistic nation. Germany jumped on Poland in old-time capitalist-imperialist style, Poland being a middle-sized, weak country ripe for conquest. As soon as it became plain that Poland was smashed, Russia came wheeling down out of the Eastern sky like a buzzard to share the carcass with Germany. Russia is another socialistic nation.

When it came time for dividing up the carcass of Poland, it mattered neither to Hitler nor to Stalin that for years each of them had been claiming to have the only true brand of socialism, and that each had often cursed the other for a renegade socialist. When the feast was spread, they sunk their differences and fell to, as happy as any two imperialists. You'd have thought they were imperialists from the way they acted, except that for years they had both been assuring us all that they weren't.

We still think it was an imperialist performance; that Hitler and Stalin are nothing but old-style land grabbers and empire builders wearing new sets of labels and mouthing new slogans.

The Romans used to give political favorites jobs as proconsuls over rich pieces of the empire and let the proconsuls make fortunes out of taxes. British chartered companies used to grab territory with armies of their own hiring, or with the help of British soldiers, and split with the home government the profits they made.

Stalin and Hitler, being socialists, have to make out that whatever they do is done for the benefit of all the Russians and all the Germans respectively. They also have to pretend to be lovers of all humanity, excepting only the other leaders or rulers of other sections of humanity.

When Hitler reaches the point where he feels that Germany must either expand or blow up, he proceeds to expand. And he does it under two main pretexts—that he is rescuing a lot of tortured and starved minorities in neighboring countries, and that the German people are going to profit by the expansion. Stalin joins in the Polish grab, and gives the same two excuses to the Russians.

It is plain, old-style imperialism, covered with a new-style rationalizing along socialist lines.

Maybe these gangster politicians' brand of socialist imperialism will pay bigger and more lasting dividends than Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century imperialism paid. Theoretically, they should. In actual practice, however, socialism in Russia for twenty-one years has kept the bulk of Russians eating little if any more regularly than under the czars, while socialism in Germany has had the Germans tightening their belts every few months since Hitler came to power in 1933.

Hitler is notoriously having trouble pacifying Czechoslovakia, which he grabbed last spring. It's too soon to know definitely how he and Stalin are making out at turning the ex-Poles into willing workers for their new mother countries, but we'd lay a modest bet that the going is tough and will be tough for quite a while.

Our feeling is that socialist imperialism will blow up in the faces of its disciples, just as capitalist imperialism long ago began paying big dividends in reverse to the descendants of its old-time fans.

Our feeling also is that this socialist imperialism was what started the European war of 1939; and that this may not be by any means the last war it will start. A land grab and its kickbacks at the grabber are likely to be very much the same, whether the grabber is a Roman emperor trying to snatch some more rich dishes for some more political pals or a present-day dictator trying to add to his stock of slave labor.

THE Moderate Bar Man is your friend and ours

MANY THOUSANDS of barmen and retailers have pledged themselves to a policy of moderation in the serving and selling of liquor.

This sane, "middle-of-the-road" viewpoint is typical of the wholesome changes that have taken place in the liquor business under State and Federal control.

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MR. MOORE: "Because farmers have adopted new methods . . . developed by the U. S. Government!"

VISITOR: "Do Luckies get a good grade of these improved crops?"

MR. MOORE: "Yes, sir—Luckies always *did* choose the choicer grades. That's what started me smoking them 21 years ago!"

VISITOR: "Do other tobacco experts prefer Luckies, too?"

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